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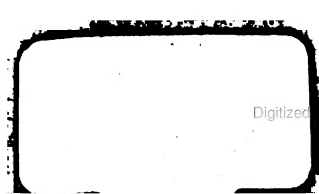
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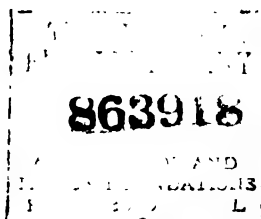
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THE

FOREIGN REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España, sacada de varios manuscritos y memorias Arabigas.* Por el Doctor D. José Antonio Conde, del Gremio y Claustro de la Universidad de Alcala; Individuo de numero de la Academia Española, y de la de la Historia, su Anticuario y Bibliotecario; de la Sociedad Matritense, y Corresponsal de la Academia de Berlin. 3 tom. Madrid.
2. *Historia del Rebelion y Castigo de los Moriscos del Reyno de Granada, hecha por Luis del Marmol Carvajal.* Segunda impresion. 2 tom. Madrid.

GREAT fortunes in literature are sometimes made by men who set out with a very small capital,—he who has only one talent putting it out to good interest and employing it well, while the five with which another has been entrusted are dissipated and make no return. In this, as in other things, the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Brilliant powers are not more likely to delight others than they are to lead the possessor astray; but mediocrity, where there is prudence to chuse its path wisely, and perseverance to proceed in the path thus chosen, seldom fails of reaching the end at which it aims. *Medio tutissimus ibis*, which is often a false maxim, and sometimes may prove a fatal one, holds good here, in literature as well as in the daily business of the world. D. José Antonio Conde, the late historian of the Spanish Moors, affords an example of this. Without any other requisite for the task which he had undertaken than a full share of industry, he has secured for himself a permanent place in Spanish literature; and having fixed upon a subject which is equally attractive and important, he has attained a reputation in other countries as well as in his own.

The first volume of his work, and the only one which the author lived to carry through the press, comprises the history of the Ommeyades in Spain. The second takes in the subsequent ages of anarchy, with the rise and fall of the Almoravides and Almodades. The third relates chiefly to Granada—the last,

and, for that reason, the most interesting of the Moorish states. This is the most popular, if not the most splendid, portion of Moorish history; it has a moral, melancholy character,—the rise and progress of a state, indeed, are always less impressive to a reflective reader than its decline and fall; the strong features both of the Moorish and Spanish mind are nowhere more forcibly displayed than here; our present attention, therefore, will be directed to this, with its dreadful sequel, the persecution and final expulsion of the Moriscos.

Granada, which is supposed to have been founded and named by certain Jews there gathered together, after the final dispersion of their nation, became the metropolis of the Spanish Moors in the early part of the thirteenth century, at a time when, in Moorish language, the precious flock of the Moslem was daily assailed and worried by the wolves. They had received an irrecoverable overthrow in the great battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, a battle which, divested of its machinery of miracles, is admitted by their historians to have been as decisive and destructive as the Spaniards describe it; nothing succeeded with them, they say, after Alonso, whom God curse! achieved that victory. Mahommedan empires are established by force and kept together by fear; that of the Almohades, having no other foundation and no other support, was now subverted. Aben Mahommed, the Green Miramamolín, recrossed the straits after his defeat, and from that time the African and Spanish Moors, though often in alliance, were never again united under one sovereign. The Walies and petty Royalets asserted, each for himself, a precarious independence; and the Moslem being thus divided, unity and policy, as well as power, were wanting either to take advantage of favourable occasions when they occurred, or to make head against the Spaniards, who were now, with consolidated strength, steadily pursuing the determined purpose of recovering what, after the lapse of five centuries, they still regarded as their rightful country. During this anarchy the Castilians approached Granada, and the inhabitants, to save their fertile plains from devastation, submitted to become vassals to the crown of Castille, bound themselves to pay tribute, and set at liberty their Christian captives. This was shortly after the accession of that king Ferdinand, who was canonized in the seventeenth century. In consequence, perhaps, of the respite from war which had thus been obtained, it became a place of ready refuge for those who retired or fled before the progress of his arms. The people of Alhambra, of Baeza, and of other towns, removed thither. Confidence as well as strength was acquired by the accession of numbers,

numbers ; for the Moors, though broken, were not yet either a fallen or a degenerate nation ; and when Aben Hud, a brave and enterprising chief, who was descended from the kings of Zaragoza, having collected a band of adventurers in the district of Uxixar, assumed the title of king of the Spanish Moslem, he made Granada the capital of his kingdom, and fortified it so well, that Ferdinand, having advanced near enough to observe it, did not deem it prudent to attempt a siege.

Aben Hud was not wanting either in sagacity or in courage, but means and fortune failed him ; while, on the other hand, Ferdinand obtained a formidable accession of strength by succeeding to the crown of Leon, which, after that time, was never again separated from Castille. The Spaniards had thus but one object in view, but Aben Hud's attention was distracted by a twofold danger. At the commencement of his career he had declared against the Almohades, and appealing against them to the religious feelings of the people, he abolished the innovations which these Africans had imported, put on mourning for the heresy with which the land had so long been defiled, and purified the mosques with water and fumigations from the desecration which they had suffered. He succeeded in this struggle, but it was a war wherein his personal interests were pursued at the expense of the Mahommedan cause. And afterwards when Cordoba was attacked by Ferdinand, and Valencia at the same time by Jayme the Conqueror, and the people of both cities looked to him for deliverance, the desire of having his authority recognised in the east of Spain led him into an error of judgement, and he set out for Valencia, thinking that Cordoba could defend itself till he should return with increase of strength and the reputation of victory. But this disheartened the Cordobans, and they surrendered their city, 'almighty and merciful God having ordained,' says Garibay, 'that its redemption, after so many centuries of servitude, should be brought about, and that his holy name should be exalted there, and the sect of Mahommed extirpated.' The Moorish historian considers it as an unavertable fatality written upon the tables of adamant by the hand of Providence. 'The Christians,' he says, 'set up their crosses upon the towers, and profaned the great mosque of Abdarrahan.' Ferdinand made it one of the conditions upon which he granted the inhabitants their lives, that they should carry back the bells of Santiago's church on their shoulders to Compostella, from whence Almanzar had made his Christian captives bear them, as trophies of his victory, to the great mosque, wherein they were hung, reversed, for lamps.

Cordoba is represented by the Archbishop Rodrigo as being

in magnitude the fourth city of the then known world—the three which exceeded it were Rome, Constantinople, and Seville; that of Seville, because of its commerce, having outgrown the old metropolis of the Moorish empire. Cordoba was the place by the loss of which, more than by any other reverse of fortune, the Moors would be dispirited; it had been the seat of the Ommeyyades, whose names will ever appear illustrious in history; and it was received among the Moors for a tradition, as if they had caught the habit of inventing religious falsehoods from their neighbours, that Mahommed had preached his doctrine there in person. Aben Hud, on his way to Valencia, was murdered at Almeria by the alcaide; he had received the wages of ambition, a reign of pomp and over-raised renown having produced perpetual disquiet to himself, and drawn after it the destruction of his family, and entailed dangers, calamities, sorrow, and ruin, says the Moorish writer, upon the Moslem. His brother attempted to succeed him, but was presently put to death, and the alcaide of Almeria then invited Mohammed Ben Nazar Aben Alahmar to take possession of the vacant throne.

Alahmar, (so named, like William Rufus, from the colour of his hair,) with whom the last of the Moorish dynasties commences, was a native of Argona, and of so humble a birth that he had been a shepherd—upon which occasion a Spanish, or perhaps an Arabian proverb is remembered, that there is no king who is not derived from a shepherd stock. He was master of Argona and Jaen when this wider scene was opened to him; but Aben Hud's kingdom had not been long enough established to hold together after his death; one chieftain rose up with Niebla and Algarve, another with Murcia, and Seville, in an evil hour for the Moors, tried the experiment of something like a popular government. The Red King, however, was received at Granada, and soon became as popular in that city as he deserved to be; for the people perceived that he was temperate in his life, frugal in his court, magnificent in his public works, and provident in his government. He strengthened the frontiers, repaired the walls, established in Granada schools and colleges, hospitals for the sick, retreats for the poor, the old, and the stranger, public ovens, baths, and slaughter-houses, adorned the city with fountains, and secured the fertility of the adjacent country by abundant water-courses. These things could not be done without laying an additional impost upon the people; but it was paid willingly, because they saw that the revenue was well expended, and felt the benefit of a well-directed expenditure. Alahmar himself inspected the schools, colleges, hospitals, and almshouses, and administered justice in person to rich and

and poor twice in every week. He had but few women in his harem, and seldom saw them, taking care, however, that they should have every enjoyment compatible with their condition. His wives were daughters of the principal chieftains in his dominions ; these he treated with great affection, and it is remarked, that he kept them upon amicable terms with each other, for which all his address was required : this is the observation of a Moor, who, with all that knowledge of the evils arising from polygamy, which his employment as an historian must have given him, probably never entertained a doubt concerning the propriety of such a system.

But though Alahmar was, indeed, as he is called, the single pillar of the Mahommedan state in Spain, he found it hopeless to oppose Ferdinand ; and having seen his native place, Argona, taken, and suffered a severe defeat during the siege of Jaen, he found no safer course than that of repairing to Ferdinand in his camp before that city, kissing his hand in token of submission, and trusting to his generosity for terms of peace which might be to be endured. The sense of humanity had long been extinguished both in Moor and Christian, by the intolerant and exasperated spirit with which their wars were carried on ; but there still remained on both sides a high and chivalrous sense of honour. Ferdinand received him liberally ; required from him a certain yearly tribute, as also that Alahmar should attend at the Cortes whenever he was summoned with the Ricos Hombres of Castille, and that he should assist him when called upon in his wars with a stipulated number of horse : no surrender of territory was exacted. Granada had so lately been tributary, and Moors and Christians, since the first appearance of the Almoravides in Spain, had so often suspended for a while their religious animosity, to act in concert against a common enemy, that these terms were in reality less humiliating than they appear. Alahmar having thus averted the immediate evils of war from his remaining dominions, endeavoured to mitigate its horrors where it was still carried on ; and for that purpose requested Ferdinand to enjoin that no place should be stormed before means of persuasion had been tried ; and that when stormed, women and children and old men should be spared, and as many as were unarmed and offered no resistance : he himself, by his messengers, advised submission where he knew that defence would not avail ; and Ferdinand not unwillingly consented to a request, which it was not only humane, but politic to grant. In obedience to the terms of this treaty, Alahmar served with a force of cavalry at the siege of Seville. The Moslem, says the historian, then lost that beautiful

ful city ; its towers and mosques were filled with crosses and idols, and the sepulchres of the faithful were profaned. The Red King saw but too clearly that these aggrandizements and continual successes of the Spaniards must bring about at length the total ruin of the Moors ; but he had something more to comfort him than the sad consolation of a fatalist's creed ; for he thought it likely that on some future change of kings the Spanish kingdoms might fall asunder as they had before done, and he trusted that Providence would not abandon the faithful. In this state of mind he returned to Granada, where the people received him as their friend and benefactor ; and where they continued, as long as he lived, to enjoy the great but dearly-purchased blessings of a benevolent despotism. He commenced that splendid building in the Alhambra, which still remains to testify the taste as well as the magnificence of the Moorish kings. He caused mines of gold and silver to be worked ; he was careful that his coins in both metals should be of sterling value, and well struck. He encouraged the production and manufacture of silk, till the fabric of Granada exceeded that of Syria. He attended carefully to the education of his three sons ; and he amused his intervals of leisure with gardening and with reading history, or hearing it read.

During Ferdinand's life the peace continued. Alahmar mourned for him ; and, as a further mark of voluntary respect to his memory, sent always, on the anniversary of his death, an hundred men with an hundred large tapers of white wax, to be placed about his tomb. The treaty was renewed with Alonso the Wise ; 'but the Red King,' so his historian says, 'knew that the Christians, being natural enemies of the Moors, would, upon slight occasion, be moved to injure them ; that wormwood and coloquintida never lose their bitterness, and that it is in vain to look for grapes from the bramble.' Doing, therefore, not as he wished, but as he expected to be done by, he took what seemed a favourable opportunity for breaking the treaty ; yet so as to reserve a plausible ground for renewing it, if the necessity, which in his heart he deprecated, should occur. The scheme failed, because certain Walies rebelled against Alahmar ; and to set against the loss of Xerez, Sidonia, Rota, Solucar, Nebrissa, and Arcos, he had only the melancholy advantage of increasing the population of Granada and its more immediate territory, by the miserable refugees from those places. Some intrigues on the part of Alonso's queen, Violante, occasioned by envy of her sister, afforded him, according to these Moorish accounts, the opportunity he wanted, of renewing the peace. But he was preparing again to take advantage of the dissensions

at

at the Castilian court, when, at the great age of eighty-one, he was summoned to his account. No king was ever more sincerely or more justly lamented by his people. His body was deposited in a silver coffin, and a golden epitaph upon his tomb proclaimed that he had been the strength of Islam, the ornament of the human race, the glory of the day and of the night, the sword of truth, the lion of war, the shower of generosity, and the dew of mercy to his people.

His son and successor, Mahommed, visited Alonso at Seville, and was knighted by that king in the customary forms, as far as those forms could be observed towards a Mahommedan. He was well versed in the Spanish tongue, and Violante, the queen, is represented as taking an undue advantage of the familiar intercourse which she was thus enabled to hold with him, and entrapping him into a promise of suspending the measures which he was about to take for reducing some of his revolted Walies. Offended at this, perceiving that those Walies were secretly favoured by the Spaniards, and perceiving also that the remains of the Moorish power in Andalusia were only preserved, and that precariously, by his management, he invited the Beni-Merines from Africa. Abu Juzef accordingly crossed the Straits with a formidable army, and in the first action, near Ecija, the Spaniards were defeated; their commander, D. Nuño Gonzalez de Lara, 'fighting like a lion,' was slain; and with the tidings of the victory, Abu Juzef sent his head to the King of Granada. Welcome as the tidings of victory were, Mahommed covered his face in horror when he saw the head; for Nuño had been his own and his father's friend—had been present at his father's death, had attended at his funeral, and had been one of the persons who, when the succession, as usual in Mahommedan states, was disputed, had taken an active part in his elevation to the throne. 'Alas, alas, good friend,' he exclaimed, 'thou hast not deserved this at my hands!' And rendering all honours that could be paid to his memory, he had the head preserved with camphor, deposited it in a precious casket of silver, and sent it with a suitable escort to Cordoba for interment. The African, had he pursued his advantage with the vigour of the old Miramamolins, might have seriously endangered Alonso, a prince whose wisdom and whose weakness equally unfitted him for sovereignty in such an age. Instead of this, he entered into a truce for two years, neither consulting nor communicating with Mahommed; and the King of Granada, regretting that he had put this selfish ally in possession of Algeziras and Tarifa, which were the keys of Andalusia, found to his cost, that in the Creator alone may man put

put his trust ; God being our only true protector.' Alonso's character was one of which the Mahommedans could fully appreciate the better parts ; they describe him as a wise and intelligent person, skilled in philosophy, astrology, and mathematics—humane and generous, beneficent to all, and living in habits of liberal intercourse with learned men, whether Moslem, Jews, or Christians. When, therefore, his grey hairs were brought down with sorrow to the grave, they speak of him without assigning him a place in Gehennah, or imprecating a curse upon his soul. When Abu Juzef proposed to renew the truce with his son Sancho, that prince, who had deserved the appellation of *El Bravo*, replied, ' that he was equally disposed for the sweet or the sour, and the Moor might chuse which he would.' The reply was considered as an insult, and the Mahommedan chiefs and princes held a council how to proceed.

At this meeting, Abu Juzef represented to Mahommed, that to him, as king of Granada, the preservation of the Moslem in Spain principally belonged ; that he would act unwisely if he relied upon the king of Castille's friendship—for swine could eat acorns, and goats take to the mountains, and just as naturally would the Christians seize every occasion of weakening and injuring them—submitting to make peace only when they were unable to carry on war, not for any repugnance at the horrors and atrocities which war brings with it, nor for humanity and good will. To the Walies, who had occasioned so many difficulties to Alahmar, he observed that they must either acknowledge obedience to the King of Granada, or to him, seeing they could not maintain the independence which they assumed ; but the Walies, in that spirit which had brought on the decay of the Moorish empire, replied, that although they would willingly unite with any Mahommedan power against the Christians, they would not submit to be trampled upon by any, and if the attempt were made, would seek for protection and support wherever it might be found. The conference, therefore, was broken up. After Sancho was cast into Gehennah, ' God strengthened the feet of Mahommed, and he recovered many places which had been occupied by the Spaniards, though he failed in his attempts upon Tarifa and Jaen.' Thus he was proceeding, when, in the flower of his age, he was removed by the happiest of all conceivable deaths, being found dead, without any previous illness, in the attitude of prayer, with the marks of copious tears upon his face. His son, Abu Abdala Mahommed, succeeded. The lot of women in the wars between Moors and Christians was as pitiable as in the days of Agamemnon and Achilles. The young king having taken a city,

city, called by the Moors Almandhar, brought away, among other spoils, a damsel of such singular beauty, that he made his entry with her in triumph into Granada, exhibiting her to public view in a splendid chariot, surrounded by the most beautiful of the other captives, who, yet beautiful as they were, served only as foils to her. Her fame extended to Africa, and the king of Almagreb sent messengers, requesting that Mahommed would present him with his beautiful captive. It was not politic to refuse, though Mahommed was enamoured of her; and the unfortunate Spaniard was transferred to the harem of the Barbary prince. Ceuta was taken by a force which Mahommed sent against it, and a great treasure was discovered there which the Moorish royalet, from whom the city was won, had concealed, being unable to remove it: it was employed in embellishing Granada with another mosque, and with public baths. Cannon are mentioned by the Moorish writer, as having been employed in this reign (A.D. 1308) by Ferdinand IV. at the siege of Gibraltar.

Mahommed having been deposed, on the pretext that he had weak eyes, and that the state required a sovereign who had strong ones, had the rare fortune of being spared, and treated with kindness by the brother, who was raised to the throne in his stead. That brother was deposed in his turn by a near kinsman, and was also suffered to die in peace, and buried with due honours by his successor. Ismael, the young usurper, was a fierce defender of the faith: being present one day when certain learned men were discussing the grounds of their religion, and growing weary of the discourse, he rose and said, 'I neither know, nor understand, nor desire any other reason, than a firm and hearty belief in the Almighty;' and laying hand on his sword, 'my arguments are here!' He employed that argument successfully against the Castellians in a battle remarkable for its tragic circumstances. They had advanced into the plain of Granada, within sight of the city under Pedro, the Infante of Castille, and his uncle Juan, Lord of Biscay. The advance had been rash, and finding that Ismael was collecting a great force, they deemed it prudent to retreat, Juan bringing up the rear. They were pursued, and the Lord of Biscay was so pressed, that he found it necessary to call his nephew to his aid. It was midsummer, and what with the excessive heat of the day, and the exertions which he made in rallying his horse, and bringing them up to his uncle's assistance, the Infante was struck with apoplexy, fell from the saddle, and died; and when Juan was informed of this, he lost his speech, and was struck for death in like manner. As he still breathed, however, the Spaniards

Spaniards set him upon a horse, placed the dead body of the prince upon a mule, and fled, the Moors being too satisfactorily engaged in plundering their camp to pursue them. They, however, continued their flight with such regardless precipitance, as not to perceive that Juan had expired upon the way, nor to miss him when the lifeless body fell from its seat. The body was not discovered till his son sent to request of Ismael that it might be restored to him for interment; search was then made for it, and it was carried to Granada, and there laid in state in the Alhambra, where Ismael collected not only his own chiefs, but all his Christian prisoners, to pray for the soul of the departed. It was then sent with an honourable escort to the Spanish frontier. The slain Christians were buried by Ismael's orders, lest the air should be tainted, so numerous were the dead; the Moors who had fallen were interred as they fell, clothed and armed, and in their blood, the most honourable interment that a Moslem can receive—the most honourable grave-clothes in which he can be consigned to earth.

At the siege of Baza (A.D. 1325) Ismael 'attacked the city night and day with machines, that discharged globes of fire, the fire and the sound resembling thunder and lightning, whereby great damage was done to the walls and to the towers.' By the same manner he obtained possession of Martos, scarcely leaving a man alive when he entered the town; and the Moslem made their evening and their morning prayer amid the ruins and the carnage! A near kinsman of Ismael's had, at the risk of his own life, rescued a beautiful Spanish girl from the ruffians into whose hands she had fallen. Ismael ordered her to be taken to his own harem; his kinsman remonstrated, justly and warmly, but was told in reply, that if he thought fit, he might seek his revenge, by going over to the king's enemies. He sought it more effectually by forming a conspiracy, and Ismael was murdered by his hand. Mahommed ben Ismael, who succeeded his father, trod in his steps, manifesting the same vigour in war, and the same generosity toward his enemies. In a sally which was made against him from Baena, he threw his spear at a Christian horseman, who galloped towards the town with the weapon in his body; the Moors would have pursued, for the sake of recovering the royal spear, which was set with gold and jewels, but Mahommed withheld them, saying, 'Let the poor fellow take it—that if the wound be not mortal, he may have something with which to pay for curing it!' He also came to a disastrous end; for, having relieved the African Moors who were besieged in Gibraltar, he provoked them by some offensive railery

raillery upon their inability to relieve themselves, and they murdered him in revenge, when he had dismissed his forces, meaning to cross the Straits, and visit his friend, their king. Not satisfied with this, they stripped the body, and left it unburied and exposed, till his brother, Juzef Abul Hagiage, who succeeded him, sent for it, and interred it in a garden at Malaga. Their pretext for the murder was, that he had eaten with the Christians, and had on a garment when he was killed which the king of Castille had given him.

The new king's reign began inauspiciously with the death of Reduan, a renegade, born at La Calzada, of Christian parents on both sides; but a man of great ability, who had been Wazir to the two preceding sovereigns. It was made memorable in history by the battle of Salado, where the Spaniards and Portuguese achieved a victory as complete in itself as that of the Navas de Tolosa, and more permanently important; for the Moorish power never recovered from the blow which it there received. The Moors, like the Spaniards, though each enough disposed to exaggerate their victories, never seek to conceal their defeats, nor to represent the losses which they sustained as less than in reality they were. There occurred a deplorable circumstance in this battle, which marks accidentally the difference of national feeling; the principal wife of the Morocco king, with three other of his wives, and some of his children, were killed in the indiscriminating slaughter. Both Spanish and Portuguese historians mention it as a miserable act of barbarity, at which the kings of Spain and Portugal were greatly grieved. The Moorish writer makes no mention of it, looking upon it, no doubt, as so much a thing to be expected, that it did not deserve notice. The siege of Algeziras, by the Spaniards, ensued, and there the Moors, in defence, used artillery, as they had done a little before offensively before Tarifa; in both cases balls of burning iron are spoken of as discharged with naphtha, and a sound like thunder. When Algeziras capitulated, Juzef agreed upon a truce with Alonso for ten years, and he employed that interval of tranquillity in endeavouring to reform abuses, and to improve the condition of his people.

A brief account of his regulations is given in Conde's work. He made it a law, that a mosque should be built in every village where there were more than twelve habitations; that every person should attend it weekly, who, by departing from his house at sunrise, could reach the mosque in time, and, after the service, return before the sun set: in furtherance of this regulation, no one was allowed to dwell more than two leagues from a town, village, or hamlet. The old men were to enter the mosque first,

first, the youths after them ; the women after, and apart from both, but they were all to have left the mosque before men or boys rose to take their departure : girls were not to attend the service, unless there were a separate place assigned for them, and in that case they were to be carefully veiled, and to observe perfect decorum. Even in these regulations it appears that the Spanish Moors, owing to their long intercourse with the Christians, had abated much from the rigour of Mahommedan customs, the women in Africa not being permitted to frequent the mosques. They had caught also from their neighbours the carnival follies of the *Intrudo* : these were now prohibited ; but the Moslem were enjoined instead to celebrate their festivals with demonstrations of decorous rejoicing, such as clean and precious apparel, flowers and perfumes, visiting the sick, giving alms to the poor, and discoursing with the learned and the wise. All persons were enjoined on their sabbath to appear in their best apparel, that the neatness and cleanliness of their attire might represent what ought to be the state of their hearts on that day. The custom of making rogations for rain in the streets and market-places was forbidden as unseemly, and in its stead the people were required in times of drought to go into the fields, and there acknowledge their sins humbly and devoutly, and entreat their Almighty and most merciful Father, for his mercy's sake, to have compassion not upon them alone, sinners as they were, but upon his innocent creatures, the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, who were perishing for want, and the herbs which were withered for want of moisture. Watch-nights in the mosques were prohibited, and women were no longer permitted to keep *novenes* without their husbands, or the company of other women, or of men related to them within the prohibited degrees : both these seem to have been practices which the Mahommedans had adopted in the gradual interchange of superstitions. Damsels were forbidden either to keep *novenes* or attend at funerals. No corpse was to be buried in silk, nor with gold and silver ; but in a white winding sheet over the inner garment, having first been washed and perfumed : and there were to be no hired mourners, no wailings over the dead ; no funeral eulogies ; but instead prayer was appointed to the Lord, who taketh away the life which he giveth, and raiseth the dead. The questions and answers of the grave, when the angels Monkir and Nakir should visit it, were no more to be deposited with the dead. Drunkenness (another effect of Christian neighbourhood) and any riotous rejoicings when a child was named, was forbidden. The punishment of death was appointed for any horsemen who fled from their

their enemies, unless they were twice the number of the Moors, an enactment which shows the confidence of the Moors in their own superior horsemanship,—for it appears that to this they trusted, and did not encumber themselves with armour. And there is a humane enactment forbidding the Moors, whether in regular or irregular war, to kill either children, women, old men past military service, or friars of a retired life, unless such friars were found armed, and aiding the enemy with their hands. The fifth of all spoils must be reserved for the king, (this, too, was a Spanish law;) of the remainder, two parts belonged to the horsemen, one to the foot: but nothing was to be taken from any inhabitant of a captured place who chose to become a Moslem; or if his property had been distributed, he was to be paid its full value. Sons might not engage in any military expedition without their fathers' permission; nor might they, without the permission of their parents or guardians, undertake the pilgrimage to Mecca, or to *Alaksa*. Adultery and murder were to be punished with death, but only upon the testimony of four eye-witnesses, which must have rendered conviction rare in the one case, and almost impossible in the other: the punishment for adultery was stoning; for incontinence, stripes; and for the man a year's banishment also; if the parties were equal, they were compelled to marry. Those who were put to death were to be interred with the same decent usages and religious rites as other Moslem. The laws for theft were mitigated; for anything above a certain small value stolen from house, garden, or inclosure, the punishment for man or woman, whether free or slave, had been, if the offender, being a male, were of the age of fifteen, being a female, above thirteen, amputation of the right hand for the first offence, and the left foot for the second; for the third, of the other hand; of the remaining foot for the fourth; and in the apparently impossible case of a fifth offence, the offender was to be tortured and imprisoned for life. By the new laws stripes were enjoined for the first offence, and amputation either of the left hand or of a foot for the second.

The King of Granada, while thus employed in legislating for his people, and embellishing his capital, would fain have prolonged the truce with Castille, from ten years to fifteen; *peace* was a word not to be admitted between Moors and Christians: they considered themselves as natural enemies, and either party would have thought it a sin to allow of any more than these occasional breathing times in their interminable and irreconcilable hostility. Alonso had sufficiently taken breath, and would agree to no longer an intermission of his conquests. Ac-

Accordingly, as soon as the truce expired, he besieged Gibraltar, and hoped, when his batteries produced little effect, to take it by starving the garrison. But in Mahommedan language, it pleased God that this brave king and strenuous enemy of Islam, who thought to conquer all that the Moslem possessed in Spain, should be cut off by pestilence in his camp. Though not more charitable than the Spaniards, the Moors were far more generous: they speak of Alonso as magnanimous, liberal; and, to the misfortune of the Moslem, fortunate in war; and they say that the King of Granada, though he could not but rejoice in his heart that death had delivered him and his kingdom from such an enemy, yet manifested a becoming sentiment for his decease, saying, that one of the most excellent princes in the world was departed, one who knew how to honour worth both in his enemies and his friends. Though the two nations were at war, many of the Moorish knights put on mourning for their enemy; and when the Spaniards broke up the siege, and retreated to Seville, taking with them the body of their king, no molestation was offered them upon the way. After conduct so truly generous as this, it is mortifying to find an opinion among the Spaniards, that Alonso had been poisoned, and to see that Garibay, good and honest historian as he is, repeats the absurd calumny as if he wished it to be believed. Juzef perished not long afterwards, being stabbed by a madman in the mosque; for which reason he is called a martyr in his epitaph. The ruinous consequences of polygamy were felt in his family; for the Apiarian policy, so faithfully pursued in many parts of the Mahommedan world, made no part of the Granadan system. The young king Mahommed ben Juzef had concluded a truce with Pedro the Cruel; and if anything were stable in a Mahommedan state, his people might have looked for years of prosperity and improvement, under a prince who was just and merciful, compassionate, bountiful, yet wisely frugal; fond of letters, and yet not so devoted to books as to be indifferent to those martial exercises, which kept the nation ready for war, and were therefore required as much for policy as for popularity. He had given a palace to one of his father's widows and her children; that sultana had appropriated to herself a considerable part of her husband's treasures immediately upon his death; and she employed this wealth in schemes for depositing and murdering Mahommed. The conspirators broke into his palace at midnight, with arms and torches; but while they were engaged in murdering the vizier with his household, and in plundering, one of the young king's mistresses disguised him like a female slave, escaped with him under cover of the night,

night, and fled to Guadix, where he was received as king. The young usurper was soon deposed, and put to death by his kinsman, Abu Said; a younger brother was murdered at the same time, and the murderers carried the bloody heads through the streets by their mustachios, which were long enough to afford firm hold! Mahommed asked and obtained from Pedro the Cruel assistance for recovering his kingdom. The allied armies were so amicably mingled, both officers and men, that it seemed as if they were of one nation; but they had not advanced far, before Mahommed, who was remarkable for his compassionate disposition, obeyed the impulse of his better nature, and requested Pedro to withdraw with his troops, saying, he could not bear to behold the misery which was brought upon his poor people; and that he would not, for all this world's wealth and dominion, be the cause of such evil. As no man is wise at all hours, so may it be said that the worst man is not at all times wicked. Even Pedro was touched by the virtue of his ally, and promising faithfully to assist him whenever he might think it necessary to call upon him for assistance, returned to Castille, leaving the Granadan to govern in peace that part of the country which obeyed him. His government was so benignant, that the people of Malaga renounced their allegiance to Abu Said, and proclaimed him in their city. Alarmed at this, Abu Said resolved to follow the example of Alahmar, and secure to himself the protection of the King of Castille, by repairing to Seville, and putting himself into his hands, a measure for which he thought to prepare the way, when he set at liberty the master of Calatrava, and the hidalgos who had been made prisoners with him. Pedro received him with apparent kindness, but on the following day the Moor and his retinue were carried out to the place of execution, and there put to death, Pedro killing Abu Said with his own hand, and looking on while the rest were slain. The Spanish as well as the Moorish historian accuse him of having thus violated the laws of honour and of hospitality, for the sake of the jewels which Abu Said had brought with him. It is indeed one of the black chapters in Pedro's history, in whose character, however, there was as much of madness as of malignity; and who, in this instance, undoubtedly thought that he was worthily executing justice upon a traitor, an usurper, and a murderer.

Mahommed was joyfully received in Granada after this event, and though, it is said, shocked with the manner of his enemy's death, testified his gratitude to Pedro by setting at liberty all the Christians who were in that city, and sending him five and twenty of the finest Andalusian horses magnificently caparisoned. He aided him faithfully in his wars against Henrique of Trastamara,

mara, and won for himself so well deserved a character among Christians as well as Moors, that after he had made a truce with Henrique subsequently to Pedro's murder, his court was frequented by knights from France, the Spanish kingdoms, Morocco, Barbary, and Egypt; and Granada becoming the great emporium of Spain seemed like a city of all nations. But Mahommed, faithful to Pedro's family, did not accept the proffered truce till the cause of that family could no longer be supported; and because the truce was offered to him, and for motives of the most obvious policy observed by Henrique, the brutal historian Bleda says that God chastised that king; and this detestable Dominican accuses the king of Granada of having murdered him by means of poisoned boots. This vulgar calumny is not even hinted at by the contemporary chronicles; and the Moorish historian truly says, 'his death was natural, and came to pass because the number of his days was full; the noble Mahommed was never either a traitor or an assassin,'—implying, perhaps, that Henrique of Trastamara had been both. Not many years afterwards Mahommed, 'leaving the palaces of this world, went to dwell for ever in those of Paradise.' Juzef his son succeeded, and was in danger of being deposed by his own second son Mahommed, who excited an insurrection against him by appealing to the fanaticism of the people, because the king lived in habits of familiar intercourse with the Spaniards who had taken refuge at his court. This incipient rebellion was averted by an ambassador from Fez, who went out to the rebels on horseback, and harangued them with so much force of truth as well as eloquence, upon the fatal consequences which such rebellions had produced to the Spanish Moors, that they returned to their obedience, and employed their turbulent courage in an expedition against Murcia. Upon Juzef's death Mahommed seized upon the throne, and sent his elder brother, who offered no opposition, to a fortress called Xalubania, there to be kept in safe custody, but to be indulged in all the enjoyments suitable to his birth. The young king was apprehensive of a renewal of war with Castille, and saw no readier means of preventing it than by going directly to Toledo, and soliciting in person a continuance of the truce. This the historian calls an act of incomparable resolution, not reflecting that the general indignation which had been excited by Pedro's conduct to Abu Said rendered it perfectly safe. In the flower of his age he was seized with a malady which, though most unwilling to die, he at length perceived must prove fatal. His great desire then was to secure the succession for his son; and being certain that his death was near (for God alone is eternal) he wrote a letter in these words:—*'Alcayde of Xalubania, my servant, immediately upon receiving*

ing this letter from the hands of my Arraiz Ahmad ben Xarac, put the Cid Juzef my brother to death, and send me his head by the bearer. Fail not in this service !' Among Mahommedan sovereigns this has been a common preparation for death ; so easily is the evil heart persuaded that it is allowable to prevent one crime by committing another.

When the messenger arrived, the Cid Juzef and the Alcayde were seated upon a splendid carpet embroidered with gold, leaning upon cushions of silk and gold, and playing chess. Upon reading the letter, the Alcayde changed countenance ; he had become attached to his prisoner, and had not heart to communicate to him the fatal order, which yet he dared not disobey. The messenger, who had no such compunctious visitings, urged him to make no delay, and Juzef, perceiving his agitation, said, 'What has the king commanded ; is it my death ? hath he sent for my head ?' The Alcayde, in reply, put the fatal letter into his hands. 'Give me a few hours,' said the prince, 'to take leave of my women, and dispose of my effects among them.' Here the Arraiz interposed, and declared that this must not be ; the hours for his return being numbered. 'At least,' said Juzef, 'let us finish our game, which I shall end by losing it.' This singular request was not objected to ; and the game was pursued—the Arraiz looking on, and waiting for the prince's head when it should be terminated—Juzef himself, with the fortitude of a Mahommedan, as collected, and apparently as calm, as the looker on—the Alcayde confused and miserable because of the dreadful command which was laid upon him. In this state of mind, though the advantage had been his when the messenger came in, he lost all knowledge of the game, and committed error after error, which Juzef always observed and warned him of. And while they were thus engaged, two knights arrived, full speed, inviting the prince to take possession of the throne, for his brother had expired. What must his feelings have been when the whole chivalry of Granada, in the days of its splendour, came out to meet him as he approached the city ; when he passed under triumphal arches hastily erected for his entrance ; saw the houses hung with cloths of silk and gold, the streets and squares strewn with flowers, and heard the acclamations of welcome from a people who, knowing the gentleness of his character, expected to live in prosperity under him ! It is scarcely possible that he should not then have moralized upon the mutability of fortune ; and if that reflection crossed him, he may have wished not unwisely that the second messenger had arrived too late, for then he might have been in possession of a crown which fadeth not away.

this victory; they returned to Cordoba, and there caused their ally to be proclaimed king of Granada. This politic recognition produced more effect than another expedition in his favour might have done, for the presence of a Castillian army in their country excited a brave spirit of indignation; but when that excitement was withdrawn, the Granadans were too well aware how desirable it was that their sovereign should be upon terms of amity with the Castillian court. Accordingly, town after town, and district after district revolted to Juzef Mahommed till the left-handed king was left without a kingdom. Upon Juzef's death he was a second time restored, but soon again for the third time, and then finally, driven from the capital; after which time struggles for the throne and intrigues in the harem wasted the strength and distracted the councils of Granada. That age succeeded which has afforded such fertile themes for poetry and romance. 'The evil star of Islam shed its malignant influence over Spain,' and brought on the fatal overthrow of the Mahomedan empire in Andalusia.

The final siege of Granada is the most chivalrous in authentic history. '*Fu gentil guerra*,' says Navagero, in his very interesting account of his journey in Spain; artillery was not then in such use as now, and brave men therefore had better opportunity of displaying their courage. Every day there was fighting, and every day some gallant exploits were performed. 'The well-known plain of Granada,' says Garibay, 'is the cemetery of many noble Moors and Christians; for it may truly be affirmed, that from the time when the Moorish kings fixed their seat in that city till the kingdom was recovered by the Christians, there was no other spot in the whole world where so much blood was spilt, nor where greater feats of valour were displayed, nor where more noble men, full of heroic spirit, have come to their end, nor where more armies have trampled the soil, nor where more devastation has been made with fire and sword.' Yet art and nature had so embellished and enriched the scene of these tragedies that the Moors believed their Paradise was in that part of the firmament immediately above Granada,—as if the happy country which they possessed was, as it were, the earthly likeness of the heaven which they hoped to enjoy. The circumstances of the siege, romantic and beautiful as they are, are too generally known to be recited here. When Ferdinand informed our Henry VII. of its successful termination, the Catholic king, 'whose manner,' says Lord Bacon, 'was never to lose any virtue for the showing,' related in his letters 'all the religious punctoes and ceremonies' that he had observed; how he would not enter the city till 'he had first aloof seen the cross set up upon

upon the greater tower of Granada, whereby it became Christian ground ;' and how, before he entered, 'he did homage to God above, pronouncing by a herald from the height of that tower, that he did acknowledge to have recovered this kingdom by the help of God Almighty, and the glorious Virgin, and the virtuous apostle St. James, and the holy father Innocent VIII., together with the aids and services of his prelates, nobles, and commons ;' and how 'yet he stirred not from his camp till he had seen a little army of martyrs, to the number of seven hundred and more, Christians that had lived in bonds and servitude as slaves to the Moors, pass before his eyes singing a psalm for their redemption.—These things were in the letters, with many more ceremonies of a kind of holy ostentation.' Upon the receipt of these letters, Henry, 'ever willing to put himself into the consort or quire of all religious actions, sent all his nobles and prelates that were about the court, together with the mayor and aldermen of London, in great solemnity' to St. Paul's ; where when they were assembled, Cardinal Morton, 'standing upon the uppermost step or half-pace before the quire, and all the nobles, prelates, and governors of the city at the foot of the stairs, made a speech to them, letting them know that they were assembled in that consecrated place to sing unto God a new song, for that, said he, these many years the Christians have not gained new ground or territory upon the infidels, nor enlarged and set further the bounds of the Christian world ; but this is now done by the prowess and devotion of Ferdinand and Isabella kings of Spain, who have, to their immortal honour, recovered the great and rich kingdom of Granada, and the populous and mighty city of the same name, from the Moors, having been in possession thereof by the space of seven hundred years and more : For which this assembly and all Christians are to render laud and thanks unto God, and to celebrate this noble act of the king of Spain, who in this is not only victorious but apostolical, in the gaining of new provinces to the Christian faith ; whereby it is to be hoped that there shall be gained not only new territory, but infinite souls to the church of Christ, whom the Almighty, as it seems, would have live to be converted. Herewithal he did relate some of the most memorable particulars of the war and victory, and after his speech ended, the whole assembly went solemnly in procession, and *Te Deum* was sung.'

Thus it appears that our forefathers took as lively an interest in wars, of which religion was the pretext, as their descendants of the present age have taken in those, whereof liberty or revolution has been the object. But to whatever miserable results the revolutionary movements of this generation may yet lead, after

after the unutterable evils which have already been endured, they will be light compared to the crimes and sufferings which followed the conquest of Granada. And here we bid farewell to Conde's work, and with it to the Moorish authorities; the conduct of the Spaniards and of their most Catholic kings to the subjected people, will be related according to the statements of their own historians—those histories having been subjected to the revision of official censors, and consequently published with the approbation of the existing authorities. There can be no danger, therefore, of misrepresenting the principles by which the Spanish government was directed in its proceedings, when we draw our statements from the representations which have been thus scrutinized, and allowed, and sanctioned.

By the terms granted at the capitulation of Granada, the Catholic kings pledged themselves and their successors for ever, with the usual solemnities of a treaty, that the Moors of every rank and condition should be permitted to live after their own law—that neither their mosques nor other places connected with their worship, nor any of the property thereunto annexed, should be taken from them, and that they should not be disturbed in any of their usages and rites; that they should never be required, like the Jews, to wear a badge upon their clothes; that Granada, and the other places included in this capitulation, should be regarded as an asylum for any Moors who, being in slavery among the Christians, might escape thither; such privileges, however, not extending to Canarians, nor to negroes of Gelofe or of the islands. That no Christian, whether male or female, who had turned Mahomedan before the capitulation, should by any one be molested, either by word or deed, on that account; that if a Moor had taken a renegade woman to wife, she should not be compelled to reprofess her former faith, nor should there be any interference with the religion of children born of a mixed marriage. In further proof of good-will toward a people who were now become Spanish subjects, all Moorish captives whatever were to be emancipated, without a ransom. Upon such conditions Granada was surrendered; and when Isabella saw the standard hoisted, and the silver cross planted upon its towers, she fell on her knees in sincere devotion, and her quire began the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving.

Hernando de Talavera, a Jeronimite friar, at that time bishop of Avila, was, at his own desire, translated to Granada, which was now erected into an archiepiscopal see by that very distinguished Pope, Alexander VI. The new archbishop began in his old age the study of Arabic, that he might be the better qualified for converting the Moors. Nothing could be more humane
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and conciliatory than his manner of proceeding; and, accordingly, in these first days many became converts of their own accord, peradventure with more sincerity, says Marmol, than others who were converted afterwards. The Spanish laws had not been characterized by intolerance toward the Moors; the *Partidas* only required, that if Moor or heathen should meet the sacrament, and should not choose to humble himself before it, (which, it was added, they would do well to do, because the Catholic is the true faith,) they should turn out of the street, on pain of three days imprisonment, six for a second offence, and, for a third, such punishment as the king might think proper to inflict. This, says the law, 'is appointed for two reasons—that the misbelievers may not say wrong is done them in our dominions; and that the officers of justice may not offend them either for the sake of seizing their property, or for the pleasure they may take in injuring their persons.' It appears that the laws were more tolerant than the people; but, notwithstanding the bigotry of the people was continually inflamed by fanatical religionists, and their credulity practised upon by the thaumaturgic ones, there was a great degree of practical tolerance, secured, no doubt, by the power which the Moors, while they existed as an independent people, possessed of retaliating in case of any persecution.

But both Ferdinand and Isabella were bigots; both needed that flattering unction which the Romish church provides for an uneasy conscience: and they were at this time guided by one of the most atrocious persecutors that ever disgraced the Christian name, under whose guidance they expelled the Jews, and invested the Inquisition with those powers which made it the curse and the indelible reproach of Spain. No sooner were they masters of Granada, than certain prelates and other religious persons urged them to extirpate the Mahommedans from Spain, by requiring that all who would not be baptized, should sell their property, and leave the land: this, they argued, would be no breach of the terms, but was for their benefit, inasmuch as it regarded the salvation of their souls. 'These arguments,' says Marmol, 'were altogether just and holy; nevertheless, their highnesses would not employ rigorous measures against their new subjects, because the country was not yet secure; the Moors might take arms if they were provoked, and as they had other conquests in view, they were unwilling that any cause should be afforded for distrusting their royal word.' But, to expedite the work of conversion which the archbishop had begun so well, they sent Fr. Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros, better known to English readers by the name of Cardinal

Cardinal Ximenes, to assist him. The two archbishops consulted together, and the course of proceeding upon which they agreed, is described by the cardinal's biographer, Alvar Gomez, and incorporated, as faithfully transcribed from him, by Father Luke Wadding, in the *Annales Minorum*. They determined that nothing was to be done by force (*nihil per vim cum illis agere*), but everything by argument and conciliation; and, accordingly, to begin with, they laid in a large stock of silken vestments (probably shawls) and of scarlet caps, a fashion which the Moors, at that time, greatly affected. Silken shawls and scarlet caps were emollient applications, which produced upon the greater number of the Alfaques the effect desired; and, what with the desire of present gifts, and the hope of future advantage, by going over to the dominant religion, they persuaded crowds to follow their example. Such multitudes were converted, that more than three thousand were baptized in one day: single immersion ought to have been the method used; but, as it would have required a miracle to dip so many, Ximenes sprinkled them in mass with hyssop, taking, it may be presumed, conscientious care that not one in the multitude should escape without feeling the shower. There were, however, notwithstanding this wide defection, Mahomedan priests in Granada, who believed in their own law; and if such men were proof against scarlet caps, they were not likely to accept the Franciscan religion as more reasonable, or founded upon better evidence than their own. These men, therefore, preached strenuously in defence of the Moorish faith, as by the terms of capitulation, then only seven years old, they were clearly authorized to do. Ximenes arrested them all, put them in chains, sent them to prison, and there, *quod ejus ingenio repugnabat, indignis modis tractari permittebat*. This tender disposition of the great Friar Minorite was further displayed in the treatment of the Zegri Azaator, a man of distinction, being descended from Alahmar, the Red King, and in great repute for his abilities. This Zegri opposed the scandalous means which were used for what he deemed the perversion of his countrymen, upon which, says Marmol, Ximenes determined, laying all humanity aside (*dexada aparte toda humanidad*), to bring him by force under the yoke of the law. *Omni fere humanitate deposita*, is the phrase of Alvar Gomez, a qualification which does not extend to the end of the sentence; for there he says, that atrocious remedies were ordered to be tried upon a man, with whom gentleness and beneficence had failed. The charge of taming him (*cura cicurandi hominem*) was entrusted to a certain Pedro Leon,

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one of Ximenes' chaplains: no story was ever related in words more felicitously expressive of the spirit in which the thing was done; and this Leon, *verè animo leonino præditus*, so dealt with his prisoner, *adeo fortiter in ed re se gessit*, that the Zegri, after some days, desired to be brought before Ximenes. Whether it was compulsion which had rendered him submissive, or whether he was influenced by that saving grace which is at all times ready for all men, is what neither the chaplain nor Luis del Marmol, nor the Annalist of the Franciscans have ventured to determine; but all three incline to think it a work of grace! Azaator accordingly was brought before the archbishop, chained, and in the filth which he had contracted in his prison. Desiring first to be released from his chains—'for with what freedom,' he said, 'could a man be supposed to speak who was bound hand and foot?' he desired to be baptized, protesting that Allah had appeared to him the preceding night, and thus enjoined; 'but,' he added, with a smile, which Ximenes must well have understood, 'I should be a fool, indeed, if I had needed another motive than has been administered by this fierce Lion of yours!'

The Zegri, who chose thus rather to profess a religion which he hated than to endure a slow and cruel martyrdom, had once fought hand to hand with Gonzalo de Cordoba, in the plain of Granada, in memory of which honour he was baptized by the name of Gonzalo Hernandez Zegri, and a pension was given him by the archbishop, upon whom, far more than upon the dissembler himself, the guilt of dissimulation must lie. Following up his victory, Ximenes ordered his converts to bring him all the copies of the Koran, and all other books in their language which they could collect. Nearly five thousand volumes were thus collected:—many persons petitioned for them, —for this was not an ignorant age; learning was awakened, and was no where more successfully cultivated than in Spain;—but Ximenes, though a lover of learning, and its liberal patron at other times, was, in this instance, inexorable: he reserved only a few treatises upon medicine, which he sent to the library at Alcala, and the rest were, by his orders, burnt in one heap,—*quinque millia voluminum*,—*quæ variis umbilicis, punica arte et opera distincta, auro etiam et argento exornata, non oculos modo, sed animos quoque spectantium rapiabant*: thus the chaplain, who had probably handled these precious manuscripts, and assisted at the *auto-da-fe* in which they were consumed, speaks of the beauty and splendour of their inward and outward embellishments. Thus far all had gone prosperously with the zealous Propagandist; they who were not won by shawls and red caps, had yielded to imprisonment, chains, and tortures; but

but hitherto he had dealt with persons eminent for their rank or office, leaving the commonalty to be brought over by their means : he now attacked the Elches, as the renegades and their posterity were called, of whom there were many in Granada : it appeared to him a scandalous thing, that such persons should be tolerated in what was now a Christian city, under the government of the most Catholic kings. There was indeed an express stipulation in the treaty, that they were not to be molested on the score of religion—a stipulation as unequivocal as words could make it, and secured as strongly as it could be by the word and faith of a sovereign. But the word and faith of a king, the most sacred and solemn pledges of a government, are worth nothing where it is a maxim of a Church, dominant in the state, and over it, that faith is not to be kept with heretics, or unbelievers ; and where it is believed that there exists an authority on earth which can dispense with any engagements however ratified. The Elches stood upon the right, which the capitulation gave them ; they had good reason to dread the effects of re-assuming the profession of faith which they had forsaken ; for not only would it expose them to perpetual danger of reproach and insult from their countrymen—the more stinging, because well deserved,—but it would bring them also within the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, which, under Torquemada, the most atrocious of mankind, was at that time in full activity. Ximenes and the other prelates, therefore, resolved to use rigour with them, a significant expression, which Marmol employs like one who thought that rigour could never be exercised more rightly. Many pertinacious persons had already been arrested, when an alguazil, who had made himself obnoxious by his activity on such occasions, apprehended upon this cause a renegade's daughter in the Albayzin, and led her away to prison ; the woman cried aloud for help, saying, they intended to make her a Christian by force, in breach of the capitulation. The Moors collected, the woman was rescued, and the alguazil killed. Presently the Albayzin was in insurrection. The tumult was soon appeased by the mildness and resolution which the Archbishop of Granada displayed, and also the Conde de Tendilla, who was governor of the city ; but it alarmed Ferdinand, and he reproached Isabella for the intemperate zeal of her favourite Ximenes. Ximenes arrived at the court just after the news that order had been restored, had abated the edge of the king's resentment ; and he then represented, that what had past, afforded a desirable opportunity for effecting the conversion of the Granadan Moors : they had rebelled ; by that rebellion their lives and properties were justly forfeited, and it would therefore be an act of clemency

mency to offer them the alternative of pardon, if they became Christians, or exiles.

While the matter was in deliberation, the Granadan Moors represented their situation to the Soldan of Egypt, requesting him to interfere by his ambassadors; and to declare, that if the Moors in Spain were compelled to renounce their religion, he would retaliate upon the Christians in his dominions. But this application in their behalf came from too distant a quarter, though it received so much attention as to obtain an honourable reception for the ambassadors, and to occasion an embassy in return, with which Pietro Martire of Angleria was charged; the reply which he was instructed to make was, that the Catholic kings wished to force their religion upon no one: but, because they could have no reliance upon the loyalty of the Moors, they had transported those to Barbary who did not choose rather to become Christians, allowing them to sell their property, and landing them there in safety. Great numbers accepted the alternative, and it is said that many took with them the key of the house which they had been compelled to abandon, to be preserved by their children, as an hereditary pledge of vengeance, whenever the opportunity should arrive for returning and reconquering the country of their fathers. But the mountaineers of the Alpuxarras rose in arms against this heinous breach of faith: they had taken no part, they said, in the riot, (for it scarcely deserved a heavier appellation,) in the Albayzin, and thereby by no principle of justice could they be subjected to the conditions which were imposed upon the rioters. They were a brave people: the Conde de Tendilla, and the great Gonzalo, suffered a severe loss in taking from them the Castle of Guejar; for the Moors opened their water-courses, flooded the fields, and attacked the horsemen while the horses were struggling in the deep wet soil. At one place, the Conde de Lerin blew up a mosque, in which the women and children had taken refuge; at another, a black Moor, who commanded, when he saw that the people were resolved to surrender, threw himself headlong from the tower. Ferdinand found it necessary to go against them in person; and wherever he reduced the country, the alternative was baptism or death. Those who remained unsubdued were formidable enough to demand terms; and knowing by experience how little they could trust to Catholic faith, they required only that they might be transported to Barbary, upon payment of a certain sum per head for every one who should embark. The king, who was in want of money, and desirous to be rid of them, agreed to this; but those who could not pay for their passage submitted, of necessity, to conversion;

version; and above 200,000 of such converts were made in the course of a few months, to the great satisfaction of Ximenes. But there arose a difference of opinion between him and the Archbishop of Granada. Both were agreed that the process must necessarily be to christen these unhappy people first, and convert them afterwards. The Granadan prelate thought it would facilitate their conversion if the scriptures were read to them in their own language at those evening lectures which they were required to attend; and he had also parts of the Liturgy, with the portions of the gospel which are used therein, printed in Arabic for their use. Against this Ximenes protested as an impiety; it was throwing pearls before swine, he said. The scriptures were intended only for the study of learned and holy men, and for that reason ought never to be translated into any vulgar tongue, but to be confined to those three dead languages in which, with mysterious significance, the inscription had been written on the cross. Of course the more unreasonable opinion, and that which was most favourable to an ignorant, deceitful, and persecuting clergy, prevailed. The work of conversion having been thus performed, the Catholic kings, says Marmol, went on regaling their Granadan subjects with new favours.

Not satisfied with the sum total which was added to the account of their good works upon this score, Ferdinand and Isabella imposed the same alternative, of conversion or exile, upon the Moors in Castille, for whom prescription availed as little as the conditions upon which their ancestors had become subject to that crown. The same course was not pursued in Aragon, because there was in that kingdom a firm aristocracy, whose constitutional strength had not yet been broken, and who, because the Moors were their most profitable vassals, resolutely maintained at all times their privileges and their own; and to prevent an attack upon them at this time, they obtained in their Cortes the King's assent to a law, declaring that none of the Moriscoes in Valencia (where the greater number of that race was settled) should be either expelled, or forced to profess the Christian faith, or subjected to any prohibition or hinderances in buying and selling among themselves, or with the Christians. With a clear insight into their own interest, and that of their country, and as clear a foresight of the injury which would be brought upon both by a ferocious priesthood, if that priesthood should possess the ear of a bigoted king again, as it had done with Jayme the Conqueror, they had made it a part of their coronation oath, that the king should, on no pretext whatsoever, banish the Moriscoes, nor compel them to receive baptism against their will; and that he

he should never, directly or indirectly, apply for a dispensation from this part of his oath ; and that if such a dispensation were proposed to him, he should not accept it ; and to provide even against that possible case, it was declared in this oath, that whatever he might do in consequence of such a dispensation should be null and void. More careful precautions could not have been taken ; nor was it possible to guard them with a more solemn sanction. Unhappily for Spain, the power of the Barons was not more formidable to the crown than it was odious to the people ; and in the insurrection of the Commons, in the early part of Charles the Fifth's reign, the first thing which the Commons of Valencia did, ' after they had taken the government into their wild hands,' was to issue a proclamation, pursuant to which every Morisco was to be incontinently baptized or put to death. This was done as much in enmity to the nobles, as in the spirit of the Romish faith. Whether any of the Moors chose the alternative of martyrdom cannot be known, because the only accounts which have appeared are given by the Spaniards ; according to those accounts the whole race suffered baptism under this proclamation. ' Compel them to come in,' is, of all texts in scripture, that which has been most fatally perverted.

In thus submitting, there can be no doubt but that the Moors supposed this act of violence, like all the other acts of the mob-government, would be rescinded as soon as the rebellion was quelled, and the legitimate government restored. Upon this persuasion they acted, when the event which they had deemed so desirable had taken place ; and, resuming their Mahommedan observances, they remahommedanized the mosques which their persecutors had converted into churches. But no sooner had Charles returned from Germany, than complaints against their impiety, as it was called, were made by the intolerant clergy, and those into whom they had instilled their own spirit of inhuman bigotry. According to what was then becoming the courtly and priestly doctrine in Spain, Charles might, by virtue of his own absolute power, at once have decided upon the validity of their baptism, and required them to act as Christians ; but, that he might be clearly satisfied in a matter of conscience, he referred the question to the councils of his various kingdoms, both within the Peninsula and without, and also to the Inquisition ; and they, having the fear of God before their eyes, says Bleda, unanimously pronounced that the Moors, having consented to become Christians, and received baptism accordingly, were Christians, and must be held as such, (*eran, y devian ser reputados por Christianos* :) the words seem harmless, but they involved

involved a dreadful meaning ; for to be held as Christians, was to be made amenable to the most accursed tribunal that ever outraged justice and humanity.

It was so well understood what the decision of his councils would be, that means had been taken, while their deliberations had been going on, for relieving the Emperor from any scruple which he might feel concerning his coronation oath. Accordingly a dispensation was sent him from those engagements which he had solemnly sworn could not, and should not, be dispensed with. The brief which Clement VII. issued upon this occasion, represented how perilous and how scandalous it was that wolves should thus be intermixed with the sheep—that they who were infected with the plague should live among the sound—the harlot Mahommedanism with Christianity, the pure and unspotted lady of all lands. The Pope called, therefore, upon the Emperor elect, as a faithful son of the church, to employ faithful preachers, through the agency of the Inquisition, in instructing the Moors of Valencia, Aragon, and Catalonia ; appointing a time, after which all who refused to live as Christians should either quit the land, or become slaves of the crown : and further, this precious instrument proceeded, ‘ we do release your Majesty from the oath taken by you in the Cortes of these kingdoms, never to expel the said infidels, absolving you from all censures and penalties for the guilt of perjury which you might incur thereby, and dispensing with you, as to that purpose, so far as it is necessary.’ The brief proceeds to grant the Inquisition free and full power for compelling all who should prove refractory, and for calling on the secular arm, ‘ all apostolical constitutions, and all ordinances, statutes, and privileges of the said kingdoms and principalities, to the contrary notwithstanding, though confirmed by an oath, and by an apostolical confirmation, or by any other authority whatsoever ; and notwithstanding it should be provided that no dispensation from the said oath should be sought, nor ever made use of, if granted. And we do exhort your Majesty,’ said the Pope, ‘ that you commit the preaching of the word to the said Moors unto our beloved sons, the Inquisitors of heretical pravity. And in case the Moors do persist, in the hardness of their hearts, and in their perfidiousness, not to embrace the faith within a term to be fixed by the Inquisitors, they shall be commanded, on pain of perpetual bondage, to depart out of the said kingdoms, which if they fail to do they shall become slaves.’ Accordingly, Charles, in obedience to these pastoral admonitions, set the Inquisition to work ; and informed the Moors of those provinces, that, *‘ being moved by the grace and inspiration of Almighty God,*
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he was resolved not to suffer any other religion than the Christian to be professed in his dominions ; and that desiring the health and salvation of their souls, he commanded them to yield obedience and become Christians, and receive the holy water of baptism.'

It was not known, till Llorente published his 'Critical History of the Inquisition,' about ten years ago, that the Pope objected to grant this dispensation, and represented to Charles how scandalous it would be. But the Emperor insisted, and Clement yielded ; sanctioning, in his character of Pope, a breach of faith, which, as an individual, he knew to be iniquitous and abominable. A wicked history has never been recorded. Five months were allowed the Moors ; all who, at the expiration of that term, should hold to the faith of their fathers, were required to leave behind them all their gold, silver, and jewels, and their children under fourteen years of age, and embark for some Mahomedan country : further, to aggravate the cruelty of this decree, the Valencian Moors were not permitted to embark from their own ports, but were compelled to travel to the most distant place of embarkation—through Madrid to Coruña. Various reasons have been assigned for this arrangement : some suppose that it was suggested by the Barons, who sought to gain time, hoping that the Emperor would perceive the impolicy of expelling so many industrious subjects : others thought that the additional difficulties and hardships which were thus imposed, were intended to act as additional motives for making these unhappy people renounce the profession of Mahomedanism ; and this was probably the pretext under which a government, as base as it was intolerant, sought to cover its real motive—that of draining the Moors on their way of the money which they had saved by selling what things they had been allowed to dispose of ; for this, also, is among the causes which the Spaniards have themselves assigned, showing themselves, in whatever related to Jews, Moors, and heretics, as devoid of honour as they were of humanity. Some of the braver spirits took arms in the Sierra de Espadan, and defeated the Governor of Valencia and the Duque de Segorbe in two attempts to subjugate them : three thousand Germans were then sent to reinforce the assailants, and such of the Moors as escaped the slaughter were embarked for Barbary. A similar insurrection in Aragon was put down, without bloodshed, by the interposition of a certain *hidalgo*, who is not named, but who appears to have been a person of some consideration, and to have acted with the approbation of the civil authorities ; he represented to the Moriscos that there was an easy way of avoiding both the present

sent punishment of rebellion, and the future evils of banishment—which was to become nominal Christians, and remain Mahommedans at heart; their law, he said, did not require them to suffer martyrdom. That this language was held to them is very probable, and that the great majority of the compulsory converts, if not the whole of them, remained unchanged in mind, or with a hatred of the superstition which they were enforced to profess, is certain; superstition, we say, because as a superstition, and a gross and revolting superstition, was Christianity presented to them. Nor was this the worst of its characteristics; Mahommedans as they were, they might have been brought over to creature-worship and to image-worship, for the heart is prone to idolatry; and in two or three generations, had they been treated as real Romanists, they would have become such. But from the hour of their forced conversion they were harassed and persecuted; and every artifice that wickedness and impiety could invent, every cruelty that relentless bigotry could inflict, were employed against them. They saw in Christianity, therefore, such as it was exhibited to them, and as they were made to feel it, a system not only of gross idolatry, but of flagrant deceit and inhuman persecution.

A cry had been raised against tolerating them as Moors; and when, in deference to that cry, they had been compelled to receive baptism, the cry was against the impiety of their compulsory conversion, and the insincerity of the converts. A comet, which appeared in the preceding year, was interpreted into a threatening augury of this profanation; and immediately after it the image of Our Lady of Tobet, in Aragon, and the angels at her side, sweated for six and thirty hours! A vessel was filled with the drops which ran from them; but in that vessel those which came from the Virgin separated themselves from the grosser distillation of the angels, celestial and miraculous though that was, and appeared in it like large and resplendent pearls. This is not here repeated after the relation of a Protestant writer, the fact is stated by Spanish historians; the trick was performed by Spanish priests, and with such success, that, more than sixty years after, Philip II. sent for some of the perspiration, to be placed among the other treasures of his relicary! Another such miracle was enacted at Zaragoza, in the convent of N. Señora del Carmen; where a figure of one of the three Mariæ, at a Calvary, wept from Good Friday till the resurrection on Easter Day; but instead of preserving the tears as had been done at Tobet, the persons concerned committed the great fault (*error notable*.) of catching them in corporals and other white cloths, which were, indeed, deposited in the sacristy; but left there,

there, says the indignant Carmelite, whose history is now before us, till time and neglect had done their work !

The poor converts petitioned, when they submitted to receive baptism, that they might be exempted both in person and property from the Inquisition for forty years, and not be required either to change their dress or their language during that time ; that they might have their own burial place ; might be allowed to contract marriage in the second degree for the same term ; and that they might be permitted to carry arms, seeing that they had served the King faithfully when the Commons were in rebellion. To this, it is said, that the ministers of the Emperor and of the holy office replied, as was convenient. Deza, the second Inquisitor General, had urged Ferdinand and Isabella, notwithstanding the stipulation made at the time of the surrender, to establish an Inquisition in Granada ; the Queen scrupled at this : but her conscience was in the keeping of men who knew how to palter with it in a double sense—to keep the word of promise to the ear, and to the ear only, and at any time to salve the plainest perjury by help of equivocation ; Isabella therefore refused to break her word by founding a holy office in Granada, and committed precisely the same breach of faith by authorising the Inquisitors at Cordoba to extend their jurisdiction thither ; she enjoined them only not to molest the Moriscoes for trifling things ; an injunction little likely to be observed by Lucero, who was principal of that Inquisition ;—*Lucerium*, says Pietro Martire, playing in bitterness upon the name, *quem justius Tenebrerium appellari censerem* ; and he describes him as *Libyco leone immanior*, and as *pestiferæ pectoris contagione respirans sub religionis specie,—tantum—potuit aconitum e Tartareis exhaustis speluncis immanis iste Cerberus !* Gonzalo de Ayora, in a letter which Llorente quotes from the original, in the royal library at Madrid, speaks of the men who were employed under this Inquisitor, as acting in contempt of all justice, human and divine—killing and plundering at their will, and outraging the wives and daughters of their victims. So extensive was the persecution which this ecclesiastical Robespierre carried on, and so infamous the proceedings of the miscreants whom he employed and encouraged, that it roused a spirit which seemed at one time likely to have effected the deliverance of Spain. But the sins of the nation were too manifold and too grievous for this ; and Cardinal Ximenes being appointed Inquisitor-general at this critical time, he pursued a politic course, which had just sufficient semblance of equity for allaying the public indignation. Certain processes were investigated by a special commission, and the witnesses, upon whose testimony unnumbered families had

had been ruined, and individuals burnt alive, were declared infamous and unworthy of belief. In what state of mind could those Inquisitors have been who gave credit to them, when the foundation of their story was, that certain girls of Jewish extraction, who in fact had never left the bosom of their families, had travelled by magical journeys all over Spain, riding upon he-goats, for the purpose of setting up synagogues, and restoring the proscribed religion of their fathers! This poor atonement was made, that the victims, whose ashes had been scattered to the wind, were declared innocent, and their surviving connexions cleared from the stain which otherwise attached to them; but Lucero, instead of being punished to the measure of his deserts, was merely superseded in his office at the Inquisition, and sent back to his see at Almeria—for this monster was a bishop!

The brunt of this persecution had fallen upon the Jewish converts, always the favourite game of the Inquisition, because they were rich. Ximenes dealt favourably with the Moriscoes, partly because, bigot as he was, he may be considered humane and liberal when compared with most of his contemporary prelates; partly perhaps from gratitude, for he had been cured when apparently in a hopeless stage of hectic decline by a Moorish woman, who used nothing but unguents* in her practice. It is admitted that the cardinal, during the eleven years that he held the office of grand inquisitor, endeavoured to check the zeal and mitigate the severity of the Inquisition; nevertheless, under this mitigated system, the number of victims who were burnt during those years is calculated at three thousand five hundred and sixty-four; above twelve hundred, whom death or flight had saved from suffering in person, were burnt in effigy, and above forty-eight thousand were condemned to lighter punishments,—the lightest involving infamy and utter ruin! During the reign of Charles V., there was a continual struggle between bigotry and policy in his councils. A junta of theologians assembled by his authority in the chapel at Granada wherein Ferdinand and Isabella were interred; they were of opinion that the Moriscoes never would become good Christians while they were permitted to retain their own language and usages; and, therefore, they recommended that they should be forbidden to speak the Moorish tongue and to wear the Moorish dress, and to be called by Moorish names; and that, among other customs, that of staining the hands and feet with

* *Uctionibus fovebat, leniterque oleo condito præfricabat.* She held out a confident hope of curing him in eight days; and in that time assiduous medicals, the disease was removed; evidently, therefore, by her treatment.

henna should be prohibited, and the use of the bath also; Charles issued an edict in conformity to this advice; he suspended it upon the humble representation of the Moriscoes; it was put in force during his absence, and again suspended by his orders; and this sort of vacillation continued as long as he reigned; every struggle producing some further encroachment upon the rights of this injured people, and rendering their situation more uneasy and insecure. Grievances were heaped upon grievances, vexation followed vexation; generous spirits were exasperated by injustice; fiery ones maddened by insupportable usage; and the quiet multitude, whom, if they had been left unmolested, outward conformity would gradually have assimilated with the Spanish nation, were harassed by the Inquisition, and made to hate a religion which outraged all the feelings of humanity.

Upon the accession of Philip II., it was determined to enforce the prohibitions. Deza, an auditor of the Inquisition, and afterwards cardinal, was made President of the Royal Audience at Granada, and sent to that city that he might carry into execution the laws of which he had been a principal adviser. The Moriscoes put their cause into the hands of their countryman, Francisco Nuñez Muley, a person of rank among them, of years, and of experience in public business; and he pleaded for them before the president, Marmol says, with a low and humble voice. Marmol was incapable of understanding the feelings which rendered it so. He represented that 'when the Granadans were converted, they were not required to change their language nor their dress, nor their national modes of recreation: their conversion had been made by force, and in breach of treaty; but it was not accompanied with any such violence to their civil usages. The dress of the women was not as Moors and Mahomedans, but as Granadans; it was provincial, not religious; but it would be an act of ruinous hardship to make them change it; their ordinary garments were inexpensive; a woman might be clad for the cost of a ducat, but the robes which she wore at weddings and festivals were carefully kept for such occasions, and went down from generation to generation; these were costly in their fashion and materials, but because of their fashion, consisting of facings and trimmings, they could not be converted into any other form: in these and in their ornaments of the Morisco fashion, they had been accustomed to invest the money which they had saved; and were this law enforced, the loss which it would bring upon them might be calculated at not less than three millions, and the revenue also would suffer in no trifling degree when the consumption of silk and gold and pearls

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pearls should be thus reduced. The men already all wore the Castilian habit: persons in authority had repeatedly said that those who did so should be favoured; but no such favour had been found: if but a knife were found upon any one, he was sent to the galleys, and his whole property consumed in exactions and bribes and mulcts. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities equally persecuted them; and yet they had ever been obedient and loyal. Though the ink of the capitulation was not dry before those capitulations were violated, they had been the first people in Spain who took arms in the royal cause against the rebellious commons. Why should their music and dancing be prohibited, which in no wise related to Mahommedanism? Why the use of henna, which was employed not more for ornament than for its astringent properties, and which was found especially wholesome in keeping the head clean? D. Fray Guevara, the Bishop of Guadix, had formerly forbidden the practice, but the President and Auditors and the Marquis of Mondejar had interposed, and told him that this fashion had nothing to do with faith. They were ordered to leave their doors open; what was this but to expose their women to insults, and their property to thieves? The baths were to be destroyed; but bathing was for health and cleanliness, not for a religious observance. Spaniards as well as Moriscoes needed the baths; if the practice had formerly been forbidden in Castille, it was lest men should be relaxed by it, and rendered unfit for war; but the Moriscoes were not required to fight. Their women were now forbidden to go abroad with their faces covered; but this was a custom which had been introduced for the sake of modesty, of public morals, and of convenience; and how were ugly women to meet with husbands if all faces were exposed? The king had rendered it penal for any Spaniard to uncover a Morisca's face;—why, then, should this be treated as a matter of religion now? With regard to names, families were distinguished by them; and why should their ancestors be thus put out of remembrance, whose appellations it was for the honour of the Spaniards to preserve, were it only for the same reason that the Catholic king and the Emperor had ordered the Alhambra and other palaces to be kept up, as monuments of their conquest? It was desirable, he admitted, that there should be no *Gacis* (African Moors) in the land; but edicts for expelling them had never been executed, nor could they be, without wrong, for most of these people were naturalized here, and had children and grandchildren born and settled in the land: it would, therefore, be against conscience to eject them. Nor was it more reasonable to decree that the Moriscoes should not be allowed

allowed to have negro slaves; for who was to serve them else? or were they all to be made equal? Lastly, he touched upon the greatest hardship of all, which was, that of requiring them, in the course of three years, wholly to disuse their mother-tongue. How difficult a thing was this! They all wished to speak Castilian if they could; but how were poor people to acquire this in lonely places among the mountains, where they had never even acquired the Aljamia or mixed Arabic of the country, but spoke dialects of their own,—so that by an Alpuxarreo's speech, it might be known to what district in the mountains he belonged. There was not a lower or viler race upon the earth than the negroes of Guinea; and yet they were allowed to retain their country dances, and their national music, and their own speech. Why were the Moriscoes to be treated more rigorously than these? Nuñez Muley concluded by protesting that his intentions in thus pleading for his countrymen were pure and undissembled. 'I have,' said he, 'always endeavoured to serve God, and our lord the king, and this crown, and this nation, and this kingdom; I am bound to do this by my birth, and for more than sixty years I have been employed on all such occasions to solicit their cause.'

The president made a cold, unfeeling reply to this representation, and avoiding all notice of its strong points, answered only to that concerning the women's dress. He concluded by saying, that the king considered the salvation of one soul as a thing more important than all the revenue which he derived from the Moriscoes; his intention was, that they should be good Christians, and not only be, but appear so, and have their wives and daughters dressed in the same fashion as the queen. And for himself, the president said, he would never at any time favour them in this pretension, that being Christians, they should make their women dress like Moors. Accordingly, he gave orders for enforcing the edict, directing the magistrates to admonish the women for a second and even third offence in the matter of their apparel, before they committed them to prison, and then to release them presently without putting them to any expense. It was in vain that wiser statesmen and better men represented the impolicy and danger of these rigorous measures. The Marquis de Mondejar was one who perceived all the inconveniences, whether or not he was sensible of the injustice; but notwithstanding the opinion which he dutifully expressed, he was informed that it was the king's pleasure that the edict should be carried into effect, and that he must forthwith repair to Granada, and put down by force all opposition that might be made. Verily, says Marmol, it had been determined to extirpate the Morisco

Morisco people from that kingdom. After the end of the year no woman was to appear in the forbidden costume ; and at mass, on the ensuing day, the Moriscoes were required to give up all their children, of both sexes, between the ages of three and fifteen, that they might be put to school, at the king's expense, there to be instructed in the Christian faith and language. They were assured also it was the king's intention from thenceforth to make no distinction between his subjects, but to employ them and promote them equally in his service. Even the Duke of Alva interposed in their favour, and advised that the edict should be suspended, or, at least, that its provisions should be acted upon gradually ; but Cardinal Espinosa, who had then the chief direction of affairs, was inexorable ; the Inquisition, which never stopt at half-measures, was resolved to go through with what it had begun ; and Philip, who had delivered his conscience into his confessor's keeping, believed that whatever he did for the propagation of the faith would be accounted among his good works, no matter by what means it should be done.

A rebellion was thus provoked, as horrible in its details as any of the religious wars in that merciless age. Throughout the kingdom of Granada, the Spaniards, wherever they were dispersed, or in small parties, were massacred, and the priests everywhere were put to death, with circumstances of such revengeful and atrocious mockery, that in perusing the dreadful records, all sympathy with the oppressed and outraged people is forgotten, and the Moriscoes become as odious as their oppressors. They failed in an attempt to surprise Granada ; yet, with little assistance from Africa, they kept up the war for two years, and above twenty thousand Spaniards, according to their own historians, perished in it. Those years might afford finer subjects for heroic ballad, and tragic tale, and deepest tragedy, than any former age of Moorish history : but it is no salutary exercise of the imagination to dwell upon the sufferings and excesses of outraged and maddened humanity. When an end was put to the struggle,—as much by discord and treachery among the Moriscoes themselves, as by the persevering efforts of the Spaniards under Don Juan de Austria and the Duque del Arcos,—the Spanish government carried into effect the violent measure upon which it had previously resolved, which was that of removing all the Granadan Moriscoes out of their own country, and settling them in Estremadura and Castille, where they might be mingled with the mass of the people. Little as they had deserved such consideration, the king, says Marmol, enjoined that children should not be separated

rated from their parents in this compulsory removal, nor wives from their husbands ; and this further indulgence was shown to those whose loyalty had been approved—that they were permitted to remove themselves, and allowed three days' grace before their departure ! The others, as well those who had never taken arms, as those who had surrendered, were, in every parish, on All Saints' Day, collected in the church, and from thence marched in detachments, under an escort, to their destination. Abuses, as may well be supposed, were committed by the persons to whom the execution of the order was entrusted ; many lives were wantonly sacrificed, and many took refuge among the mountains. Some of these, when they heard that their countrymen were settled and beginning to reconcile themselves to their lot—as thinking that there could be no further calamity for them in store—surrendered, and joined them : others were hunted down. But many found means of escaping to Barbary, where they were entertained as soldiers by the king of Fez ; and it is said that these Andalusians, as they were there called, contributed in no slight degree to that overthrow in which Sebastian perished, and the flower of Portugal with him—the most fatal defeat that any nation has suffered in modern times.

It is characteristic of the Spaniards, that while they cherished the most unrelenting hatred against the whole Morisco race, they nevertheless regarded every signal display of Morisco valour, whether in Africa or in their own country, against their allies or themselves, as reflecting honour upon Spain. Then they could feel that these people, though incorrigible Mahommedans, had nevertheless partaken of Spanish virtue. There have been ambitious men, who, having obtained power by wicked means, have afterwards so used their power as to make it seem that ambition had been their only vice ; such men are the most dangerous examples in history. There have been governments which, scrupling at no measures, however dreadful, for extending their conquests, have yet so equitably ruled over the subjected people, and introduced among them such civilizing institutions, as to render it happy for them that they had been subdued. Neither the Catholic kings at any time, nor the Spanish governors, have been of this description. They have been mighty to do evil—‘to pull down, and to destroy ;’ but even when there has been the disposition to do good, the power was wanting. In this case there was neither the disposition nor the power. The whole of the Morisco race had now been forcibly converted, in violation of all treaties : the most formidable of them, the only branch who might still have considered themselves a nation, and in whom a principle of enmity might still
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be supposed to exist, had been expatriated and settled in other parts of Spain, where they were in a very small proportion to the old Castellians, and were surrounded by them. Had the government treated them with common justice, and suffered no obstacle to be interposed to those intermarriages that, in the natural course of things, must soon have intermingled them as completely with the Spaniards, as Goths and Romans had been intermingled, the proposed object of all the former injustice and cruelty would have been accomplished. But the same causes which had produced this antecedent wickedness continued to operate, and the world was now to see the effects of an intolerant and implacable superstition, displayed upon a wider scale than in any former example.

The proceedings of the Inquisition had been loudly complained of by the Moriscoes, when they took arms against their oppressors. Some of the prophecies and songs, by which their hopes and passions were inflamed, have been preserved in Spanish translations, made for the information of the government; and in these they spoke with horror of the eagerness with which the holy office pursued its destined victims; no distance, they said, could save a suspected person from its vengeance; and when they had seized him, they kept him day and night in continual terror, requiring him to recollect himself, and say what the offence was for which he was accused; and they tortured him till they forced the very mother's milk from under the finger-nails; and upon certain days, dreadful as the day of judgement, they brought out their prisoners, dressed in yellow garments, which were covered with frightful figures, and burnt them alive, women and men, old and young! There was no abatement of these cruelties after the removal of the Granadans. Wherever there were Moriscoes, there the Inquisition and its familiars were in full activity. The most submissive outward conformity did not satisfy them; they must search out the secrets of the heart; and knowing how impossible it was, that a people who had been converted by such means, should not abhor the religion which they were compelled to profess, and which had been made the pretext for all their wrongs and sufferings, they continued to treat the whole race as being still secretly Mahomedan. An inquisitor who had exercised his devilish office thirteen years among them, declared, and no doubt with perfect sincerity, that among the multitude whom he had examined, there had not been one individual of whom he could say there was even a probability that that person was a Christian. If any men may be supposed to have understood the anatomy of the living heart, it must be the inquisitors,

quisitors, who, in such innumerable cases, had laid it open, and made a study of its agonies.

It has been established beyond all doubt, that the moving principle of the Inquisition, both in Spain and Portugal, was the desire of gain—that it was a society for extorting money, who burnt tens of thousands, and reduced hundreds of thousands to misery and utter ruin, in order to gain possession of their goods. It had completely subjected the government in both countries—the chief Inquisitor was a more formidable person than the sovereign; and the kings of Spain and Portugal, in the plenitude of their power, could no more have ventured to restrict the holy office, than their contemporary despots at Constantinople to reform the Janissaries. But the holy office had done worse than this—it had hardened the heart of the nation. Probably there were not at that time so many unbelievers among the priests and regulars as there are now, for speculative irreligion had always thriven more in France and Italy than in Spain: those, however, who managed the machinery of miracles, who invented relics, (as in the impudent Granadan discovery at this time,) and who acted as confessors to inspired nuns, must have been unbelievers as well as impostors; but very many among them there were who were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their false religion, and who believed as sincerely that they were performing (as, indeed, they called it) an *act of faith* when they burnt Jews, Moriscoes, or Protestants, alive, as the miserable Carthaginians and other nations, when, in the rites of their earlier diabolism, they offered up their own children in the flames. Both descriptions acted to the same end upon the people—the former by their jugglery, the latter by their inflammatory zeal; and the great body of a nation will always be what a wise government makes them, or a weak one allows them to be made. The Spaniards were easily wrought to persecute the Moriscoes, because an appeal was made to their pride, their envy, and their fears. They were taught to believe that the pure Spanish and old Christian blood was contaminated by any intermixture, however remote, with the Morisco race; and that wherever this descent could be established, no time could efface the original sin. Their envy was excited because the Moriscoes, being excluded from all the higher walks of life, applied themselves to its humbler pursuits with more diligence than their neighbours, and therefore with greater skill and better success, so that the Morisco workmen were preferred, notwithstanding the inveterate prejudice which prevailed against them as a class: and they feared this people because they had wronged them,—because they had persecuted and were still persecuting them.

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When Essex was at Cadiz, more apprehensions were entertained at Seville of the Moriscoes than of the victorious English. This, indeed, must have been a vulgar panic, but it marks the state of the vulgar feeling, and it was brought forward amongst the arguments for expelling them. We know, upon Sully's authority, that in his more serious designs of taking vengeance upon Spain, Henri IV. had reckoned upon an alliance with this injured race. The Spaniards, by their own feelings, could perfectly understand what the desire of vengeance must be in their Moorish countrymen, who, in their temperament of mind and body, were as Spanish as themselves. Continual proof that it existed among them in full force was given by the piratical States: for it was from the Moriscoes who retired thither after the conquest of Granada, or escaped thither after the first insurrection, that those states derived the strength and the enterprise which first rendered them formidable. A burning hatred of the Spaniards became an hereditary passion in the descendants of these exiles. From time to time the more daring of the Moriscoes fled from the house of bondage, that they might be secure from the Inquisition, profess their old faith, and take vengeance for old wrongs, and for the holocausts who were continually sacrificed at the autos-da-fé. And when they found priest, monk, or friar on board a captured ship, or succeeded in carrying one off when they made a descent upon the coast of Spain, the sins of the order were visited upon the miserable victim.

It could not be doubted that these corsairs kept up a communication with their friends in Spain, and were assisted by them whenever it was possible. That the Moriscoes kidnapped children, and carried on a slave trade to Barbary, upon a small scale, by these means, must be false, the danger being far too great, and the temptation for incurring it too little. But any thing, however preposterous, was believed of them, as of the Jews before them: that they enticed these children in the streets of Valencia, and prevented them from crying by gagging them with balls of tallow, and so kept them concealed till they could be shipped for exportation; that they infested the roads, so that no Christian could travel in safety, and that murdered bodies were continually found, and that many, who must have been their victims, had disappeared; that they raised among themselves an annual tribute for the Great Turk, and regularly remitted it,—a fact, it was said, of which the Inquisition had forced a confession from them, though, according to its system of awful secrecy, it withheld all proofs; that they encouraged incest, practised enchantments, and worshipped the figure of a hand,

hand, adorned with gems and gold—*el Zancarron* it is called, and seems to have been neither more nor less than the *figa* used at this day as an amulet by the Spaniards themselves. Earth groaned under their abominations, and heaven made known its displeasure by tokens which could not be misunderstood: for sovereigns were prosperous or unfortunate according to their zeal for the faith. Mary, the queen of Scotland, had been suffered to perish by the axe in punishment for her want of ardour in maintaining the Catholic faith against her heretical subjects; and if Philip II. had been rewarded with Portugal for having encouraged the holy office, and rooted out and cast into the fire the tares of heresy which Cazalla had sown in Spain, the loss of the Armada was a judgement upon him because he had not permitted his wife Queen Mary of England to execute sentence of death upon the bastard Elizabeth, for treason against God and man! A blazing star had given warning of evil to come unless the wrath of God was averted; and a fiery sword had been seen in the sky, the unsheathed sword of Almighty justice, displayed, as it was verily to be believed by Santiago himself, in warning to his beloved votaries. Earthquakes had shaken many parts of Spain; hurricanes had thrown down churches and crucifixes; it had rained blood; the river Carrion had during six hours suspended its course and left its bed dry. And in the sepulchre of Santiago, that holiest of holies, where no human foot might enter, and into which the King alone, with the Archbishop of Compostella, on his installation, might be allowed through a small and single aperture to look,—in that sepulchre drums and fifes had been heard sounding the alarm; and when the sound ceased a dreadful voice was heard there, exclaiming—*Arma! Arma! España! España!* This, says the Carmelite Fr. Marcos de Guadalaxara, is one of the greatest prodigies that could be written or conceived, and more especially when it occurred in so sacred and remarkable a place! Before these prodigies, and certes in prelude to all these and the evils which must yet ensue, if this accursed generation was still permitted to pollute the soil of Spain, the bell of Vililla had tolled—that portentous and far-famed bell, which, unmoved by any human hand, was wont always to give notice when any great calamity befell Spain. It had tolled when Alonzo V. of Aragon was captured at sea; it had tolled when the Inquisitor Pedro Arbuco was murdered by the heretics; when Rome was sacked by the Imperialists; when Charles V. died; when Sebastian fell in Barbary; and generally upon occasion of any death in the royal family, but not invariably.

Vililla is a village upon the Ebro. There is an old church
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(old at that time) of St. Nicholas, upon a hill above the village, and under that church a cave, lofty enough for a man to stand upright in it, in parts loftier, and extending, according to popular report, two leagues under ground. On the top of the church two bells, as is usual in such rude edifices, were suspended in an open belfry, or rather wall: the larger, which was the *Campana del milagro*, was ten palms in circumference; on the east and west side, as it hung, it had a figure of Christ engraven on the metal, with the two Marys; and these compartments, which were exactly the same, were separated by two crosses, engraven on the north and south quarters. Round the rim were these words, ascribed to the Cumæan sibil, *Christus Rex venit in pace et Deus homo factus est*. Nine notary publics drew up and signed an attestation, upon the evidence of the rector, all the persons of rank in the vicinity, and above 4000 other witnesses, to the following statement:—that on the 13th of June, 1631, this bell began to toll at seven in the morning, giving three strokes first, and then pausing, and moving its clapper round as if it intended to strike more. This bell, it must be observed, was never rung by hand, its little neighbour in the next niche doing the whole work of the parish, while this remained in the dignified silence of its sanctity; nor was it ever moved by the wind, which it appears some persons, hard of belief, had suspected to have been the case; because, if the wind, blowing directly through the belfry, had sufficed to ring the great bell, much more easily would it have made the little one sound, and it was not pretended that this had ever happened. No! when the bell of Vililla tolled, it was *obra de Dios*, a patent miracle.

The clapper continued its dumb show till the clock had struck seven, and then it struck seven strokes between the south and west—for everything, in so great a prodigy, was most accurately noted—then, after a short interval, it struck nine, and so on in succession, twelve, fifteen, and thirty, still between south and west, the clapper playing all round its range, but only striking upon that quarter: then it beat all round, but mostly upon the eastern point, and this, without intermission, till nine o'clock, when the clapper took breath for half an hour, then fell to work again for half a quarter, rested another half hour, and then began again, travelling round and round with notable passion, and as it were imitating the Moorish beat of drum, loudest between south and west, with some deep strokes to the east; and thus every day till the last of the month, and then the bell itself shook, or the clapper went round and round, or tolled at intervals, or beat the loud alarm, to the dismay not only of all Spain, but of France and

and Italy, for the prodigy was officially communicated to the courts of Paris and Rome.

This bell awakened the Patriarch of Valencia, D. Juan de Ribera, a person worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance, as one of those who have laboured with most zeal to increase the sum of human misery. As no commissariat, however perfect, could vie with the arrangements which are produced by mutual concurrence, for supplying a great city with all things needful, so no conspiracy can be so effectual and so dangerous as the co-operation of active men, aiming, though for different motives, earnestly at the same end. Many laboured to bring about the expulsion of the Moriscoes, for the sake of the share which they might obtain of their spoils; many desired it for mere envy, (the meanest and the most prevalent of evil passions;) they were worse cultivators, worse manufacturers, worse workmen, and would therefore gladly see their successful competitors ruined, by whatever means: the rooted feeling of national enmity made others think that sufficient vengeance had not yet been taken for the defeat of Roderick, and the destruction of the Goths, so long as any of the Moorish race polluted the soil of Spain. Others were moved by the most heart-hardening of all things—religious bigotry; they regarded the inconvertibility of the Moriscoes, notwithstanding their outward conformity, as a thing too certain to admit even of a doubt; and the existence of so large a body, who profaned the holy Roman Catholic faith, by falsely professing it, they considered as, at once, a national reproach and a national sin; this false profession being so heinous a crime, that if the government still allowed it to pass with impunity, the Almighty would punish Spain for such impious toleration. The Patriarch of Valencia represented that the King of Spain was not like the sovereigns of Flanders and France, who did not execute just laws upon their heretical subjects, for want of power to do it. Certain and indubitable it is, said this Patriarch, that if those kings had cut the throats (*degollasen*) of all the heretics in their kingdoms, the church would have thanked them, and applauded them for it, as we have seen by numberless examples; and that if those kings could exterminate the heretics from their kingdoms, by killing them or driving them out, and should not do so, it would be in them a notable fault, and little zeal for religion. This passage is literally translated from the original; it was approved by the censors of the press; it has never been condemned in any Index Expurgatorius; and the doctrines which it thus explicitly avows were acted upon—speedily by Philip III.—by Louis XIV. afterwards—and as lately as in the last generation at Salzburg.

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The various schemes which were proposed for extirpating the Moriscoes were in accordance with the infernal spirit which inspired them. Among other persons who are pronounced by the historian of the expulsion worthy of eternal praise for their exertions in bringing it about, D. Gomez Davila proposed that all their children between the ages of two and a half and fourteen, (that is as soon as they were weaned,) should be taken from them, and, having been bred up among old Christians, that they should be shipped off, the males to one part of the world, the females to another, so that in one generation the whole accursed race of the Hagarenes might be extinguished. Another scheme, and this the Patriarch suggested, was, that as the guilt of their apostacy was indubitable, the King should send as many as he pleased as slaves to work in the galleys, or in the mines in the Spanish Indies, which the Patriarch assured him he might do without any scruple of conscience, and which, he added, might be of no small utility. There were learned persons, the Patriarch said, who maintained that he might lawfully take their children of both sexes and sell them for slaves; and they produced, he said, probable grounds for this opinion. Another proposal was, that they should be prohibited from marrying; this, the Patriarch observed, must either mean an absolute prohibition, or that they should be prohibited from marrying among themselves—only with old Christians: he could approve of this in neither case, for, in the latter, it would give occasion to apostacy: in the former, to enormous crimes, especially among such a people; in fact, the enactment would be contrary to the law of nature. The Patriarch did not notice, in his memorial, another proposal, not less humane and pious than any of the preceding, and which appears to have come from the aforesaid Gomez Davila, ‘worthy of eternal praise,’—it was that, because the Moriscoes might seem to have been left in Spain for the purpose of putting to the test whether the Spaniards were really Christians or not, the Spaniards should put that out of doubt by preparing for them a Sicilian Vespers!

The Roman Catholics in those days affected not to conceal the principles of the papal church; they spoke as they were taught to think, and they acted as they spoke. These abominable propositions were advanced without disguise; they were canvassed by legalists and casuists; they were supported by divines, and taken by ministers of state into their most serious consideration. The patriarch of Valencia addressed memorial after memorial to Philip III., acting through a diseased conscience upon a feeble mind. This mitred miscreant coolly represented what a good sum of money the Catholic King might

might receive, if he sold all the Morisco children, under seven years old, for slaves, either to his own subjects, or to strangers, always provided that the purchasers were old Christians,—a holy execution of justice, he called it,—a mercy to the parties themselves. The king was bound in conscience to rid his country of the whole race; if he omitted to do this, he would incur a mortal sin. The king was also moved by this consideration, which was pressed upon him—that the Gothic kings of Spain, before they seated themselves on the throne, took an oath to suffer none but Catholics within their realms; and Philip was persuaded that, with the crown, this obligation had descended to him. Thus could they play fast and loose with oaths; they were to be binding as fate if the observance suited with the policy of the Romish church; but when they contravened that policy, the breath of the pope dissipated them like smoke. Philip and his Queen, Margarita of Austria, were assailed also on the side of their political fears. Old as he was, the patriarch said—and he had now completed his seventy-second year—he feared that he might yet live to witness a second destruction of Spain by the Moors, if their treacherous descendants were still permitted to remain in the land.

An Englishman, who is called Thomas de Oliver Brachan, is said to have been trusted by the Valencian Moriscoes with their schemes of insurrection, and employed with a French agent to solicit aid from England. They are said to have arrived here soon after Elizabeth's death, and to have had interviews with Cecil, at *Grinuius* (Greenwich): it is added, that both the kings of Great Britain and France were supposed to have communicated this matter to the Spanish court; but the Carmelite historian says he is hard of belief here, seeing that James was so declared a heretic, and considering what great preparations for war Henri IV. was at that time making,—God knows for what end! But in a subsequent work he says, 'it is certain that such information was given by James. How that king might have thought it his duty to act in such a case, must be very doubtful; though it is certain that by a sense of duty he would be guided. There is an idler tale—that information to the same effect came from a Spanish woman who was in the Grand Seignior's harem; and that she did not act out of any love for her country, the religion of which she had renounced; but because, being a favourite of the sultan's, she apprehended that, if the insurrection broke out, he would leave her to put himself at the head of his forces, and conduct in person so great an enterprise as that of re-establishing Mahommedanism in Spain.

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The expulsion of so numerous a people was, indeed, so violent a measure, and might be so perilous, if despair should drive them to the brave resolution of perishing sword in hand, that the patriarch, with all his zeal, saw the necessity of making it at first a partial measure, and had regard enough for his own personal convenience, to advise that Andalusia, and not Valencia, should be chosen for the first experiment. But the government saw reason for beginning with Valencia. It was in vain that the barons opposed, by all constitutional means, a measure which so injuriously affected their interests; the necessary preparations were made by sea and land for carrying into effect the atrocious resolution which had been taken, and the edict was then published.

The preamble stated that many right learned and holy men had represented to the king how he was bound in conscience for the welfare of his kingdom, and for averting the anger of offended God, to expel a people who were notoriously heretics, apostates, and traitors, against God and the king. All the Moriscoes of the kingdom of Valencia were ordered therefore, within three days after this publication, to leave their habitations, and set out for the place appointed by the commissioners who were to direct their embarkation; they might take with them as much of their moveable goods as they could carry, which would be landed with them in Barbary; and they might lay in what provision they thought proper for the passage; though necessary subsistence would be provided for them. Whoever disobeyed this order was to be punished with death; and any persons absenting themselves to evade it, were to be apprehended, and killed if they attempted resistance. If they concealed any of the property which they could not take with them, or set fire to their houses, fruit-trees, or produce of any kind, they were to be killed on the spot,—the king having graciously been pleased to confer all their goods, fixed or moveable, except what they could carry with them, on the lords whose vassals they were. At the viceroy's request, and lest the houses, sugar-works, water-courses, &c., should go to ruin, as also for the instruction of the persons who were to take possession of them, it was allowed that in every place where there had been one hundred Morisco families, six men might remain with their wives and children, provided the children never had been married, and were still under the tutelage of their parents: in this proportion they might remain where the population was smaller, but not in the increasing scale. To satisfy them that the transportation was performed faithfully, and with no vexation,

tion, ten from every embarkation were to be allowed to return, and assure their countrymen that the rest had been well treated and safely landed. Children under four years old might be left if their parents or guardians chose to leave them. Those under six, one of whose parents was an old Christian, might also remain; and the mother with them, if the father were the old Christian; but in the other case, the father must be banished, and the mother and children remain: here the option was not given. Those for whom the priests would certify might remain; and the last articles of the edict gave a gracious permission to the Moriscoes that any of them might go to any part of the world out of the Spanish dominions whither they chose to repair, so they left their habitations within the term prefixed.

At the same time with this memorable edict, the patriarch sent forth a circular to his clergy, ordering them to expose the sacrament in all their churches and convents on certain days appointed, and to return thanks in all their churches to Almighty God, for having given them so religious and zealous a king, who, being enlightened by the Holy Ghost to effect this great work for the benefit of his kingdoms, when he might justly have inflicted upon the Moriscoes the punishment appointed for heretics, apostates, and traitors, had nevertheless, in his accustomed clemency and goodness, only banished them. He himself preached a thanksgiving sermon upon the occasion, widely circulated at the time, and worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance. 'I would they were even cut off that trouble you,' was the text. He dwelt upon the peculiar force of the word *Utinam*, (as if he were explaining the original language;) it had a singular emphasis, he said, signifying a most anxious and fervent desire that he could see them cut off and destroyed,—a desire arising from that zeal which is every one's duty, being included in the command of loving the Lord our God. The work which the king had resolved to accomplish was so admirable and divine, that human wisdom could never have resolved upon it without a particular light and help from heaven; it was the work of works—the enterprise of enterprises—an example for the world, and it would be the admiration of all after ages.

With all this exultation, there were great fears of some desperate resolution on the part of the Moriscoes, and every precaution was taken for crushing them, should they break into rebellion. But in this part of Spain they had long been a peaceful people; and their despair took a different turn. Terrible as their expulsion was, it yet delivered them from that

constant persecution in which they had existed under the holy office ; and the sense of this deliverance, aided by resentment against injustice, was so commonly felt among them, that whereas it had been expected great interest would be used to be included in the number of those who were allowed to remain, not a family would consent to tarry in the land. All said they would share the same fate ; and to the priests who urged them to leave their children behind, were it only because of the distress and danger of the seas in so crowded a passage, they replied that they would rather see them die on board the gallees, than leave them among so merciless a people. Their only desire was, who should get on board first, that they might leave a land of persecution, and breathe the air of a Mahomedan country,—for the Inquisition did them no injustice in affirming that they were Mahomedan at heart ;—who, indeed, would not, if the choice lay only between the religion of the Inquisition and of the Koran ? Notwithstanding the protection which had been promised them, many of them were waylaid and plundered, and not a few murdered on their way to the coast ; for the opportunity of plunder had drawn to Valencia a large assemblage of the worst description of Spaniards. Bleda, the well known historian, says, there never had been known such a fair in Spain as during the three days on which the poor exiles sold their goods at any price which the purchasers might please to give, that they might raise some little money to carry with them into a foreign land. The first embarkation landed at Oran ; the governor of Tremecen had been apprised of their coming, and in this instance the Barbary Moors manifested a becoming charity towards their Morisco brethren : five hundred horse, as an escort, were sent for them, and a thousand camels for the women and children : they were kindly entertained in Tremecen, and admitted at once to all the rights and privileges of the natives ; and this good report was carried back by the ten who, according to the king's orders, were taken back in the fleet. It contributed to bring about the submission of those who in some of the stronger parts of the country had taken arms, deluded by prophecies, and in the expectation that miracles would be wrought for them ;—the appetite of belief being as strong in the Spanish Moor as in the Spanish Papist. Some dreadful examples of despair were given in their weak and partial attempts at resistance. Mothers threw themselves into the Xucar, with their children in their arms ; others, before they surrendered, were reduced to such extremity by hunger, that they sold their children to the soldiers for a handful of figs and

and a cake of bread. Great slaughter was made among them, and the number of children who fell into the hands of the soldiers, and were sold by them to the Spaniards, was so great, as to occasion great difference of opinion among statesmen and casuists how they should be disposed of. Philip, who would have been neither cruel nor unjust, if his conscience had been in his own keeping, followed the judgment of those who declared that these children could not lawfully be considered slaves; and he determined that they should serve those who had purchased them, and would give them a Christian education, as many years after they were twelve years old, as they were under that age when they were bought. The more difficult point to determine was, after what age might it be possible that a Morisco child should be made a true Christian? The viceroy would have retained all who were under fifteen, looking to the great and immediate evil of this extensive depopulation. The old patriarch contended that none above the age of seven should be suffered in the land; otherwise, in the course of two or three generations, it would again be filled with Mahomedans; and the king, in deference to this opinion, ordered that all above that age should be landed in Barbary. But the viceroy ventured to suspend the execution of this order till the king should be better informed: it would be less cruel, he said, to cut the throats of these poor helpless creatures at once, than to set them adrift on the coast of Barbary, their parents and friends having been killed in the insurrection, and there being none there to care for them. This remonstrance was not without effect, and the king permitted all who were below twelve years of age to be retained.

Humanity may have had its due weight in this decision; in the general desire for keeping as many of the Morisco children as possible, it may be questioned whether the Spaniards were more actuated by cupidity, or by what they deemed piety. Great numbers at every embarkation were kidnapped from their parents; and so far was this from being thought a crime by the most Catholic nation, that it was considered an act of Christian charity; and the Marquesa de Caracena, who was the viceroy's wife, employed men in this religious occupation! Her zeal extended further; she took measures for retaining women who were far advanced in pregnancy, that they might be delivered on shore, and the infants baptized against the parents' will. Whether the children were taken from them in consequence is not stated, no Moorish account of these transactions has appeared; it is from the Spaniards themselves that

we derive the details; and Bleda, who more than any other individual exerted himself to bring about the expulsion, relates these things triumphantly, in their undisguised atrociousness, and with a feeling worthy of a Dominican and an Inquisitor. This personage had deserved for his zeal to be called, not reproachfully, but as the most eulogistic title which could be bestowed upon him — *unico cuchillo de los Moriscos*, the *knife* which had destroyed them! but he disclaimed it, humbly, for himself; it was an honourable appellative, he said, which could belong only to the King and to the Duke of Lerma: the duke he called Anti-Julian, as having, by this great measure of his administration, rooted out that accursed generation whom Count Julian had introduced into Spain. Bleda boasted of his descent from a brother of Attila, to whom he traced his name: in Attila's whole host there was not a harder-hearted barbarian than this friar, who, nevertheless, was a man of some learning, and evidently not less sincere than zealous in his execrable calling.

Great credit in the management of this first expulsion was given to the government for its generosity in allowing the exiles to take their money with them; the king distinguishing himself thus honourably; it was said, from Philip Augustus, who, in his treatment of the Jews and Templars, had brought a doubt upon the purity of his motives. This praise was bestowed too soon. On the eighth day after the publication of the edict, they were prohibited from selling any more of their goods; and after the first deportation, they were made to pay for their passage. A certain sum per head was required; and those who had money were compelled to pay for those who had none. According to the official returns, more than one hundred and fifty thousand persons were deported from Valencia; those who were murdered, or who perished during the insurrection, by the sword or by misery and famine, are said to be out of number. 'But though the exiles, says Bleda, had been conducted to the port, and treated on the passage, according to the king's order, with gentleness and Christian benignity (these are the friar's words!) our Lord God, who has appointed a reward of everlasting blessedness for this holy intention, and for its faithful performance, would not allow the punishment of these perfidious Moriscoes to be deferred till they entered upon their eternal torments. When they passed from under the gentleness and benignity of the Spaniards, he delivered them over to executioners of their own belief!' In fact, it was only those of the first deportation who experienced human charity among the African Moors. Those who followed were spoiled at will,

will, by the Arabs, or by other wretches who were ready to profit by the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. They were plundered of the little which they had been allowed to take with them; the most beautiful of their women were taken from them to be sold; the men who attempted to defend their wives and daughters were killed; and so many perished by hunger, exhaustion, and misery of every kind, or on the voyage, some vessels sinking, others being wilfully cast away by the captains for the sake of plundering the wreck, that not a fourth part of the whole number who were expelled, lived to establish themselves in Africa. Bleda's humane reflexion upon this statement is, that if they had all perished, it had been better for Spain!

Valencia having thus been cleared, those of Andalusia were next expelled, for the same alleged reasons of state and obligation of conscience. These were allowed thirty days to sell their moveable property; but they were forbidden to take the produce with them, either in money, gold, silver, jewels, or bills of exchange; they must vest it in commodities which were not prohibited to be exported, which should be of the growth of Spain, and must moreover be purchased of native Spaniards. The governor of Seville, of his own authority, reduced this term to twenty days, which he might do with perfect safety, for there was now almost as little affectation of humanity as of justice in the proceedings. A further villany was used towards them: the edict ordered them to remove with their children; but instructions were given to take from them the children under seven years of age, unless they embarked for a Christian country. They who had the means, therefore, embarked for France or Italy, and when at sea, persuaded the captains, if they could, to land them in Barbary. Aragon and Catalonia suffered this depopulation next. The Aragonese pleaded in vain against the impolicy of the measure, and the breach of their privileges; those privileges were disregarded by an absolute government, and the great object of Spanish policy was, that the whole of Spain should be most Catholic; to effect which, its Catholic kings had surrounded it, says Bleda, through the great blessing and mercy of God, with the Inquisition's terrible walls of fire! The Aragonese were a brave and noble people, deserving a better government and a better church than those by which they were at once oppressed and depraved: but on this occasion they showed as little regard to mercy in their dealings with the Moriscoes, as the government had done to *fucros* and treaties in its transactions with them. All who had any demands upon the Moriscoes pressed them without remorse

morse, as soon as they apprehended their expulsion; these poor people were plundered on the way by those who should have protected them; and such of them as were sent into France, were fleeced, on their arrival there, of the little which they had been able to retain so long.

There yet remained the Moriscoes of the Castilles, Estremadura, and La Mancha; hopes had been held out to them, that they were not to be included in the expulsion. Those who had been transplanted hither from Granada, had, from the circumstances of that removal, a right (if right availed anything) to expect that no further persecution of this kind would overtake them; the elder inhabitants were completely intermingled with the old Christians, and had, for the most part, been Christians themselves for many generations. There was now little danger of any serious insurrection. At the commencement of these measures, the Moriscoes, if they had acted in concert, might have shaken the throne of the Philips; but those in one kingdom had patiently looked on while the work of extermination was pursued in another. The Castillians had seen all their brethren successively driven out, and the reward of their patience was, that they must now partake the same fate. After frightening as many as they could into what was called a voluntary removal, the Government published an edict, allowing the rest to sell their fixed property: as money, gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones, were not allowed to be exported, the edict added, that this prohibition would be suspended in their favour: for which suspension they were to pay half of what they should accumulate in this shape. Every endeavour was used by these unhappy persons to prove that they were entitled, as old Christians, to remain in the land; lawyers then came in for their share of the spoil; and these inquiries brought many families afterwards within scent of the familiars. It is, indeed, certain, that not here alone, but in every part of Spain, the Moriscoes would gladly have remained; and, if the Inquisition had left them in peace, would soon have been distinguishable by genealogists alone. Guadalupe y Xavierr admits even that many of those who were burnt, as having apostatized to Mahomedanism, professed themselves Christians in the flames, and with their last gestures adored the cross.

The work was by this last expulsion accomplished, and the Spanish government effected its object by driving out of Spain a large portion of its inhabitants; the smallest computation making the Moriscoes amount to six hundred thousand persons, exclusive of those who were killed, and of the children
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who were detained: other accounts estimate them at a million; and they were the working bees who were thus smoked out. The measure was loudly applauded, as a splendid act of piety; and the patience with which the Moriscos had submitted, being, it was now said, so able to have resisted, was represented as a miracle. Much of the merit was ascribed to the queen, who, when her husband was slow to perform the Lord's work, like another Zipporah, averted from him the displeasure of heaven by the forwardness of her zeal; and men who seemed to have read the Scriptures only to suck poison from them, found in the expulsion of Hagar and Ishmael, a type of what they called this glorious event. The immediate effects were such, that a Dialogue of Consolation was written to comfort the Spaniards upon the wholesome consequences. Spain, it was there said, had been but too rich before, and now there would be no such rattling of coaches in its streets; the nobles must be contented to go on foot again, and once more pass the greater part of the year upon their estates, and eat the produce of the chase killed by their own hands, and the fruit of their own gardens. Eight years after the expulsion, a report was presented upon the state of the kingdom, wherein the depopulation was described as greater than had ever before been seen or heard of in that land; whole villages and towns being deserted, houses in ruins everywhere, and none to rebuild them! Lerma was saved from the punishment which he had deserved in this world by the court of Rome, which showed its gratitude for his services, by making him a cardinal; his brother and one of his near kinsmen holding at the same time the same rank. Whatever influence the consequences of his favourite measure may have had in bringing about his fall, they were too extensive to be concealed from Philip; and if the eyes of that poor king were not opened to the iniquity as well as impolicy of the expulsion, it was because, as in Cromwell's case, spiritual opiates were continually administered to stupify his conscience. The same sincerity to which we are beholden for full details of the Expulsion—in all its blackness,—has undrawn the curtains of his death-bed, and exposed to the world a scene as awful as that which Shakspeare imagined for his dying cardinal. From the very commencement of his illness, he feared that it would prove fatal; and when the physicians at length declared that they agreed with his majesty in the opinion which he had conceived of his infirmity, and delivered him over to his confessor, P. Florencia, he exclaimed repeatedly, 'Oh, if it pleased heaven to prolong my life, how differently would I govern!' and he wished that
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he had been born in no higher station than that of a poor shepherd, that he might have kept sheep, instead of incurring the heavy responsibility of governing a nation. Florencia, by way of consolation, reminded him how strenuously he had supported the holy Roman church, and what armies he had raised for its service; and how he had assisted the Catholics in Ireland; and how he had destroyed the heretics in the Valteline. No mention was made of the Moriscoes; and this is worthy of remark, because it assuredly shows that the confessor dared not touch that wound. Philip replied to all this, that he could call to mind nothing which afforded him the smallest comfort; and he said, in a spirit of true contrition, which it may be hoped was not in vain, that he wished all kings could behold him in his present state, that they might be warned by his example. Cry aloud, father, said he, and proclaim what I now say unto you—that to have been a great monarch serves only, at the hour of death, to torment him that hath been so. Oh! that I had been a monk in the wilderness! Me miserable! I am in danger of hell! and then he besought the crucifix which was held before him, not to let him be condemned to eternal torments, but to deliver him after many ages of purgatory.’ Our lady of Atocha was carried in procession, all the counsellors of state attending. The body of St. Isidro the husbandman was brought to his bed-side, and he was advised to make a vow that, if by his intercession, he might be restored to health he would build him a chapel; this vow the poor king made, but with little faith, observing that it was now too late. By help, however, of the priests who surrounded him, of N. Señora de Atocha, of St. Isidro’s body, and a host of other relics, particularly some set in a crucifix, to which the Pope had granted special indulgences, and which was the same that his father Philip II. and his grandfather Charles had used in their last moments, by help of these, and of a Tertiary’s habit, which the general of the Franciscans provided, he was brought into a calmer state of mind, and this mummary operated as an anodyne in death. Miserable man! he had been the dupe and the instrument of a false and persecuting church; and had been taught to believe that in all the injustice which he decreed, the cruelties which he sanctioned, and the unutterable misery which he caused, he was serving his religion! Such and so great are the evils which that religion can produce!

ART. II.—*De Homoeoteleutis Graecorum et Latinorum Verbis, proluendo scripsit* M. Birgerus Thorlacius, Prof. Eloqu. Lat. et Ord. Danebr. Eques. Havniae, 1818, 4to.

WITH the literary history of the University of Copenhagen most of our readers are as little acquainted as they are with the internal economy of the grand mosque at Constantinople. This university however has long been a very respectable seminary of learning, and many of its professors occupy a conspicuous place in the general history of letters. Thomas Bartholinus, Olaus Wormius, Olaus Borrichius, and many others, have acquired a celebrity that is not circumscribed within the narrow limits of Scandinavia; nor must we here omit the name of Ludvig Holberg, a man of original genius, who first imparted a marked and prominent character to the vernacular literature of Denmark. A great proportion of the present professors are men of superior talents or learning: the university can still boast of classical scholars, men of science, lawyers, and physicians, all eminent in their several departments: Oehlenschläger and Rahbek enjoy the highest reputation in Danish literature; Nyerup is unrivalled for his knowledge of the literary history of Scandinavia; Thorkelin and Magnusen have illustrated different branches of northern antiquities and mythology. Dr. Müller, professor of divinity, is a man of general erudition; and to his familiar acquaintance with classical learning, he adds an equal knowledge of the history and literature of the northern nations. His elaborate account of the Islandic sagas* is well known in Scandinavia and Germany, and he is the author of several other works of value and interest. Some of these were originally published in Latin, some in German, and the rest in Danish. Erasmus Rask, professor of literary history, whom we have the honour to number among the contributors to this journal, is generally allowed to possess a knowledge of languages to which it would scarcely be possible to find a parallel in any country of Europe. Possessing a mind of invincible ardour, and a diminutive person adapted for loco-motion, and for enduring privations and fatigue, he travelled to many distant regions of the globe in search of philological knowledge: he resided for a considerable time in Island, Sweden, and Britain; and having eaten the food and lived the life of the Calmuck Tartars, he afterwards wandered among the more remote tribes

* Sagabibliothek, med Anmærkninger og indledende Afhandlinger. Af Peter Erasmus Müller, Dr. og Prof. i Theolog. ved Kiöbenhavns Universitet. Kiöbenhavn, 1817-20, 3 Bind. 8vo.

of the east, and familiarized himself with many dialects which are hardly known to the natives of Europe. He presented his cheerful face at Bombay, where he resided for some time, and became intimately acquainted with Mr. William Erskine, the amiable and accomplished editor of Baber *. In the course of his peregrinations, he collected many oriental manuscripts of great value. Among other works, he has published grammars of the Anglo-Saxon, Islandic, Frisian, and Spanish languages; and one of his latest tracts relates to the Zend language. He is now occupied with an *Etymologicon Danicum*; which, we have little doubt, will be found the best etymological dictionary that has yet been produced. With his admirable skill in the languages of Europe and of Asia, he unites a very uncommon portion of acuteness and perspicacity; and he seems in fact to possess all the qualifications which could be expected or desired in a person who engages in such an enterprise.

In the University of Copenhagen Dr. Thorlacius is professor of eloquence; and it is a part of his duty to write various prolusions, for certain occasions of academical ceremony. In the German universities we recognize a similar arrangement: as professor of eloquence at Göttingen, Heyne produced many ingenious and erudite lucubrations; and his successor Mitscherlich must periodically tax his invention and his *copia verborum* in the same manner. Thorlacius is the learned son of a learned father. In the year 1815 he completed the third volume of a collection of his academical tracts †, and a fourth volume may probably be expected. On taking his doctor's degree, he printed an elaborate dissertation on the Sibylline Oracles ‡. Although a doctor of divinity, he is nevertheless a layman; and this mode of graduation, which we should be disposed to consider as very anomalous, sometimes finds a place in the Lutheran universities of Germany. The late Professor Eichhorn, of Göttingen, a layman and a member of the philosophical faculty, was likewise a doctor of divinity.

Thorlacius evidently possesses a very familiar acquaintance with the Latin tongue; but although he writes with ease and fluency, it cannot safely be affirmed that he is always very nice or scrupulous in his diction. The Ciceronians have never established any strong colony on the shores of the Baltic. Where a

* See Raak om Zendsprogets og Zendavestas Ælde og Ægthed, 8. 5. Kiöbenhavn, 1826, 8vo.

† Prolusiones et Opuscula Academica, argumenti maxime philologici. Scripsit M. Birgerus Thorlacius, Prof. Lingu. Lat. Ord. in Univers. Havn. Havniae, 1806-15, 3 tom. 8vo.

‡ Libri Sibyllistarum veteris Ecclesiae, Crisi, quatenus Monumenta Christiana sunt, subjecti. Havniae, 1815, 8vo. Pp. 172.

professor

professor in the university of Leyden or in the Archiginnasio of Rome would pause and ponder, this learned professor of Copenhagen pursues his onward course; nor would he scruple to describe one of his colleagues as "*membrum ordinis philosophici*." If he has occasion to express in Latin, not the bodily sense, but the mental perception of taste, he finds no difficulty in using the word *gustus*. "*De gustu Gothico absque dubio nostrum aevum aliter quam Lessingius judicat.*" P. 8.

The work now under our consideration is an academical pro-
lusion, containing not many pages, and consequently embracing
no very elaborate discussion of the question. The general result
of his inquiries is stated in the following passage: "*Id quidem
nos effecisse credimus, ut pateat, Graecis Latinisque id rhythmici
genus, quod eisdem in versuum vel continuorum vel alternan-
tium fine sonos adoptat, haud ignotum fuisse; sed illos, exac-
torem pedum syllabarumque numerum amantes, istam soni
paritatem ceu mollem et inanem tinnitum plerumque sprevisse.*"
P. 15. His ancient examples are confined to passages of Theo-
critus and Persius. The subject has long appeared to us very
curious and interesting; and some of our readers may perhaps
be gratified by a more ample account of the origin and progress
of rhyme, which is generally regarded as so essential an orna-
ment in modern poetry *.

"Rhymes, it will be said, are a remnant of monkish stu-
pidity†, an innovation upon the poetry of the ancients. They are
but indifferently acquainted with antiquity who make this asser-
tion. Rhymes are probably of older date than either the Greek
or Latin dactyl or spondee‡."—This opinion of Goldsmith is not
so paradoxical as it may at first sight appear: the most ancient
poetry with which we are acquainted occurs in the Old Testa-
ment; and the Hebrew poets, as many learned writers aver,
employ that recurrence of similar sounds which we denominate
rhyme §. The same form of composition seems to have been

* With respect to the origin of rhyme, six different theories have been enumerated by
Mausieu, *Hist. de la Poésie Française*, p. 76. Paris, 1739, 12mo.

† Grevina is one of those critics who have visited rhyme with the heaviest censure.
Among other animadversions he makes the following:—"Tanto l'ignoranza naturale delle
nazioni barbare, quanto il giudizio già corrotto delle nazioni Latine convennero all' estin-
zione del metro antico, ed alla produzione della rima. Vi concorse l'ignoranza della natura,
poiche il commercio de' Gotti e de' Vandali stemperò l' orecchio, e sconcertò la pronun-
zia." (*Della Ragion Poetica*, p. 144. ed. Napoli, 1716, 8vo.) In consequence of such
censures as these, Quadrio thought it necessary to demonstrate "che la rima è cosa prege-
vole, e che malamente fu da alcuni ripressa." (*Storia e Ragion d'ogni Poesia*, tom. i.
p. 725.)

‡ Goldsmith's *Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, p. 15f.
Lond. 1759, 8vo.

§ Le Clerc, *Bibliothèque Universelle*, tom. ix. p. 230. Fourmont, *Dissertation sur*
exten-

extensively cultivated by the eastern nations, by the Arabians and Persians, and even by the Hindus, Chinese, and Tartars; nor has it been neglected by the ruder people of Africa and America*. We may even venture to affirm that the ancient classics did not altogether despise this species of embellishment. Rhymes may undoubtedly be produced by accidental, as well as intentional combinations; and in a language which abounds with words of similar terminations, it must often be difficult to avoid them. But an occasional recurrence of the same sound is enumerated by the ancient rhetoricians, and even by Aristotle himself, among the graces of oratorical composition†; and an ancient biographer of Homer has particularized the admission of rhyming verses as one of the various merits of his poetry‡. It is indeed obvious to every reader of his works that such verses are very numerous: how far they are to be ascribed to accident or to design, we cannot so easily determine; but when critics and rhetoricians commended poets and orators for this introduction of rhyming verses and clauses, they evidently presupposed a deliberate intention of producing what they considered as a pleasing effect. Rhymes are to be found in most of the classical poets; but we shall at present content ourselves with producing a very few examples.

Πρῶτος δ' ἵμενος οὐτι θυρήσται, ἀλλ' ἀπὸ θυμοῦ
 Μᾶλλον ἱμοῖ ἴσται, τὰ δὲ τοι καὶ ῥίμῳ ἴσται.
 Εἰ δ' οὐτω τοῦτ' ἴσται, ἱμοῖ μᾶλλον φίλον ἴσται.
 Ἄλλ' ἀπίστωσιν πάθος, ἱμῶ δ' ἰσπεύδω μύθος,
 Μὰ τὸ τοι οὐ χρεῖσμαισιν, ἴσται τοι εἰς ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ. §

In this passage of Homer we find two successive rhyming couplets. The same poet furnishes other instances of a different

l'Art Poétique et sur les Vers des anciens Hébreux : Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, tom. iv. p. 470.

* Vossius de Poematum Cantu, et Viribus Rythmi, p. 25. Oxonii, 1673, 8vo. Turner's Inquiry respecting the early Use of Rhyme: Archæologia, vol. xiv. p. 169. In this Inquiry, the subject has received much new and curious illustration.—“Les vers Chinois les plus anciens sont rimés, et on en a depuis près de quarante siècles.” (Mémoires concernant les Chinois, tom. viii. p. 201.) “So natural a melody is it, and so universal, as it seems to be generally borne with all the nations of the world, as an hereditary eloquence proper to all mankind. The universallitie argues the generall power of it: for if the barbarian use it, then it shews that it sways th'affection of the barbarian; if civil nations practise it, it proves that it works vpon the hearts of civil nations: if all, then that it hath a power in nature on all.” (Daniel's Defence of Ryme, sig. F. 3. Lond. 1603, 8vo.)

† Aristoteles de Rhetorica, lib. iii. cap. ix. p. 223. edit. Oxon. 1820, 8vo.

‡ After quoting several examples of the ἁμωσύλων σχῆμα, this writer, who is sometimes supposed to be Plutarch, subjoins the following remark: Τὰ δὲ εἰρημῖαι καὶ τὰ τοιαῦτα μάλιστα προστίθεται εἰς λόγον χάρις καὶ ἁδονή. (Plutarchi Moralia, tom. v. p. 1096. edit. Wytenbach.)

§ Homeri Ilias, lib. i. v. 562.

kind,

kind, namely, of rhymes occurring in the middle and termination of his verses :

*"Ἔσονται νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι, ἐλόμπια λόμας ἴχουσιν *."*

The following quotations from Euripides, Theocritus, and Horace, exhibit other varieties of rhyme :—

*Γοαῖναις, εἰς μὲν ἱερὰ ἀμυχανόσονται,
Κακῶν δὲ πάντων εἰσταναι σφάραγται †.*

*Φωτὴς δ' αὖτ' αὖτως, ὅσα γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἴχῃ με,
Ὀσχη δ' ἰσθὺς ἰούσα, ὅσα γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἀνῇ με ‡.*

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata ; dulcia sunt,
Et quocumque volent, animum auditoris agunto §.

Anacreon supplies us with a good specimen of alternate rhymes.

*Ἐγὼ δ' ἱερατέρῳ ἱόν,
Ὅπως αἰὲ βλίσσης με
Ἐγὼ χιτῶν γυναιμένη,
Ὅπως αἰὲ φρεσὶς με ||.*

The poetry of the emperor Nero may be supposed to have abounded with rhyming verses : Persius has quoted two different specimens for the purpose of exposing them to ridicule. The first is a specimen of the rhyming couplet :

Berecynthius Attin,
Et qui caeruleum dirimebat Nerea delphin.

The other is a specimen of alternate rhymes :

Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis ;
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris, et lyncem Maenas flexura corymbis,
Evion ingeminat ; reparabilis adsonat Echo ¶.

In the elegiac compositions of the Latin poets, rhyme occurs so frequently, and produces so pleasing an effect, that its introduction cannot always be regarded as unintentional : Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius, were apparently of opinion that it contributed to improve the soft and plaintive cadence of the verse. The rhyme is not placed in proximate or alternate lines, but at the middle and close of the same pentameter ; and when such verses are read with due attention to the caesura, these corresponding sounds fall very agreeably on the ear. The following passage of Propertius contains five pentameter lines, none of which is without its rhyme :

* Homeri Ilias, lib. ii. v. 484. &c.

† Theocriti Idyl. xi. v. 22.

‡ Anacreon. Od. xx.

† Euripidis Medea, v. 409.

§ Horat. de Arte Poetica, v. 99.

¶ Persii Sat. i. v. 93. 99.

Osculaque opposito dicat sibi debita vento,
 Et nihil infido durius esse viro.
 Tu patrui meritis conare anteire secures,
 Et vetera oblitis jura refer sociis.
 Nam tua non aetas unquam cessavit amori,
 Semper at armatae cura fuit patriae.
 Et tibi non unquam nostros puer iste labores
 Afferat, et lacrymis omnia nota meis.
 Me sine, quem voluit semper Fortuna jacere,
 Hanc animam extremae reddere nequitiae*.

In the elegiac poetry of the Greeks, instances of this kind are more rarely to be found: but of ancient Greek elegies, which properly deserve that name, no considerable reliques have descended to our times; for the moral sentences of Theognis, and various epigrams of other poets, though written in elegiac verse, are not to be regarded as elegies. Yet several instances of such rhymes might easily be produced; and we shall only quote the subsequent passages from Tyrtæus and Mimnermus:

Δαῖ γὰρ σύμπαντι πάθος κρατερὸν ἄνδρες
 Θήσκειντος, ζῶντι δ' ἄλγος ἡμῶν.

Ὅστις γὰρ μὴ πύργον ἐν ἰσθμῶνι δρῶσιν
 Ἐρδι γὰρ πολλῶν ἔξω μῶνος ἴσιν †.

Τίς δὲ βίος, τί δὲ τιράνῃ ἄστις χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης;
 Τὴν αἶψα ὅτι μοι μνηστὴ ταῦτα μέλει ‡.

Casaubon and Huet suppose the Romans to have been acquainted with rhyming verse of another description: on the authority of Servius, they represent the Saturnian lines, sung by the ancient rustics and by the soldiers in triumphal processions, as depending upon rhyme for their chief embellishment §. But it is strongly to be suspected that the expression of this ancient commentator is solely applicable, not to rhyme, but to rhythm ||; for the word *rhythmus* is apparently not employed to denote rhyme by any writer who preceded the most barbarous ages of Latinity. Servius Honoratus Maurus flourished during the fourth century. Rhythmical are distinguished from metrical verses, by their cadence depending upon emphasis instead of quantity: they may contain a regulated number of syllables, but are not reducible to the rules of prosody; and to an unpractised ear they make some approach to the melody of that particular

* Propertius, lib. i. eleg. vi. v. 17.

† Tyrtæi quæ supersunt omnia, edidit C. A. Klotzius, p. 98. Altenb. 1767, 8vo.—The elegy which contains these lines has sometimes been ascribed to Callinus.

‡ Bruckii *Analecta veterum Poetarum Græcorum*, tom. i. p. 60.

§ Casauboni ad Persium *Commentarius*, p. 133. Paris. 1615, 8vo. Huetiana, p. 187.

|| "Id est, carminibus Saturnio metro compositis, quod ad rhythmum solum vulgares componere consueverunt." (Servius in Virgilii *Georgic.* ii. 386. p. 112. edit. Daniel.)

species

species of metre for which they exhibit an imperfect substitute. Such verses, we may conceive, were generally composed by writers who wanted sufficient skill or promptitude to follow the more severe model. Many specimens of this mode of versification are still to be found. Of an ancient date, the most extensive specimen with which we are acquainted occurs in the *Instructiones adversus Gentium Deos*, written by Commodianus, who is supposed to have lived, we can scarcely describe him as having flourished, about the year 270. His lines so far resemble hexameter verses that they contain the requisite number of syllables; and they are therefore to be considered as quasi-hexameters. Each subdivision of the work contains an acrostich. As a specimen of this composition, we shall transcribe the introductory lines, containing an acrostich of the word *Praefatio* :

Praefatio nostra viam erranti demonstrat,
Respectumque bonum, cum venerit saeculi meta,
Aeternum fieri, quod discredunt inscia corda.
Ego similiter erravi tempore multo,
Fana prosequendo, parentibus insciis ipsis.
Abstuli me tandem inde, legendo de lege.
Testificor Dominum, doleo pro civica turba,
Insicia quod perdit, pergens deos quaerere vanos.
Ob ea perdoctus ignaros instruo verum*.

The same spurious versification was introduced among the Greeks; and many ample specimens, particularly in the works of Constantinus Manasses and Tzetzes, have been transmitted to our times†. Those nations of modern Europe, whose language is chiefly derived from the Latin, have apparently derived their art of versifying from the rhythmical verses of the ancients‡. And other nations of a different origin have borrowed the same art from the French and Italian poets. In the classical poetry of the ancients, the length of every syllable is regulated and ascertained: but modern languages, being differently organized, do not admit of the same degree of nicety§; and no

success

* This work of Commodianus is subjoined to Dr. Davies's edition of Minucius Felix. Cantab. 1712, 8vo.

† G. J. Vossii Institutiones Poeticae, lib. i. cap. viii. Is. Vossius de Poematum Cantu, p. 21. Du Cange, Glossarium ad Scriptores Mediae et Infimae Latinitatis, v. *Politici Versus*. Glossarium ad Scriptores Mediae et Infimae Graecitatis, v. *Πολιτικὰ Στίχοι*. Foster's Essay on Accent and Quantity, p. 202, 2d edition. Mitford's Inquiry into the Harmony of Language, p. 333. Ilgen ad Homeri Hymnos, p. 656. Gaisford ad Hephaest. p. 247. Maltby Lexicon Graeco-Prosodiacum, p. lxiv.—Ilgen, says Dr. Parr, has given 'the best explanation I ever saw of the principle upon which are constructed the *Versus Politici*.'

‡ Muratori de Rhythmica Veterum Poesi, et Origine Italicae Poeseos, Dissertatio: Antiquitates Italicae Medii Aevi, tom. iii. col. 702.

§ 'This new way,' says Dryden, 'consisted in measure or number of feet and rhyme; the

success has yet attended any project of making English verses move on Roman feet. Although English words contain long and short syllables, yet the quantity of every syllable is not fixed by specific rules; and the harmony of English verse depends rather upon emphasis than quantity. Those nations which derive their language from the Latin, are very plausibly supposed to have received the art of rhyming from the same source*; nor is it necessary to have recourse to the agency of the Arabians, who are represented as producing so many wonderful effects upon the literary taste of the western world†. According to the theory of Huet, compositions in rhyme were not common in Europe till after their invasion of Spain‡. But this invasion did not take place till the year 712, and Latin rhymes appear to have been common at a much earlier period; they are to be traced, not merely in the eighth, but even up to the fourth century. Such rhymes are chiefly to be found in hymns and other ecclesiastical compositions. They are repeatedly to be found in the hymns of Ambrosius§ and Damasus, who both flourished during the fourth century; and one of the hymns of this bishop of Rome exhibits a series of rhymes almost entirely regular.

Martyris ecce dies Agathae
 Virginis emicat eximiae,
 Christus eam sibi qua sociat,
 Et diadema duplex decorat.

Stirpe decens, elegans specie,
 Sed magis actibus atque fide,
 Terrea prospera nil reputans,
 Jussa Dei sibi corde ligans.

the sweetness of rhyme, and observation of accent, supplying the place of quantity in words, which could neither exactly be observ'd by those barbarians who knew not the rules of it, neither was it suitable to their tongues as it had been to the Greek and Latine,' (Of Dramatick Poesie, an Essay, p. 44. Lond. 1684, 4to.)

* Crescimbeni, *Istoria della Volgar Poesia*, tom. i. p. 11. Muratori, ut sup. col. 705.

† Andres has written a long chapter 'Dell' influenza degli Arabi nella moderna cultura delle belle lettere.' (Dell' Origine, de' Progressi e dello Stato attuale d'ogni Letteratura, tom. ii. p. 245, 8vo.) See likewise Ginguené's *Histoire Littéraire d'Italie*, tom. i. p. 250.

‡ Huet, de l'Origine des Romans, p. xvi. Huetiana, p. 190.—Gebauer, an eminent professor of the civil law in the university of Göttingen, has written a '*Dissertatio pro Rhythmis seu Ὁμοιομετρίας poeticis, adversus ea quae in Huetianis leguntur*;' which occurs in his *Anthologicarum Dissertationum Liber*, p. 265. Lipsiae, 1733, 8vo. In this collection he has inserted two dissertations, by E. Major and R. Moreau, on Leonine verses. A learned professor of physic has written '*De Versibus Rhythmicis et Carmine Leonino Dissertatio*;' which may be found in a publication entitled '*Regimen Sanitatis Salerni, sive Scholae Salernitanae de conservanda bona Valetudine Praecepta*:' edidit, Studii Medici Salernitani Historia praemissa, J.C.G. Ackermann, M.D.' &c. Stendaliae, 1790, 8vo.

§ See the ample collection of Georgius Fabricius, entitled *Poetarum veterum Ecclesiasticorum Opera Christiana*, col. 363. Basil. 1564, 4to.

Fortior

Fortior hæc trucibusque viris
 Exposuit sua membra flagris ;
 Pectore quam fuerit valido,
 Torta mamilla docet patulo.

Deliciae cui carcer erat,
 Pastor ovem Petrus hanc recreat ;
 Laetior inde magisque flagrans,
 Cuncta flagella cucurrit ovans.

Ethnica turba rogum fugiens,
 Hujus et ipsa meretur opem ;
 Quos fidei titulus decorat,
 His Venerem magis ipsa premat.

Jam renidens quasi sponsa polo,
 Pro misero rogita Damaso.
 Sic tua festa coli faciat,
 Se celebrantibus ut faveat*.

The next two centuries produced Sedulius, Fortunatus, and other Christian poets, who have likewise betrayed a predilection for this species of ornament. Leonine verses, which became so current among the monkish Latinists, are by some writers supposed to derive their appellation from Pope Leo, perhaps the second of that name, who, towards the close of the seventh century, introduced various improvements into the chants and hymns of the church †. Others indeed ascribe the invention to Leonius, a canon of St. Victor at Paris, who wrote about the year 1154 ‡; but whatever may have been the origin of this name, it is evident that Latin rhymes are of a more ancient date.

In the vernacular poetry of the northern nations, rhyme does not appear to have been adopted at a very remote era §. It is occasionally to be traced in the reliques of Anglo-Saxon poetry; and Otfrid, a monk of Weissenberg, composed a work in German rhyme about the year 870. This is commonly regarded as the earliest specimen that now remains of rhyming verses written in any of the modern languages of Europe. There are however many Welsh poems in rhyme which are referred to so

* S. Damasi Papae Opera quæ extant, cum notis M. M. Sarazanii, p. 143. Paris, 1672, 8vo.

† Fauchet de l'Origine de la Langue et Poésie Française, p. 52. Paris, 1581, 4to.

‡ Pasquier, Recherches de la France, liv. vii. chap. ii. p. 596. edit. Paris, 1621, fol. A more recent author contends that Pasquier and other writers have confounded the poet, who was a canon of Notre-Dame, with another ecclesiastic of the same name, who was a canon of St. Victor. (Histoire Littéraire de la France, tom. xiii. p. 434.)

§ Wormii Literatura Runica, p. 177. Hafniae, 1636, 4to.—The Ransom of Egill Scalagrim, a rhyming poem of some length, is however of considerable antiquity. It occurs in this work of Olaus Wormius, p. 227, and in Bishop Percy's Five Pieces of Runic Poetry, translated from the Islandic Language, p. 92. Lond. 1763, 8vo.

remote a period as the sixth century; and their genuineness is maintained by Mr. Turner, whose laborious and able researches have illustrated various subjects of history and literature*. The oldest specimen that now remains is not necessarily to be viewed as the first attempt in any particular language; and Otfrid, who has left a poem of formidable length, probably imitated such domestic models as he deemed most popular†. According to Mr. Tyrwhitt, rhyme was introduced into English poetry about the age of Henry the Second. 'Except a few lines in the Saxon Chronicle upon the death of William the Conqueror, which seem to have been intended for verses of the modern fashion, and a short canticle, which, according to Matthew Paris, the blessed Virgin was pleased to dictate to Godric, an hermite near Durham, we have not been able to discover any attempts at riming poetry, which can with probability be referred to an earlier period than the reign of Henry the Second. In that reign Layamon, a priest of Ernleye, near Severn, as he calls himself, translated (chiefly) from the French of Wace, a fabulous history of the Britons, entitled *Le Brut*, which Wace himself, about the year 1155, had translated from the Latin of Geffrey of Monmouth. Though the greatest part of this work of Layamon resemble the old Saxon poetry, without rime or metre‡, yet he often intermixes a number of short verses, of unequal lengths, but riming together pretty exactly; and in some places he has imitated not unsuccessfully the regular octosyllable measure of the French original§.' But the alliterative anapaestic measure of the Anglo-Saxons was frequently adopted at a much later period.

Mr. Pinkerton, whose confidence was never inferior to his learning, has discussed the history of rhyme in the following terms: 'Whether rime originated from the Arabs, among whom poetry of this kind appeared even before Mahomet, and, upon their conquest of Spain in the year 712, spread first to France, and thence to the rest of Europe, as Salmasius and Huet think; or whether it began among the monks of Italy, in the eighth century, as some others suppose; for these are the only two opinions, which now divide the literati upon this subject; certain it is that this mode of versification may be regarded as foreign to the genuine idiom of any European language, and of

* Turner's *Vindication of the Genuineness of the ancient British Poems of Aneirin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and Merddin*. Lond. 1803, 8vo.

† Otfrid's paraphrase of the gospel history is inserted in Schiller's *Thesaurus Antiquitatum Teutonicarum*, tom. I. An account of this curious relique may likewise be found in Gley's *Langue et Littérature des anciens Francs*, p. 206. Paris, 1814, 8vo.

‡ See Conybeare's *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, p. vi.

§ Tyrwhitt's *Essay on the Language and Versification of Chaucer*, p. 54.

very

very late appearance in most. Whence they who believe in the riming Welsh poetry, ascribed to Taliessin and other bards of the sixth century, may enjoy their own credulity*.' After the statements which have already been made, it can scarcely be deemed necessary to examine his different averments.

From our historical notices, it is evident that the European poets were not indebted to the Arabians for the art of rhyming; and it is equally evident that there is no room for supposing this art to have originated with the Troubadours, or early poets of the southern provinces of France. The Troubadours began to write in a language which arose from the gradual corruption of the Latin; but from the researches of Raynouard, who has displayed unrivalled knowledge of the subject, it clearly appears that the new dialect was formed with a more uniform reference to analogy than has commonly been imagined. In the best provinces of the Roman empire, those who spoke the Latin tongue were mingled with various tribes of a different origin. It long continued to be a maxim of government, or a point of national pride, that the ascendancy of the Latin language should be scrupulously maintained†: the inhabitants of those provinces had many inducements, as well as many opportunities, for making it an object of particular attention; nor must we forget the influence of the colonists and soldiers, who propagated their race and language in some of the most fertile countries which had been subject to the Roman yoke‡. The people of Italy were at length overpowered by the Goths, and were thus associated with new tribes. The modern languages of Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal, were formed of similar materials: the words of each are to a great extent derived from the ancient Latin, but are blended with words of a different origin; and in all of them the most essential rules of grammar seem to be in a great measure the same. The Latin terminations were altered or retrenched, the vowels were very frequently interchanged, the definite article was formed from the first or the second syllable of the pronoun *ille*, and the introduction of auxiliary verbs completed this transformation of one language into another. We have already seen that in the declining ages of Latin poetry, rhyme supplied the place of more classical ornaments; nor can it reasonably be

* Pinkerton's Preface to Barbour, p. xii.

† See Dr. Taylor's Elements of the Civil Law, p. 513.—A very elaborate dissertation on the public use of foreign languages among the Romans, has lately been published by Dr. Dirksen, a distinguished professor of the civil law in the university of Königsberg. (Civillistische Abhandlungen, 1 Bd. S. 1. Berlin, 1820, 2 Bde. 8vo.)

‡ Aldrete del Origen y Principio de la Lengua Castellana ò Romance que oi se usa en España, p. 53-103. Roma, 1606, 4to.

doubted that those who communicated the language in this new form, likewise communicated its new system of versification.

Of the language and poetry of the Troubadours it is not at present necessary to trace the further progress*; but it is difficult to refrain from alluding to the very singular views of society and manners which here solicit the attention of the curious enquirer. Love and poetry seem to have been among the chief concerns of human life. Sentiments even of devotion were strangely blended with sentiments of gallantry†. Courts of Love were instituted for the determination of questions, so important in the estimation of this gay and fantastic people: ladies of exalted rank, one of whom was Eleanor the consort of Louis the Seventh of France, and afterwards of Henry the Second of England, presided in these high tribunals; and, assisted by various assessors of their own sex, pronounced formal decisions, which appear to have been confirmed by the irresistible force of opinion, so frequently superior to the force of law itself‡. Nor can we here overlook another characteristic institution, which

* Nostradamus had, at an early period, written the lives of the most eminent poets of Provence, but in a slight and superficial manner. (*Vies des plus célèbres Poètes Provençaux.* Lyon, 1575, 8vo.) His work was immediately translated into Italian by Gio. Giudici. (*Vite delli più celebri et antichi primi Poeti Provenzali.* Lione, 1575, 8vo.) From the copious materials collected by Sainte-Palaye, a book was compiled by Millot, under the title of ‘*Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours.*’ Paris, 1774, 3 tom. 12mo. But this *abbé*, though an ingenious man, had no peculiar qualifications for such an undertaking, and his publication has never been held in much estimation. M. de Rochegude has more recently published a work entitled ‘*Le Parnasse Occitanien, ou Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours.*’ Toulouse, 1819, 8vo. But the most indefatigable and the most distinguished labourer in this department of literature is M. Raynouard, who has lately published a very curious and valuable work, which is inadequately described as ‘*Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours.*’ Paris, 1816-21, 6 tom. 8vo. Among other important additions, it contains a grammar of the Romance language, a comparison of the modern languages derived from the Latin, and biographical notices of the Troubadours. Some very ingenious remarks may be found in A. W. von Schlegel’s ‘*Observations sur la Langue et la Littérature Provençales.*’ Paris, 1818, 8vo. Nor must we entirely overlook Roquefort’s ‘*Glossaire de la Langue Romane.*’ Paris, 1808, 2 tom. 8vo. Supplement 1820. An interesting volume has recently been published under the title of ‘*Lays of the Minnesingers or German Troubadours of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries: illustrated by Specimens of the cotemporary Lyric Poets of Provence and other Parts of Europe.*’ Lond. 1825, 8vo.

† Sainte-Palaye, *Mémoires sur l’ancienne Chevalerie*, tom. i. p. 6. edit. Paris, 1781, 3 tom. 12mo. Raynouard, *Poésies des Troubadours*, tom. ii. p. xxxiv.

‡ The institution of these courts suggested the plan of a facetious work to Martial d’Auvergne, a French notary, who, according to one account, died in the year 1508. (*Le Long, Bibliothèque Historique de la France*, tom. iv. p. 184.) His *Arrets d’Amours* were illustrated by the facetious commentary of Benedictus Curtius, or Benoit de Court, written in Latin, and abounding with citations of the civil and canon laws. An edition of the text and the commentary was published by Lenglet du Fresnoy. (*Les Arrets d’Amours, avec l’Amant rendu Cordelier, à l’observance d’Amours; par Martial d’Auvergne, dit de Paris, Procureur au Parlement des Compaignons des Commentaires juridiques et joyeux de Benoit de Cour, Jurisconsulte.* Amst. 1731, 2 tom. 12mo.)—An anonymous volume, of no inconsiderable research, has lately appeared under the title of ‘*Die Minnehöfe des Mittelalters, und ihre Entscheidungen oder Aussprüche.*’ Leipzig, 1821, 8vo.

however

however belongs to a period somewhat more recent; namely, that of academies of the *Gay Saber*, or science of poetry. A consistory or academy of this denomination was founded at Toulouse in the year 1323*; and the ordinances or regulations of its seven maintainers were afterwards embodied in prose and verse by the secretary. On the model of this consistory, another was instituted at Barcelona in the year 1390; and on so important an occasion, the king of Spain thought it necessary to solicit assistance from the king of France†.

With respect to the literary influence of the Arabians, we are entirely disposed to acquiesce in the opinion of Schlegel: 'Ils ont communiqué à l'Europe occidentale quelques connoissances en mathématiques, en médecine, en chimie, et leur absurde traduction d'Aristote. Mais les sectateurs de Mahomet n'ont jamais eu la moindre influence sur rien de ce qui constitue le génie original du moyen âge‡.' The opinions of those who impute to the Arabians the introduction of romantic fiction into the regions of the west, we therefore consider as destitute of any solid foundation; and we crave the indulgence of the gentle reader, if we venture to devote a digressive page to this curious portion of literary history.

Dr. Percy, the late excellent Bishop of Dromore, has very ably attempted to prove that the romances of chivalry may be deduced in a lineal descent from the historical songs of the ancient Gothic bards and scalds; and, as a strong indication of this descent, he remarks that many of those songs, still preserved in the north, exhibit all the seeds of chivalry before it had assumed the appearance of a regular institution§. This romantic spirit of gallantry had likewise been described by Mallet as an early characteristic of the northern nations||, and as having long preceded the order of chivalry, which formed a branch of the feudal system, and is referred to so recent a period as the eleventh century¶. A devoted and respectful attachment to the fair sex, a romantic deference to their opinions and wishes, was but little felt by the most celebrated people of antiquity; nor could the Romans, by the influence of their manners or literature, impart to the conquered provinces a tender elevation of sentiment of

* *Histoire générale de Languedoc*, tom. iv. p. 196.—The first association was denominated 'La gaie Société des septis Trobadors de Tolosa;' and the institution was afterwards known by the name of 'L'Académie des Jeux Floraux de Toulouse.'

† Sanchez, *Coleccion de Poesias Castellanas anteriores al siglo XV.* tom. i. p. 8. Madrid, 1779-90, 4 tom. 8vo.

‡ Schlegel, *Observations sur la Langue et la Littérature Provençales*, p. 68.

§ Percy's *Essay on the ancient Metrical Romances: Reliques*, vol. iii. p. 3.

|| See Dr. Stuart's *View of Society in Europe*, p. 51. Edinb. 1778, 4to.

¶ Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 318. vol. ii. p. 234.

which

which they were themselves unconscious. Of the merits of a beautiful mistress or chaste wife we cannot suppose them to have been insensible; but the gallantry of the ancient Romans was very different from the gallantry of the chivalrous ages. After the fall of the Roman empire, new sentiments of devotedness to the softer sex began to be widely diffused; and, as Mallet remarks, these sentiments, so peculiar to the northern nations, could only be diffused by themselves. With this characteristic spirit of gallantry, they are likewise supposed to have conveyed to more southern climates that appropriate vein of composition which belongs to romance. About the beginning of the tenth century, the Northernmen, under the command of Rollo, made a formidable descent upon the coasts of France, and obtained possession of a considerable territory, which was afterwards denominated Normandy. The Scandinavian chiefs were commonly attended by their scalds; and at this period the scaldic art, that is, the art of northern poetry, had arrived at a high degree of perfection. It is scarcely to be doubted, although the fact is not recorded in history, that these warriors were accompanied by various scalds, ready to celebrate the achievements of which they themselves were witnesses; and the northern vein of composition seems thus to have been communicated to another climate*. The conquerors were not sufficiently numerous to introduce their native language into this new settlement; they gradually adopted the language of the more numerous inhabitants, imparting to it some of the peculiarities of their northern speech. With

* It was in Normandy that some of the earliest specimens of French poetry made their appearance. (La Ravallière, *Poésies du Roy de Navarre*, tom. i. p. 128, 166. Roquefort de l'Etat de la Poésie Française dans les XII^e et XIII^e Siècles, p. 39. Paris, 1815, 8vo.) The trouveres of the north differed very materially from the troubadours of the south, not merely in the language, but likewise in the general complexion of their poetry: the lively tales of the former are still capable of affording much entertainment; in the compositions of the latter we find more of sentiment and less of character. Many of the ancient *fabliaux* have been preserved in the French libraries; and some ample collections have been given to the public. The collection originally formed by Barbazan has been enlarged and improved by Meon: '*Fabliaux et Contes des Poètes François des XI, XII, XIII, XIV, et XV^e Siècles*.' Paris, 1808, 4 tom. 8vo. The same meritorious editor has likewise published another collection, entitled '*Nouveau Recueil de Fabliaux et Contes inédits*.' Paris, 1823, 2 tom. 8vo. A very readable and pleasant book was formed by Le Grand d'Aussy, who transused a copious selection of *fabliaux* into prose, and illustrated them in a lively and graceful manner. '*Fabliaux ou Contes, du XII^e et du XIII^e Siècle, traduits ou extraits d'après plusieurs Manuscrits du tems*.' Paris, 1779-81, 4 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1781, 5 tom. 12mo. To the second edition he has added a dissertation on the troubadours, in which the merits of those southern poets are not very favourably estimated. From this publication of Le Grand the late Mr. Way selected a considerable number of tales, and translated them into English verse with uncommon felicity; and the value of the work was not a little enhanced by the preface and notes of Mr. Ellis, written with his usual taste and information: '*Fabliaux or Tales, abridged from French Manuscripts of the XIIth and XIIIth Centuries by M. Le Grand, selected and translated into English verse*.' Lond. 1796-1800, 2 vols. 8vo.

the language they likewise adopted the religion of the people with whom they were thus associated. They were apparently unwilling that the memory of the Scandinavian heroes should entirely perish; for Holger the Dane, under the name of Ogier Danois, became a conspicuous character in romance*: but, as the Bishop of Dromore has remarked, they generally substituted the heroes of Christendom for those of their pagan ancestors, and began to celebrate the exploits of Charlemagne, Roland, and Oliver; whose genuine history they embellished with the scaldic figments of dwarfs, giants, dragons, and enchantments. He adds that the earliest mention of those personages as heroes of chivalry, occurs in the song of a Norman minstrel at the battle of Hastings†.

Such is the hypothesis of this accomplished prelate, which, if not completely satisfactory, is at least plausible and ingenious; but other writers have endeavoured to trace this romantic fabling to a very different source. Salmasius supposed it to have been borrowed from the Arabians: a similar opinion was adopted by Bishop Warburton‡, and was copiously illustrated by Mr. Warton§; but notwithstanding his powerful support, it has not

* The story of this hero has been industriously, but not very critically investigated by Thomas Bartholinus, in a little volume entitled 'De Holgero Dano, qui Caroli Magni tempore floruit, Dissertatio historica.' Hafnise, 1677, 8vo.

† 'It may be observed,' says the lamented Mr. Conybeare, 'that the Song of Beowulf, especially in its latter cantos, affords an additional argument, if any such were wanting after the labours of Percy and Ellis, against the theory which would attribute to the fictions of romance a Saracenic origin. The dragon furnished with wings and breathing flame, the sword which melts at the touch of the Jutish blood, the unearthly light which pervades the cave of the Grendel, and beams from the magic statues presiding over that of the fire-drake, had they occurred in a poem of later date, would in all probability have been considered by the eminent author of that theory as undoubted importations of the crusaders. But the opinions of Warton, even when erroneous, were not taken up without apparent grounds. The fictions in question do assuredly bear, if it may be so termed, an oriental rather than a northern aspect; and the solution of this phenomenon will be most successfully sought for in the hypothesis more recently suggested by those continental scholars, who, regarding the Gothic and the Sanscrit as cognate dialects, and identifying the character and worship of Odin with that of Buddha, claim for the whole of the Scandinavian mythology an Asiatic origin of far more remote and mysterious antiquity.' (Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, p. 80. Lond. 1826. 8vo.) The ancient poem to which Mr. Conybeare refers was published under the following title: 'De Danorum Rebus gestis Secul. III. et IV. Poema Danicum dialecto Anglo-saxonica: ex Bibliotheca Cottoniana Musæi Britannici editit, versione Lat. et indicibus auxit Grim. Johnson Thorkelin, Dr. J. U.' &c. Havnia, 1815, 4to. It has been translated into Danish verse: 'Bjowulfs Drape: et Gethisk Helte-Digt fra forrige Aar-tusinde; af Angel-Saxisk paa Danske Bliim ved Nik. Fred. Sev. Grundtvig, Præst.' Kiøbenhavn, 1820, 8vo. See Deutsche Grammatik, von Jacob Grimm, i. Bd. S. lxvii.

‡ Warburton, in a long and rambling note on *Love's Labour Lost*, makes the following remark: 'Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages.' (Shakspeare, vol. iv. p. 470.)

§ Warton's *Dissertation on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe*.—Another writer of ingenuity and learning has very recently supported the same opinion. (*Fairy Mythology*, vol. i. p. 46. Lond. 1828, 2 vols. 8vo.)

generally

generally been admitted in its full extent: Bishop Percy and Mr. Tyrwhitt * have clearly demonstrated that the superstructure rests on no adequate foundation. Other writers persuade themselves that Armorica was the cradle of romantic fiction †; nor is this opinion entirely destitute of plausibility. The natives of that country were of a Celtic origin; and they are said to have afforded a place of refuge to a large colony of Britons, who, flying from their Saxon conquerors, carried along with them such historical records or traditions as they possessed. In this manner we may suppose the marvellous tales of King Arthur, and the knights of the round table, to have been imparted to the early poets of France; and it is at least certain that even the Norman poets frequently profess to have derived their stories from the lays of Armorica. Mr. Ellis supposes it is not very safe to adopt any one of these hypotheses, to the exclusion of the other two; and he is of opinion that they are by no means incompatible. There is, as he conceives, no absurdity in supposing that the scenes and characters of romantic story were, to a great extent, derived from the Armoricans or from the Welsh; that much of the colouring, and perhaps some particular adventures, may be of Scandinavian origin; and that occasional episodes, together with some portion of the machinery, may have been borrowed from the Arabians. 'In fact,' as he very ingeniously remarks, 'there is reason to believe that critics, in their survey of Gothic literature, as well as of Gothic architecture, have too hastily had recourse to a single hypothesis, for the purpose of explaining the probable origin of forms and proportions which appeared unusual, and of ornaments which were thought to arise from a wild and capricious fancy: and in both cases it will perhaps be found that invention is often nothing more than accidental association, and that what has been attributed to originality of design, was only the result of an awkward attempt to combine incongruous materials‡.'

Human nature is in all ages and in all countries essentially the same; and similar customs are to be traced among tribes of mankind the most widely removed from each other in time and place. When some modern writers described the process of tattooing, so prevalent among the savages of the present age, they were not perhaps aware that Herodotus had described the very same custom as prevailing among the Thracians §, and

* Shakespeare, vol. iv. p. 473. edit. 1821.—See likewise Ritson's *Dissertation on Romance and Minstrelsy* (p. li.) prefixed to his *ancient English Metrical Romances*. Lond. 1802, 3 vols. 8vo.

† See Dr. Leyden's *Dissertation on the Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 257.

‡ Ellis's *Specimens of the early English Romances*, vol. i. p. 37.

§ The practice of imprinting marks on the body is prohibited by Moses: 'Ye shall not
Xenophon

Xenophon among the Cappadocians *. When we trace a similar vein of poetry in very remote regions, we must not in every instance impute this similarity to the force of imitation: the Scandinavians and the Arabians, without any mutual communication, might each devise their peculiar order of giants, dragons, and enchantments; nor is it necessary to have recourse to the agency of the crusades, in order to account for the propagation of those excrescences of imagination which seem to be the spontaneous production of almost every climate.

make any cuttings in your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you.' (Leviticus, xix. 28.) The first clause refers to a particular occasion, and the second apparently contains a general prohibition. This method of imprinting marks was practised by the Arabians, a people of kindred origin. (Hottingeri Juris Hebræorum Leges CCLXI. p. 392. Tiguri, 1655, 4to.) Among the ancient Thracians tattooing was a mark of superior rank. *Kai τὸ μὲν ἱσχυθαί, αὐγαίς κίχεται τὸ δ' ἄσπιτος ἀγγαίς.* (Herodotus, lib. v. p. 374. edit. Wesselingii.) This passage affords a sufficient illustration of the following line of Valerius Flaccus, Argonaut. lib. i. v. 150.

Picta manus, ustoque placet sed barbara mento.

* Παιῖδες δὲ τὰ ὦτα, καὶ τὰ ἱμπερθεὶν πάντα ἱσχυρίσιν ἀνέμουν. 'Εξήσαν δὲ καὶ ταῖς ἱσχυαῖς αἰς ἧτοι οἱ Ἕλληες ἱμπερθεὶς συγγινέσθαι νόμος γὰρ ἦν εἶπεν αὐτοί. (Xenophon de Cyri Expeditione, lib. v. p. 375. edit. Hutchinson. Cantab. 1785, 4to.) Those who are described as marked in this manner, were the children of rich parents; and among these tribes tattooing may likewise have been a distinction of rank. The last sentence it is not necessary to translate. The first is thus rendered by Dr. Hutchinson: 'Tergis vario colore imbutis, anterioribusque partibus omnibus pictura florida distinctis.' Mr. Spelman translates it thus: 'Their backs were painted with various colours, and all their foreparts impress'd with flowers.' But the words ought rather to be translated, 'pricked or punctured with a florid colour;' and the passage then exhibits a description of the process of tattooing. Both these sentences may be very aptly illustrated from Dr. Hawkesworth's Voyages, vol. ii. p. 387. vol. iii. p. 24. 3d edit.

Isidorus Hispalensis, a writer of the sixth century, has stated that the Picts derived their name from the circumstance of their bodies being punctured, or, to express the same meaning by another word, tattooed: 'Nec abest genti Pictorum nomen a corpore, quod minutis opifex acus punctis et expressus nativi graminis succus illudit, ut has ad sui specimen cicatrices ferat pictis artubus maculosa nobilitas.' (Origines, lib. xix. cap. xxiii. p. 383. edit. Matrit. 1599, fol.) In the Islandic language, the verb *picka* signifies to prick or puncture. (Gudmundi Andreæ Lexicon Islandicum, p. 191. Havniæ, 1683, 4to. Haldorsonii Lexicon Islandico-Latino-Danicum, tom. ii. p. 171. Havniæ, 1814, 2 tom. 4to. Magnussen om Picternes og deres Navns Oprindelse, S. 44. Kiöbenhavn, 1817, 8vo.) This etymology, however, not from the Latin, but from the Scandinavian, involves nothing absurd or improbable: we may naturally enough suppose this northern tribe to have described itself as that of the tattooed men, in contradistinction to some neighbouring tribes, who were not accustomed to decorate their bodies in the same manner. When Claudian, de III. Cons. Honor. v. 54. mentions this people as 'nec falso nomine Pictos,' he may therefore be understood as employing terms sufficiently appropriate.

- ART. III.—1. *L'Agent immédiat du Mouvement vital dévoilé dans sa nature et dans sa mode d'action chez les Végétaux et chez les Animaux.* Par M. H. Dutrochet, Correspondant de l'Institut, &c. 8vo. pp. 226. Paris. 1826.
2. *Note sur des Effets qui peuvent être produits par la Capillarité et l'Affinité des Substances hétérogènes.* Par M. Poisson, (Ann. de Chim. et de Phys. Mai, 1827, toin. xxxv. pp. 98.)
3. *Nouvelles Observations sur l'Endosmose et l'Exosmose, et sur la Cause de ce double Phénomène.* Par M. Dutrochet, (Ann. de Chim. et Phys. Aout, 1827, pp. 393-401.)
4. *Nouvelles Recherches sur l'Endosmose et l'Exosmose.* Par M. Dutrochet. (Ann. de Chim. et de Phys. Fev. 1828, pp. 191-222.)

WHILE the spirit of philosophy has been taking possession of almost all the other natural sciences, it seems somewhat unaccountable that it should have been so long in transfusing itself into the accumulated mass of observation and experiments which constitute the science of vegetable physiology. By the labours of Grew, Lewenhoeck, and many accurate observers who followed in their footsteps, the structure of the organs of plants has been ascertained with tolerable correctness; and a very considerable amount of information respecting the functions of those organs has been derived from the experiments and reasonings of Duhamel, Hales, Malpighi, and others. Still, however, the physiology of plants has never yet assumed the form and dignity of a science. The *mens divinator* was wanting, to separate its essential from its useless facts, to groupe them under general principles, and to exhibit those primary laws, which are absolutely necessary to the progress of science. The accumulation of facts and experiments had almost overwhelmed the few points of rational theory of which vegetable physiology could boast, and a number of doctrines half established, and speculations ingenious and plausible, usurped the place of fixed principles and rigorous views.

That such was lately the state of this branch of natural science will probably be disputed by its more ardent votaries; but a few observations, will, we think, satisfy the candid inquirer of its truth. That plants derive their nourishment from the soil in which they grow, and that this nourishment, in the state of a fluid, is absorbed by the roots, and ascends through the stem and branches, are facts which must have forced themselves upon the notice of the most careless observer; but, through what channels the fluids thus absorbed rise in the plant, and by what forces they are

are sustained in the most elevated branches, contrary to their natural gravity, no physiologist could decide, till within these few years. As the vessels of the largest plants were of a capillary nature, the force of capillary attraction was almost universally regarded as the primary agent in producing the ascent of the sap; and as no other force could be found, an opinion so plausible seems never to have been subjected to a rigid examination. Although the force of capillary attraction increases with the smallness of the tube which exerts it, yet, however small a capillary tube may be, and however great may be the affinity which its substance has for the fluid it contains, *the force which it asserts upon the fluid never can raise it to the top of the tube, and cause it to flow from its upper orifice.* Here, then, we have a criterion, by which we can ascertain whether or not the sap of plants ascends by capillary attraction. If the sap rise to the top of the capillary vessels, and flow over their summits, its ascent and its discharge must be produced by some other power than capillary attraction. That the sap thus ascends, and then overflows, is too notorious to require even to be stated;—nay, if we cut a portion out of the stem of some plants, the sap of the excised portion will flow out at both of its extremities, an effect which would be prevented in place of being promoted by capillary attraction. Hence it is demonstrable that, whatever may be the influence of the capillarity of the vessels of plants, there must be some other power than that of capillary attraction which produces the ascent of the sap.

In this state of the subject, the improvement of the microscope promised to throw a brilliant light upon the functions of vegetable bodies; but the results by which the expectations of physiologists were thus highly raised, have, we fear, been entirely illusory, and have retarded, rather than advanced, the science. So long ago as the year 1774, the Abbé Corti* observed a sort of circulation in the sap of the *chara vulgaris*; and, more recently, Professor Treviranus of Bremen†, Professor Amici‡ of Modena, and Dr. Martius§ of Munich, have studied and described the same class of phenomena.

In every part of the *chara vulgaris*, in the most delicate fibres of the root, as well as in the finest green tendrils of the

* Osservazioni Microscopiche sulla Tremella, e sulla circolazione del fluido in una pianta acquajuola, dell' Abate Bonaventura Corti, Prof. di Fisica, &c. Lucca, 1774.

† Observations on the Motion of the granular substance in some confervæ, and one chara, in Weber's Contributions to Natural History, vol. ii. 8vo. Kiel, 1810.

‡ Memorie della Società Italiana.

§ Nova Acta Physico-Medica Leopold. Carolin. Acad. vol. i. Erlangen, 1818, 4to.

stem

stem and branches, Professor Amici observed a regular circulation of the contained sap. He saw transparent globules of various sizes circulating in regular and uninterrupted motion, in two opposite alternating streams in the two halves or sections of the same single cylindrical canal or vessel, which runs lengthwise through the fibres of the plant, interrupted at certain intervals by knots, and closed up by a partition, which limits the cycle. In general, this motion is perpendicular up and down; but, in some fibres, it is spiral, so that the ascending currents, which were seen at first on the right hand, appear next on the left, and *vice versa*. In the single central canal of the fibres of the root, the circulation is quite simple; but, in the green tendrils of the plant, the great central canal is surrounded by a number of similar small vessels, which have all the same structure. Each of these vessels is divided from the great canal by appropriate partitions, so that they can be completely separated from it; and each of them has a similar perpendicular or spiral circulation peculiar to itself.

If the circulation in one of these vessels be interrupted, as by a natural knot, which may be done either by bending the vessel to an acute angle, or by slightly tying it across, the same circulation will take place in the vessel thus shortened, that previously existed in it while it had its original length. If the ligature be removed, or if the vessel be bent back to its former shape, the original motion will also be renewed. If one of the vessels be cut transversely, the sap which it contains will not immediately and entirely flow out, but only the portion of it which is flowing towards the cut, the other continuing its course. Vinegar deadens the motion, and prevents even the flowing of the sap from a divided vessel.

With the view of determining the cause of these most singular movements, Professor Amici examined carefully the structure of the vessels. He found them to be formed of an exceedingly delicate membrane, smooth, white, and transparent, and having regular parallel greenish stripes, running in a perpendicular or spiral direction, according to the direction in which the included sap circulates. Between the stripes of each half of the vessel, that is, between the two currents which flow up and down, there is always a smooth interval of the membrane without stripes, of the breadth of six or more stripes. Of these smooth intervals, each vessel contains two of equal breadth, exactly opposite to each other, and between these the stripes (which, when the vessel is cylindrical, are divided by the intervals into two equal semicircles) are equally distributed.

The intervals without stripes which exactly intersect the
diameter

diameter of the circular section of the cylindrical vessel, form the partitions between the two streams, and here the circulation is very sluggish and interrupted. The stripes themselves, which are of different compactness and strength, and of which above a hundred may be counted in both semicircles of the vessel, are raised and attached to the internal part of the membrane; and as the motion of the sap globules was always most rapid where the stripes were most compact and strongest, Professor Amici inferred that they have an influence on the mode and degree of the circulation. With a power of 455, the stripes seem to be composed of small green globules, strung together like a row of beads. They differ from the sap globules by their green colour, and they do not mix with them when they are pressed out together from a divided vessel. Vinegar causes the green globules to come out singly or in pairs, or with several hanging together like the fragments of a chain, in which case they appear to be kept together by an extremely delicate membrane.

As the singular movement above described cannot possibly be explained by any of the hypotheses assumed to account for the motion of sap in plants, Professor Amici resorts to the never-failing auxiliary of galvanic agency. He conceives that the green stripes are voltaic piles, and he considers this hypothesis supported on the one hand by the construction of the stripes, and on the other by the known fact, *that by means of galvanism water may be conducted from the positive to the negative pole, raised, contrary to the laws of hydraulics, above its level, and made to pass through the pores of a bladder which are otherwise impermeable.*

A fact analogous to those above described was observed by M. Schultz of Berlin. Having noticed a rapid movement of the sap in the nerves of a leaf of *Chekidonium majus*, when examined by the microscope, he was led to examine the phenomenon more attentively, and he satisfied himself that he saw two distinct currents, namely, one ascending and another descending. After numerous observations, both M. Schultz and M. Savi were convinced that these movements were not illusory, and this conviction was strengthened by the fact that there was an intermission in the motion of the currents, the tremor suddenly ceasing, and again recommencing with the same velocity.

It is impossible, we think, to read the preceding account of the observations of Amici and Schultz without believing that they have thrown a stumbling-block in the path of physiological inquiry. If we suppose that the growth of plants is effected by movements so complicated and apparently so capricious, arising from the physical agency of organs so minute and so far beyond
the

the reach of accurate examination, the progress of vegetable physiology must be beset with difficulties of the most appalling kind; and if, on the other hand, we regard the microscopical observations as entirely illusory, or even if we reject as false the conclusions which have been drawn from them, we must renounce the aid of the microscope in the examination of those functions which are carried on by the agency of minute portions of organised matter.

Under such difficulties as these, M. Dutrochet, the author of the principal works which we have placed at the head of this article, began his researches in physiology. He accordingly commenced his labours by an examination of the supposed circulation observed by Schultz and Savi, for he does not seem to be aware of the previous observations of Corti. Upon subjecting the leaf of the *Chelidonium majus* to the microscope, he obtained the following results :—

1. The tremulous movement continues after the separation of the leaf from the plant.

2. When the nerve of the leaf is cut transversely in two places the motion is still seen in the insulated portion.

3. The movement ceases when the temperature falls to 34° of Fahrenheit, and does not re-appear in the same leaf till the temperature rises to 66°.

From these observations M. Dutrochet conceives that the movement is not a circulating one, but probably only a local displacement of the molecules of the yellow juice of the plant. This view of the matter is confirmed by an analogous fact observed by M. Dutrochet. In the vessels of a minute portion of the ear and mesentery of a mouse, some time after the animal was dead, he observed an intermission in the tremulous motion, exhibiting the appearance of a current within the vessels, though nothing flowed from their extremities. In like manner a thin stratum of venous or arterial blood, when placed on a piece of glass and exposed to solar light, exhibited previous to its coagulation the same phenomena which are observed in the leaf of the *Chelidonium majus*. Hence M. Dutrochet concludes that it is a vital and a corpuscular movement of an unknown nature.

With respect to the vitality of the phenomenon we cannot agree with our author. We have observed analogous movements in the sap of certain plants more than a year after it was taken from the tree, and we have no doubt but that they are the consequences of certain mechanical and physical changes in the state of the molecules, and of their mutual attractions. In confirmation of this view of the subject we shall submit to the reader

reader the following notice of analogous phenomena, observed by Dr. J. L. Drummond* of Belfast.

'Some months ago, in investigating the anatomy of the eyes of fishes, I washed off the back silvery part of the choroid coat of the haddock with a hair pencil and about half a tea-spoonful of water. The latter became of a milky colour, and on examining a drop of it with an Ellis's aquatic microscope I found the milkiness to be owing to innumerable slender flat silvery spicula, which had composed the substance of the choroid. They seemed to be in constant motion, apparently rolling upon their axes, but having no degree of progressive movement. The light reflected from their surface was very brilliant, like that from polished silver, and often disappeared and again returned with alternations so rapid as to produce a twinkling very like that of a fixed star.

'Sometimes on examining an individual specimen it would disappear altogether, but in a few minutes return, renew its twinkling and apparent revolution upon its axis, and again disappear to return as before.

'Frequently also some were observed to be in the fluid, or on its surface, for a long time motionless, but very brilliant; and they would give a few slight twinkles, seem to turn round, and almost disappear; then resume their original situation for a moment, appear more brilliant than at first, partly disappear, again and again return, and so on for a number of times, till at length they would disappear entirely; but after a time, perhaps five or ten minutes, shew themselves in the same spot as before. These observations could be made only on the larger spicula, the minute ones being in incessant motion.

'On the first examination of this appearance, it seemed probable that the motion might be communicated by animalcula swimming through the fluid, and that these had been propagated after the death of the fish, as the eye was not quite fresh. Soon afterwards, however, I examined the choroid, in the same way, from a flounder, before it was quite dead. The same appearance presented itself, if possible still more lively; and I found also that it continued in many of the spicula after exposure to the heat of boiling water.

'Since that period I have observed the same phenomena in the choroid of all the fishes which I have examined, in the cartilaginous as well as the bony. The motion continues in a great many of the spicula even after the fluid containing them has become putrid; but it is then more slow. The addition of ardent spirits deadens but does not destroy the motion. After exposure to the heat of boiling water, the number of spicula seems much diminished, and those which remain move less rapidly than before. The addition of vinegar in a quantity equal to the fluid containing the spicula, suddenly causes a

* On certain Appearances observed in the Dissection of the Eyes of Fishes, published in the Edinburgh Transactions, vol. vii. p. 377. Dr. Drummond's paper was read on the 2d May, 1814, and the phenomena which he describes were distinctly seen by several individuals accustomed to microscopical observations.

great

great diminution in the number of moving ones, probably from coagulating the albuminous matter, which had been washed from the eye along with the spicula, and entangling them in it. Many, however, continue their motion as before.

Although Dr. Drummond has adopted the opinion, as the least improbable one, that these particles are endued with animalcular life, yet we conceive this notion quite untenable, from various experiments which we have made, but of which this is not the place to give any account.

Having disencumbered the subject of the inferences from the experiments of Corti and Schultz, M. Dutrochet commences his inquiry with the determination of the channels by which the sap is conveyed through plants. M. Decandolle had supposed that the sap ascends through what he calls the *lymphatic vessels*, the *fausses trachææ* of Mirbel; and the truth of this conjecture has been put beyond a doubt by M. Dutrochet. These vessels are situated both in the laburnum and the heart wood, but they are never found in the bark nor in the medulla. These sap-vessels are simple tubes without valves, and have no lateral communication with each other.

That the force which causes the sap to ascend through these vessels resides in the roots, may be readily proved, according to our author, by the following fact:—If in spring we cut the stem of a vine close to the ground, the separated portion of the stem ceases to bleed, while the surface of the portion attached to the roots continues to bleed freely. If we make successive sections, proceeding downwards, till we reach the radicles, the same effect will be produced; and hence it follows, that the force which causes the sap to flow from the divided extremity of the plant must reside in the *spongiolæ*, or small conical body which forms the termination of each radicle.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the details of these experiments which first led our author to the discovery of the force now mentioned. Our principal object is to show how he established the leading doctrine, and we must, therefore, refer to his own work for an account of minor and collateral details.

Having taken the cæcum, or blind-gut of a young chicken, and cleaned it with pure water, he filled it half full with 196 grains of milk; and having tied up its open extremity, he placed it in water. At the end of 24 hours the cæcum had imbibed 73 grains of water; and in 12 hours more the quantity of water imbibed was 117 grains, and the cæcum had become turgid. From this period the cæcum experienced a gradual diminution of weight, and at the end of 36 hours it had lost 54 grains of the

the water which had formerly entered it, and the contained milky fluid had grown putrid. Here, then, we have exhibited to us two opposite actions of the organic membrane;—1st, that by which the water is imbibed; and 2nd, that by which it is expelled. In the first of these cases the milk, or internal fluid, was denser than the water, or external fluid; and while this state of the fluid continued, the cæcum continued to imbibe the water; but as soon as the milky fluid became putrid, and thinner than the external water, the latter passed out of the cæcum as rapidly as it formerly entered it.

To these two powers, by which an external fluid can be taken into an organic cavity, and again discharged from it, M. Dutrochet has given the names of *Endosmose* and *Exosmose*; the one derived from *ενδον*, inward, and *ωσμος*, an impulse; and the other from *εξ*, out, and *ωσμος*, an impulse.

As the turgidity produced by the imbibition of the water in the preceding experiment stretches the sides of the cæcum, so as to cause them to re-act on the inclosed fluid, our Author was of opinion that this re-action would be capable of causing the fluid to rise in a tube fixed to the cæcum, when in a state of endosmose. He accordingly took a glass tube 24 inches long, and about one-fifth of an inch in bore, and fixed one end in the cæcum of a chicken containing a solution of gum arabic. The glass tube being held in a vertical position, and the cæcum being immersed in rain water, the inclosed fluid rose in the tube, and at the end of 24 hours it began to discharge itself from the upper orifice. This overflow continued for two days, when it began to sink. Upon opening the cæcum on the fourth day, the inclosed fluid was found in a state of putridity. M. Dutrochet obtained similar results by substituting for the cæcum the inflated bladder of the *Colutea arborescens*, or bladder senna.

Having thus discovered a force capable of impelling the sap imbibed by the spongioles into the cells and capillary vessels of plants, our Author was desirous of ascertaining the cause of so singular an effect. An experiment by Porret, to which Professor Amici no doubt alludes in the passage already quoted (see page 76), could not fail to suggest, that the phenomenon exhibited by animal or vegetable membranes was the result of electrical action. This chemist having divided a cylindrical jar into two compartments by a piece of bladder, he filled one of the compartments, and left the other almost empty, with only a few drops of water in it. When the zinc pole of a galvanic pile was placed in the full compartment, and the copper pole in the empty one, the water passed from the full into

into the empty compartment, and rose in the latter much higher than it originally stood in the former. Following up the idea suggested by this remarkable experiment, M. Dutrochet tied the extremities of two tubes, one of which was capillary, to the pod of the *Cotula arborescens*. He now introduced the *negative* wire of the galvanic pile through a cork in the ordinary tube, into the pod, and then immersed the *positive* wire into a vessel of water in which the pod was placed. The pod quickly became turgid by the imbibition of the external water, and the water rising in the capillary tube, flowed over its upper extremity exactly in the same manner as it would have done in virtue of the force of endosmose, had the pod separated two fluids of different densities. The same result was obtained by substituting the cæcum of a chicken in place of the vegetable membrane. That endosmose is an electrical action, was rendered highly probable by the following experiment:—Our author introduced the white of an egg into the cæcum of a chicken, and when it was nearly full, he closed it and plunged it in water. The cæcum became speedily turgid; and after the action had continued some hours, a layer of coagulated albumen was found upon its inner surface,—one of the known effects of voltaic action.

From the experiments which we have now briefly described, we are entitled to conclude with M. Dutrochet, *That it is by the action of endosmose that the sap is raised to the highest summits of trees, contrary to its natural gravity; and that this new force is the result of electrical action.*

The application of this new discovery to the 'vital statics' of plants and animals, occupies a prominent part of M. Dutrochet's work. Profound and ingenious views characterise this portion of our author's labours, and the principle of endosmose serves as the torch to light him through the mysteries of animal and vegetable life. It would have been an agreeable task to have introduced our readers to this branch of the inquiry; but as our leading object is to confine ourselves to the history of the great discovery of endosmose, we shall now proceed to give an account of the new researches of our author since the publication of his first work, and of the triumphant establishment of the laws which regulate the primary operations of the vegetable economy.

As M. Dutrochet was not able to detect by the galvanometer any direct indications of electrical action during the process of endosmose, his speculations on this point were regarded as entirely hypothetical; and the force of endosmose was con- sidered

sidered only as the result of a capillary action upon heterogeneous fluids.

This attempt to refer the discoveries of our author to principles long ago recognized, was made by the celebrated French mathematician, M. Poisson. If two fluids of different density, and whose altitudes are in the inverse ratio of their densities, are separated by a membrane whose capillary canals are permeable to these fluids, the pressure exerted upon the orifices of these canals will be equal on each side of the membrane; but as, owing to the different densities of the fluids, the capillary force is unequal, it necessarily follows, that the fluid exposed to the stronger capillary action will fill the capillary canals of the membrane. But the small portion of fluid which thus fills these canals will be acted upon by two opposite forces,—by the attraction of the fluid to which it belongs, and by the attraction of the fluid on the opposite side of the membrane. But as the last of these forces is stronger than the first, it follows that the portion of fluid contained in the capillary canals will flow without ceasing in the direction in which it is drawn by the most powerful attraction, and will thus add to the mass of fluid to which it is attracted. This current across the membrane will continue till the difference of the pressures which the two fluids exert in the ratio of their altitude is equal to that of the attractions exerted by the two fluids upon the portion of fluid contained in the capillary canals. Such is the general result of the mathematical theory of M. Poisson; and as it affords a precise explanation of endosmose, viewed as a separate and insulated fact, it might have checked the researches of our author, and deprived the natural sciences of that great light with which he was destined to illuminate them. The ardour of discovery, however, was in his mind too powerful to be thus subdued. He examined the subject in new aspects;—he interrogated nature by new experiments, and was thus led to place his discovery upon an impregnable basis.

According to the theory of M. Poisson, the action of the membrane upon two heterogeneous fluids ought to produce a current towards that which has the greatest force of attraction; but M. Dutochet found *that there were two currents across the membrane, opposite in direction and unequal in strength*—a fact which is entirely inexplicable by any law of capillarity with which we are acquainted, and which therefore renders the explanation of M. Poisson quite untenable.

Our author, however, was not satisfied with this defence. He advances into the very heart of his subject, and shews that the phenomena of accumulation and ascent which actually take

place, are, in some cases, the very reverse of what they should be in virtue of capillary action. According to the theory of M. Poisson, the accumulation of fluid ought always to take place on the side of the membrane where we place the fluid which rises to the least height in capillary tubes. We shall now see, in the words of our author, what actually takes place.

‘Fluids of greatest density rise, in general, least in capillary tubes; but the density is not the only cause which here determines the lesser ascent of the fluid, for we know that some fluids which have very little density rise very little in capillary tubes. Thus it is that alcohol and ammonia, though less dense than water, rise to a less altitude than it in capillary tubes. Here the chemical qualities of the fluid produce the same effect as its excess of density. But I have observed that when an organised membrane is made to separate a fluid which rises less than water in capillary tubes, the accumulation of the fluid takes place *on the side of that which ascends least in capillary tubes*. In this case, then, there is a constant relation between the accumulation of the fluid and the phenomenon of capillary attraction. Let us now study what takes place with other fluids.

‘The height of ascent of distilled water in a capillary tube being represented by 10°

Olive oil rises in the same tube to 67

Essential oil of lavender rises to 58

Alcohol at 36 degrees rises to 47

If we now put *olive oil* in communication with *essential oil of lavender*, by separating them with an organic membrane, we shall find that the accumulation of the fluid takes place on the side of the oil of olives, that is, *on the side of the fluid which ascends the most in capillary tubes*. This action, which is very feeble, requires a temperature above 59° of Fahrenheit in order to become appreciable.

‘If the *essential oil of lavender* is put in communication with *alcohol* in the same way, we shall find the accumulation take place on the side of the essential oil, that is, *on the side of the fluid which ascends the most in capillary tubes*. This action is more energetic than the preceding. Essential oil of turpentine comports itself in these experiments like the essential oil of lavender, and I am of opinion that this ought to be the case with other essential oils.’

Another property of capillary attraction enabled M. Dutrochet to confirm these ingenious views. It has been long ago ascertained that *an increase of temperature diminishes the height to which fluids rise in capillary tubes*. Hot water, for example, and heated alcohol, ascend to a less height than the same fluids when cold. Now the force of endosmose is *always increased* by an increase of temperature, and consequently can have no connexion with the force of capillary attraction.

As these experiments clearly demonstrate that the phenomena of endosmose are in some cases the same that should take place if they were produced by capillary action, and in other cases

cases quite the reverse;—and as the theory of capillarity is inconsistent with the existence of two unequal currents flowing through the membrane in opposite directions, we may consider it as demonstrated that the mathematical theory of M. Poisson cannot account for the effects of this new power. M. Dutochet then proceeds to shew, that the affinity between two heterogeneous fluids cannot explain the phenomenon in question, and he does this by the following experiment, which he had given in his original work* previous to the publication of M. Poisson's Memoir.

'If we put,' says he, 'the albumen of an egg into a wide glass tube, and if pure water be carefully poured upon it from above, no mixture of the two fluids will take place, and the line of demarcation which separates them will be distinctly seen. But this line of demarcation will never vary, and the albumen will undergo no augmentation of volume, however long the experiment be continued. This proves beyond a doubt that the albumen has no affinity for the water which covers it; whereas, if the same two substances are separated by a membrane, the water will pass across it, and accumulate itself on the side of the albumen, and speedily mix with it. Hence it is to another cause than to the reciprocal affinity of fluids that we must attribute this phenomenon.'

With regard to the real cause of endosmose, M. Dutochet persists in his original opinion that it is *electricity*, although its presence is not indicated by the galvanoscope. In his earliest speculations on the subject, he conceived that the electricity was generated by the approximation of the two heterogeneous fluids, between which the organised membrane interposed only an imperfect separation; but in this case the two fluids ought to have exhibited in the galvanoscope the existence of opposite electricities. He next conceived that the electricity was generated by the contact of the two fluids with the separating membrane, a state in which M. Becquerel has actually shewn that electricity is produced. Pursuing this view of the matter, he conceived that different quantities of electricity would be developed on each side of the separating membrane, and in this double electrical action he recognised the origin of the two opposite and unequal currents which passed through the membrane. This opinion, which evinces much ingenuity, was confirmed by the following experiment:—

'A tube of glass, terminating at one end with a wide mouth, closed with a plate of baked pipe-clay, about one twenty-fifth of an inch thick, was filled with a solution of gum arabic, and afterwards plunged in water, above which the empty part of the tube

* *L'Agent immédiat*, &c. p. 122,

rose vertically. The *endosmose* took place, and the gummy fluid rose gradually in the tube. Some time afterwards the ascent of the fluid stopped, and it soon began to descend. Having removed the apparatus from the water, I perceived that the plate of clay was coated on its outside with the gummy fluid, driven from within outwards by *exosmose*. I wiped the outer surface of the plate, and replaced the apparatus in the water. From this instant the *endosmose* exhibited itself anew by the ascent of the fluid in the tube. Here the two opposite faces of the separating membrane, having ceased to be in immediate contact with the two different fluids, the phenomenon of *endosmose* no longer took place. It appears, then, that it is in this double contact that the cause of the phenomenon resides.'

In the prosecution of these views, M. Dutrochet found that the double phenomenon of *endosmose* and *exosmose* was not a phenomenon of organic nature, but one of general physics, as it could be produced by the action of porous inorganic bodies. The examination of the action of such substances led our author to new results, which form the subject of a separate memoir.

In his first work he described an instrument for carrying on his inquiries on the subject, to which he gave the name of *endosmometer*, or an instrument for measuring the force of *endosmose*. This instrument he subsequently improved, and it is now constructed in the following manner:—

'Having obtained a glass terminated at one end by a large opening like that of the mouth of a trumpet, I closed this wide orifice with a piece of bladder, firmly fixed to it by means of a ligature. I now filled the wide cavity with the fluid whose power of *endosmose* I wished to try, and I plunged this wide part into distilled water. The tube of glass remaining empty rose vertically above the water, and carried a graduated scale. If the fluid contained in the *endosmometer* was such as to produce *endosmose*, it now rose in the tube with a velocity proportional to the force of *endosmose*. If the fluid, on the contrary, was not of a nature to produce *endosmose*, the fluid did not rise in the tube; and if, by the addition of some of the fluid, it was raised in the tube above the level of the water, it soon descended by its gravity, and filtered through the bladder. This descent of the fluid I had ascribed to the circumstance that the fluid, instead of producing *endosmose*, had produced *exosmose*; but, though this is the case under certain circumstances, it is not so in the one under consideration. When, for example, we put into the *endosmometer* a weak solution of gum, *exosmose* will take place; the interior fluid descends in the tube, because the current of *exosmose* is more powerful than the current of *endosmose*, on account of the superior density of the external fluid; but when pure water is the external fluid, and when the fluid put into the *endosmometer* descends in the tube, this is not the effect of *exosmose*, but the simple result of mechanical filtration.'

From

From the early experiments of our author he had concluded, that when chemical fluids, less dense than water, were employed, *endosmose* took place when the fluid in the endosmometer was *alkaline*, and *exosmose* when it was *acid*. This conclusion, however, was premature; for he afterwards found that *vinegar*, *nitric acid*, and *hydrochloric acid**, produced endosmose when placed in the endosmometer and surrounded with pure water. These results now led M. Dutrochet to examine the characters of different fluids, in reference to the production of endosmose, and the result of his observations is highly important:—

‘If,’ says he, ‘we put pure water into the endosmometer, and plunge the instrument into water charged with sulphuric acid, we shall find even the water descend in the tube. This fact evidently proves, that no current of endosmose or exosmose is directed from the water towards the sulphuric acid, nor from the sulphuric acid to the water. This acid, however, from its having a greater density than water, ought to have produced endosmose when in the endosmometer. As it produces, however, no effect, we may conclude that its chemical qualities render it completely incapable of producing either endosmose or exosmose. We find, also, that it is an enemy to this double action; for it tends to extinguish it where it already exists. Thus, if we mix a small quantity of sulphuric acid with a solution of gum, and introduce it into the endosmometer, this fluid will not produce endosmose, though the gummy solution used alone produces this effect energetically. The mixture of the two descends gradually in the tube of the endosmometer. When the quantity of sulphuric acid is very small, a weak force of endosmose still remains; for the acid solution, which at first fell, resumes a slight ascending motion, whilst the continued immersion of the bladder in the water has deprived the gummy solution of a part of the acid which it originally borrowed. This very important fact proves that there are *inactive fluids*, in reference to the power of producing endosmose, and that these fluids can communicate their inactive quality to fluids which in this respect have opposite qualities. All putrid animal fluids are in this respect inactive; for when placed in the endosmometer they descend in the tube, notwithstanding their superior density to water. We may then establish it as a general fact, that all *active fluids*, miscible with water, whether organic or chemical fluids, comport themselves like fluids more dense than water, when they are separated from the latter by a permeable membrane: that is, that they are all agents producing endosmose; for it is never towards the side occupied by the water that the strongest of the two currents which constitute endosmose and exosmose is directed. Hence, no active fluid, put in communication with water, is an agent producing exosmose. Whenever we see a fluid descend in the tube of the endosmometer whose bladder is immersed in pure water, we may thence con-

* This acid produced a most energetic endosmose.

clude

clude that the interior fluid is inactive; its descent in the tube being the result of its filtration by the action of gravity.*

Having thus found that fluids may be divided into two great classes, *active* and *inactive*, in reference to the production of endosmose and exosmose, our author proceeds to examine if solids have similar properties. We have already described the experiments contained in his first work, by which he determined that endosmose was produced by the action of the voltaic pile, when pure water was both within and without the endosmometer. In this case the mouth of the instrument was closed with a piece of bladder. He then tried to produce the same effect, when porous plates of freestone and carbonate of lime were substituted in place of the bladder, but the action of the pile produced, in this case, no endosmose: with plates of baked pipe-clay, however, a very different effect was produced.—

'I closed,' says he, 'the mouth of the endosmometer with a plate of clay three-eighths of an inch thick; I put distilled water into the endosmometer, which was itself immersed in distilled water, and I afterwards put the interior water in communication with the negative conjunctive wire of the pile, the exterior water being in contact with the positive conjunctive wire. The transmission of the water across the plate of clay became very rapid. The interior water soon reached the level of the exterior water; it entered the tube and rose in it rapidly. This ascent of the water continued while the action of the pile lasted.'

From this experiment M. Dutrochet concludes, that porous aluminous solids produce endosmose like organic membranes under the influence of an electric current, directed from the positive to the negative pole of the pile. His next object was to ascertain, if different mineral solids produce endosmose by the contact of their opposite faces with homogeneous liquids. He tried the following substances:—

<i>Substances employed.</i>	<i>Thickness.</i>
Plate of tender freestone	$\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch.
— porous carbonate of lime	$\frac{1}{4}$ —————
— " " " " " "	much thinner*.
— unbaked calcareous sulphate of lime	$\frac{1}{8}$
— crystallized sulphate of lime	very thin.

But in none of these cases was there the least appearance of endosmose; a circumstance which he ascribed to the too great thickness of his plates, which were all necessarily thicker than organic membranes. He therefore tried to obtain thinner plates,

* There is here an error in the original which we cannot correct. The thickness of this plate is made the same as the preceding, though it is given as an experiment with a thinner plate.

and he succeeded by giving slate a slight degree of calcination, to separate it into fine leaves. By this means he obtained the following effects :—

<i>Substances employed.</i>	<i>Thickness.</i>	<i>Effects.</i>
Slate	$\frac{1}{30}$ of an inch	Slight endosmose.
Baked white clay	$\frac{1}{35}$ —————	Powerful endosmose.

This success induced our author to try greater thicknesses, as follows :—

White baked clay	$\frac{2}{3}$ of an inch	Considerable endosmose.
ditto ditto	$\frac{1}{3}$ —————	Weak endosmose.

Hence it appears, that it depends upon the chemical nature of the porous plates, whether they shall produce endosmose or not. The aluminous solids are therefore *active solids*; and those with a *siliceous* and a *calcareous* base, which do not produce endosmose, are *inactive solids**.

The general conclusion which our author draws from these results is as follows :—

‘Endosmose, then, arises from the reciprocal influence of *active fluids* upon *active solids*, and of *active solids* upon *active fluids*. If one of these elements of action is inactive, endosmose will not take place. When every thing, for example, is conveniently arranged for endosmose, this action will be suspended by the addition of a little sulphuric acid to the fluids, because this acid is an *inactive fluid*. In like manner, even if the two heterogeneous fluids are *active*, endosmose will not take place if the permeable plate or membrane is *inactive*. Thus we have demonstrated, that this phenomenon is the result of two actions combined; 1st, of the action of the fluids upon the solid, and, 2d, of the solid upon the fluids. These two actions, which are undoubtedly electrical, have obviously their seat in the thickness, or in the substance of the permeable membrane or plate which constitutes the active solid. It is a *capillo-electrical* phenomenon, or one of *intra-capillary* electricity. This circumstance explains to us why this electricity is not indicated by the galvanoscope. It is not at all external, for it is in the capillary canals that this impulsive electricity is developed; and this electrical condition is given to the capillary canals in two ways: 1st. by the action of the two opposite poles of the pile on the two opposite faces of the permeable active membrane or plate; 2d. by the contact of two active heterogeneous fluids on the two opposite faces of the same membrane or plate. Thus it is the influence of the contact of the fluids upon the solid which communicates to the latter the *capillo-electrical* state, and it is this influence of the *capillo-electrified* solid upon the fluids which communicates to them their impulsion.’

* This fact decides the question, whether capillary attraction or electricity is the cause of endosmose; the inactive solids, notwithstanding their capillarity, being incapable of producing endosmose.

Such

Such is the conclusion of the first section of M. Dutrochet's latest Memoir, which was read before the Royal Academy of Sciences on the 17th of March, 1828. The section which contains the application of these discoveries to physiology—to the phenomena of animal and vegetable life, has, we believe, not yet appeared, and we look forward to its publication with high interest. In his original work, '*L'Agent Immédiat*,' he has entered very fully into this important subject; but beautiful as are many of his explanations of some of the most important functions and condition of the animal frame, and profound and ingenious as are all his views, yet they must soon be greatly modified and extended, by his subsequent discoveries of the activity and inactivity of different solids and fluids in the production of endosmose, and of the conversion of active into inactive fluids, by the introduction of a small portion of acid.

When we consider that the organs of animal bodies consist of a congeries of vesicles composed of permeable membrane, and that the vascular systems are the channels by which those membranes are supplied with new organic matter in a fluid state,—and when we consider, also, how these fluids may be changed from *active* to *inactive* fluids, and from *inactive* to *active* fluids, either by the addition of a new ingredient, or by the abstraction of one which they already contain, and how *active* membranes may become *inactive* by a change of porosity, by the partial or complete filling up of their capillary ducts, or by a permanent change of condition,—when we consider, in short, the general structure of animal bodies, and the changes which disease superinduces upon their individual parts,—we perceive in the discoveries of M. Dutrochet the foundation of a new system of physiology, and a wide extension of the boundaries of medical science.

Since the fluids and solids which compose the human frame are actually agents, which by their mutual contact produce electricity, varying in its intensity and in its impulsive effect by the condition of these agents, and since we really find that the action of the pile is capable of supplying some of the conditions necessary to the developement of this electricity, may we not expect that the external application of electricity, supplied either by its artificial production or by the atmosphere itself, may become an important auxiliary in the healing art? When the Abbé Bertholon* maintained, that *the electricity of the atmosphere had a principal share in the number of deaths, and particularly sudden deaths, and that it has a decided influence*

* *De l'Electricité du Corps humain dans l'Etat de Santé et de Maladie*, 2 vols. 8vo. See vol. ii. p. 435.

on generation, conception, and parturition, he perhaps obtained a distant glimpse of truths yet unrevealed, and in the discoveries of future times his memory may yet receive some compensation for the ridicule which has been thrown upon his opinions*.

To the science of vegetable physiology the discoveries of M. Dutrochet have a more immediate application. They form, indeed, an epoch in its history : as from a new goal, the science starts with powerful instruments of research, and with fresh prospects of success. The discovery of endosmose, and of the cause of the ascent of sap in plants, is, to vegetable physiology, what the establishment of the law of gravity was to astronomy. While it binds together the scattered elements of the science, it lays the foundation of an inductive superstructure, which can be reared only by men of varied talent, who combine the accomplishments of the chemist and the natural philosopher with the knowledge and patient observation of the botanist.

To have discovered the fact and the operation of endosmose must have immortalized any philosopher ; but M. Dutrochet has placed his reputation on a still more secure basis, by discovering its origin. That electricity is the direct cause of this singular effect cannot now be doubted ; and we are sanguine in the hope that means may be discovered of promoting and modifying vegetation by the stimulus of the electric fluid, obtained either by artificial means, or drawn from the atmosphere. The opinions of the Abbé Bertholon, on this subject, are extremely remarkable, and we cannot resist the temptation of laying them before our readers,—not as being, in the least degree, an anticipation of the discoveries of M. Dutrochet,—but, in so far as they are correct, as a confirmation of the general principle.

In his work '*De l'Electricité des Végétaux*,' he describes an instrument, called an *electro-vegetometer*, a sort of thunder-rod for bringing down the electricity of the atmosphere ; and he proposes to convey it to particular spots, for the purpose of enriching the soil, and renovating the healths of plants.

'By means,' says he, 'of the *electro-vegetometer*, we may be able at our pleasure to accumulate this wonderful fluid, however diffused in the upper regions, and conduct it to the earth's surface in those seasons when it is either scantily supplied, or its quantity is insufficient for vegetation ; for though it may be, in some degree, sufficient, yet it can never produce the effects of a multiplied and highly increased vegetation. So that we shall, by these means, have an

* The influence of electricity on the pulse, and on insensible perspiration, as indicated by the experiments of M. De Boyes, M. Nollet, and Van Marum, and the curious results obtained by M. Achard respecting its influence in accelerating the putrefaction of animal bodies, may perhaps receive some explanation from M. Dutrochet's discoveries.

excellent vegetable manure or nourishment brought down, as it were, from heaven, at an easy expense; for after the construction of this instrument, it will cost nothing to maintain it. It will, besides, be the most efficacious that can be employed, as no other substance is so active, penetrating, or conducive to the germination, growth, multiplication, or reproduction of vegetables. This heavenly manure is that which nature employs over the whole habitable earth, not excepting even those regions which are esteemed barren, but which, however, are often fecundated by those agents which nature knows so well to employ to the most useful purposes. Perhaps there was nothing wanting to bring to a completion the useful discoveries that have been made in electricity, but to show the advantages of the art of employing electricity as a manure, and, consequently, that all the effects which we have already mentioned, depend on electricity alone, and that all these effects—viz. acceleration in the germination, the growth, and production of leaves, flowers, fruit, and their multiplications, &c., will be produced even at a time when secondary causes are unfavourable to it.

‘By multiplying these instruments, which are provided at little expense, (since iron rods of the thickness of the finger, and even less, are sufficient for the purpose,) we multiply their beneficial effects, and extend their use *ad infinitum*.

‘This apparatus having been raised with care in the middle of a garden, the happiest effects were perceived—viz. different plants, herbs, and fruits, in greater forwardness than usual, were multiplied, and of superior quality. These facts are analogous to an observation which I have often made,—that plants grow fast and are most vigorous near thunder-rods, where their situation favours their development. They likewise serve to explain why vegetation is so vigorous in lofty forests, and where the trees raise their heads far from the surface of the earth, so that they seek, as it were, the electric fluid at a far greater height than plants less elevated, while the sharp extremities of their leaves, boughs, and branches, serve as so many points, granted them by the munificent hand of Nature, to draw down from the atmosphere that electric fluid which is so powerful an agent in forwarding vegetation, and in promoting the different functions of plants.’

It would have been very desirable that the Abbé Bertholon had mentioned the specific facts upon which he has founded these very vague and general, though, at the same time, curious views. That they are not entirely speculative, is proved by the facts previously discovered by Mr. Maimbray of Edinburgh, and the Abbé Nollet. The first of these experimentalists found that two myrtle trees, electrified during the month of October, 1746, put forth small branches and blossomed much earlier than other shrubs that were not electrified; and the Abbé Nollet having sowed seeds in two pots filled with the same mould, and kept in the same place, found that the seeds in one of the pots which

which had been electrified two or three hours a day for fifteen days, exhibited sprouts two or three days sooner than those in the unelectrified pots, and threw out larger shoots, and a greater number of them, in a given time.

Having, thus, given as distinct an account as we can of the great discovery of endosmose, which the Royal Academy of Sciences has honoured with a gold medal, we cannot take leave of M. Dutrochet without expressing our anxious hope that we shall soon have an opportunity of announcing the successful continuation of his labours, and that he will not allow the subject to pass into other hands, till he has brought within the dominion of his general principles the leading phenomena of vegetable life.

The science of vegetable physiology is now arrived at a point where great discoveries may be soon expected. The extraordinary fact discovered by Dr. Brewster, that innumerable crystals of silix, possessing distinctly the property of double refraction, form an essential part of the siliceous grasses, and that all the separate crystals have their axes arranged, not in parallel lines, but so as to form geometrical figures by the light which they depolarise, points out a new relation between the laws which govern the crystallization of inanimate matter, and those which regulate the operations of vegetable life.

The recent observations, too, of our distinguished countryman, Mr. Robert Brown, respecting what appear to be the active molecules of bodies, whether of mineral or vegetable origin, promise a rich harvest of discovery. He has announced the singular fact, that active spherical molecules exist in the grain and pollen of most plants along with its proper particles, and that these molecules have a spontaneous or inherent motion when immersed in water. Even when the pollen has been immersed in weak spirits for nearly a year, the apparent vitality of the particles still exists, nay, it remains in plants which have been dead for more than a century, and survives even the most intense heat to which animal and vegetable fibre can be exposed. These primary molecules exist in almost all minerals, and even in pounded glass. They occur, not only in their simple state, but also in a compound form. Oval particles, equal to about two molecules, and supposed to be primary combinations of these, often appeared, and were in general more vivid in their movements than the simple molecules, revolving most commonly on their longer axis, and frequently exhibiting a flattened form. Other compound molecules were seen resembling short fibres, and somewhat moniliform, and having their transverse diameter equal to that of the primary molecule.

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These fibrils, whether composed of two or three molecules, or of four or five, were generally in motion. This motion was, at least, as vivid as that of the simple molecules, and might be said to be somewhat vermicular. Whatever be the substance in which they occur, Mr. Brown considers the simple molecules to be of uniform size, and, from various measurements, he regards them as about the *twenty thousandth* part of an inch in diameter.

The same curious subject is occupying the attention of the French botanists; and M. Adolphe Brongniart has published the results of some of his observations in his '*Recherches sur la Génération et le Développement de l'Embryon dans les Végétaux Phanérogames*,' which was read before the Academy of Sciences, and has been published in the '*Annales des Sciences Naturelles*.'

From the talents and activity of these two botanists, we may expect with confidence some highly important results, and we trust we shall soon have an opportunity of again calling the attention of our readers to so curious a subject.

In consequence of observations which we have ourselves made on the statements of these microscopic bodies, we have no doubt that they are all occasioned by chemical and physical changes in the molecules themselves, and by other illusory motions, which it is difficult to exclude in the employment of high magnifying powers.

- ART. IV.—1. *Die Ahnfrau*. (The Ancestress.) A Tragedy, in five Acts. By F. GRILLPARZER. Fourth Edition. Vienna. 1823.
- König Ottokars Glück und Ende*. (King Ottocar's Fortune and End.) A Tragedy, in five Acts. By F. GRILLPARZER. Vienna. 1825.
- Sappho*. A Tragedy, in five Acts. By F. GRILLPARZER. Third Edition. Vienna. 1822.
2. *Faust*. A Tragedy, in five Acts. By AUGUST KLINGEMANN. Leipzig and Altenburg. 1815.
- Ahasuer*. A Tragedy, in five Acts. By AUGUST KLINGEMANN. Brunswick. 1827.
3. MÜLLNER's *Dramatische Werke*. *Erste rechtmässige, vollständige und vom Verfasser verbesserte Gesamt-Ausgabe*. (Müllner's Dramatic Works. First legal collective Edition, complete and revised by the Author.) 7 vols. Brunswick. 1828.

IN this stage of society, the playwright is as essential and acknowledged a character as the millwright, or cartwright,
or

or any other wright whatever; neither can we see why, in general estimation, he should rank lower than these his brother artisans, except, perhaps, for this one reason: that the former, working in timber and iron, for the wants of the body, produce a completely suitable machine, while the latter, working in thought and feeling, for the wants of the soul, produces a machine which is incompletely suitable. In other respects, we confess, we cannot perceive that the balance lies against him: for no candid man, as it seems to us, will doubt but the talent which constructed a *Virginus* or a *Bertram* might have sufficed, had it been properly directed, to make not only wheelbarrows and waggons, but even mills of considerable complicity. However, if the public is niggardly to the playwright, in one point, it must be proportionably liberal in another; according to Adam Smith's observation, that trades which are reckoned less reputable have higher money wages. Thus, one thing compensating the other, the playwright may still realise an existence; as, in fact, we find that he does: for playwrights were, are, and probably will always be; unless, indeed, in process of years, the whole dramatic concern be finally abandoned by mankind; or, as in the case of our Punch and Mathews, every player becoming his own playwright, this trade may merge in the other and older one.

The British nation has its own playwrights, several of them cunning men in their craft: yet here, it would seem, this sort of carpentry does not flourish; at least, not with that pre-eminent vigour which distinguishes most other branches of our national industry. In hardware and cotton goods, in all sorts of chemical, mechanical, or other material processes, England outstrips the world: nay, in many departments of literary manufacture also, as for instance in the fabrication of novels, she may safely boast herself peerless: but in this matter of the Drama, to whatever cause it be owing, she can claim no such superiority. In theatrical produce she yields considerably to France; and is, out of sight, inferior to Germany. Nay, do not we English hear daily, for the last twenty years, that the Drama is dead, or in a state of suspended animation; and are not medical men sitting on the case, and propounding their remedial appliances, weekly, monthly, quarterly, to no manner of purpose?—whilst in Germany the Drama is not only, to all appearance, alive, but in the very flush and heyday of superabundant strength;—indeed, as it were, still only sowing its first wild oats! For if the British Playwrights seem verging to ruin, and our Knowleses, Maturins, Shiels, and Shees stand few and comparatively forlorn, like firs on an Irish bog, the playwrights
of

of Germany are a strong, triumphant body, so numerous that it has been calculated, in case of war, a regiment of foot might be raised, in which, from the colonel down to the drummer, every officer and private sentinel might show his drama or dramas.

To investigate the origin of so marked a superiority would lead us beyond our purpose. Doubtless the proximate cause must lie in a superior demand for the article of dramas; which superior demand again may arise either from the climate of Germany, as Montesquieu might believe; or perhaps more naturally and immediately from the political condition of that country; for man is not only a working but a talking animal, and where no Catholic Questions, and Parliamentary Reforms, and Select Vestries are given him to discuss in his leisure hours, he is glad to fall upon plays or players, or whatever comes to hand, whereby to fence himself a little against the inroads of Ennui. Of the fact, at least, that such a superior demand for dramas exists in Germany, we have only to open a newspaper to find proof. Is not every *Litteraturblatt* and *Kunstblatt* stuffed, to bursting, with theatricals? Nay, has not the 'able Editor' established correspondents in every capital city of the civilized world, who report to him this one matter and on no other? For, be our curiosity what it may, let us have profession of 'intelligence from Munich,' 'intelligence from Vienna,' 'intelligence from Berlin,' is it intelligence of anything but of green-room controversies and negotiations, of tragedies and operas and farces acted and to be acted? Not of men, and their doings, by hearth and hall, in the firm earth; but of mere effigies and shells of men, and their doings in the world of paste-board, do these unhappy correspondents write. Unhappy we call them; for with all all our tolerance of playwrights, we cannot but think that there are limits, and very strait ones, within which their activity should be restricted. Here, in England, our 'theatrical reports' are nuisance enough; and many persons who love their life, and therefore 'take care of their time, which is the stuff life is made of,' regularly lose several columns of their weekly newspaper in that way: but our case is pure luxury, compared with that of the Germans, who, instead of a measurable and sufferable spicing of theatric matter, are obliged, metaphorically speaking, to breakfast and dine on it, have in fact nothing else to live on but that highly unnutritive victual. We ourselves are occasionally readers of German newspapers, and have often, in the spirit of Christian humanity, meditated presenting to the whole body of German editors a project, which, however, must certainly have ere now occurred to themselves, and for some reason been found inapplicable;

plicable; it was, to address these correspondents of theirs, all and sundry, in plain language, and put the question: whether, on studiously surveying the Universe from their several stations, there was nothing in the Heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, *nothing* visible but this one business, or rather shadow of business, that had an interest for the minds of men? If the correspondents still answered that nothing was visible, then of course they must be left to continue in this strange state: prayers, at the same time, being put up for them in all churches.

However, leaving every able Editor to fight his own battle, we address ourselves to the task in hand: meaning here to inquire a very little into the actual state of the dramatic trade in Germany, and exhibit some detached features of it to the consideration of our readers. For, seriously speaking, low as this province may be, it is a real, active and ever-enduring province of the literary republic; nor can the pursuit of many men, even though it be a profitless and foolish pursuit, ever be without claim to some attention from us, either in the way of furtherance or of censure and correction. Our avowed object is to promote the sound study of foreign literature; which study, like all other earthly undertakings, has its negative as well as its positive side. We have already, as occasion served, borne testimony to the merits of various German poets, and must now say a word on certain German poetasters; hoping that it may be chiefly a regard to the former which has made us take even this slight notice of the latter; for the bad is in itself of no value, and only worth describing lest it be mistaken for the good. At the same time, let no reader tremble, as if we meant to overwhelm him, on this occasion, with a whole mountain of dramatic lumber, poured forth in torrents, like shot rubbish, from the playhouse garrets, where it is mouldering and evaporating into nothing, silently and without harm to any one. Far be this from us! Nay, our own knowledge of this subject is in the highest degree limited; and, indeed, to exhaust it, or attempt discussing it with scientific precision, would be an impossible enterprise. What man is there that could assort the whole furniture of Milton's *Limbo of Vanity*; or where is the Hallam that would think it worth his while to write us the *Constitutional History of a Rookery*? Let the courteous reader take heart, then; for he is in hands that will not, nay what is more, that cannot, do him much harm. One brief, shy glance into this huge bivouac of Playwrights, all sawing and planing with such tumult; and we leave it, probably for many years.

The German Parnassus, as one of its own denizens remarks,
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has a rather broad summit : yet only two Dramatists are reckoned, within the last half century, to have mounted thither—Schiller and Goëthe ; if we are not, on the strength of his *Minna von Barnhelm* and *Emilie Galotti*, to account Lessing of the number. On the slope of the Mountain, may be found a few stragglers of the same brotherhood ; among these, Tieck and Maler Müller, firmly enough stationed at considerable elevations ; while, far below, appear various honest persons climbing vehemently, but against precipices of loose sand, to whom we wish all speed. But the reader will understand that the bivouac we speak of and are about to enter lies not on the declivity of the Hill at all ; but on the level ground close to the foot of it ; the essence of a Playwright being that he works not in Poetry, but in Prose, which more or less cunningly resembles it. And here pausing for a moment, the reader observes that he is in a civilized country ; for there, on the very boundary-line of Parnassus, rises a gallows with the figure of a man hung in chains ! It is the figure of August von Kotzebue, and has swung there for many years, as a warning to all too audacious Playwrights, who nevertheless, as we see, pay little heed to it. Ill-fated Kotzebue, once the darling of theatrical Europe ! This was the prince of all Playwrights, and could manufacture Plays with a speed and felicity surpassing even Edinburgh novels. For his muse, like other doves, hatched twins in the month ; and the world gazed on them with an admiration too deep for mere words. What is all past or present popularity to this ? Were not these Plays translated almost into every language of articulate-speaking men ; acted, at least, we may literally say, in every theatre from Kamtschatka to Cadiz ? Nay, did they not melt the most obdurate hearts in all countries ; and, like the music of Orpheus, draw tears down iron cheeks ? We ourselves have known the flintiest men, who professed to have wept over them, for the first time in their lives. So was it twenty years ago : how stands it to-day ? Kotzebue, lifted up on the hollow balloon of popular applause, thought wings had been given him that he might ascend to the Immortals : gay he rose, soaring, sailing, as with supreme dominion ; but in the rarer azure deep, his windbag burst asunder, or the arrows of keen archers pierced it ; and so at last we find him a compound-pendulum, vibrating in the character of scarecrow, to guard from forbidden fruit ! O ye Playwrights, and literary quacks of every feather, weep over Kotzebue, and over yourselves ! Know that the loudest roar of the million is not fame ; that the windbag, are ye mad enough to mount it, *will* burst, or be shot through with arrows, and your bones too shall act as scarecrows.

But,

But, quitting this idle allegorical vein, let us at length proceed in plain English, and as beseems mere prose Reviewers, to the work laid out for us. Among the hundreds of German dramatists, as they are called, three individuals, already known to some British readers, and prominent from all the rest in Germany, may fitly enough stand here as representatives of the whole Playwright class; whose various craft and produce, the procedure of these three, may in some small degree serve to illustrate. Of Grillparzer, therefore, and Klingemann, and Müllner, in their order.

Franz Grillparzer seems to be an Austrian; which country is reckoned nowise fertile in poets; a circumstance that may perhaps have contributed a little to his own rather rapid celebrity. Our more special acquaintance with Grillparzer is of very recent date; though his name and samples of his ware have for some time been hung out, in many British and foreign Magazines, often with testimonials which might have beguiled less timeworn customers. Neither, after all, have we found these testimonials falser than other such are, but rather not so false; for indeed Grillparzer is a most inoffensive man, nay positively rather meritorious; nor is it without reluctance that we name him under this head of Playwrights, and not under that of Dramatists, which he aspires to. Had the law with regard to mediocre poets relaxed itself since Horace's time, all had been well with Grillparzer; for undoubtedly there is a small vein of tenderness and grace running through him, a seeming modesty also, and real love of his art, which gives promise of better things. But gods and men and columns are still equally rigid in that unhappy particular of mediocrity,—even pleasing mediocrity; and no scene or line is yet known to us of Grillparzer's which exhibits anything more. *Non concessere*, therefore, is his sentence for the present; and the louder his well-meaning admirers extol him, the more emphatically should it be pronounced and repeated. Nevertheless Grillparzer's claim to the title of Playwright is perhaps more his misfortune than his crime. Living in a country where the Drama engrosses so much attention, he has been led into attempting it, without any decisive qualification for such an enterprise; and so his allotment of talent, which might have done good service in some prose department, or even in the sonnet, elegy, song, or other outlying province of Poetry, is driven, as it were, in spite of fate, to write Plays, which, though regularly divided into scenes and separate speeches, are essentially monological; and though swarming with characters, too often express only one character, and that no very extraordinary one, the character of Franz Grillparzer

Grillparzer himself. What is an increase of misfortune too, he has met with applause in this career, which therefore he is likely to follow farther and farther, let nature and his stars say to it what they will.

The characteristic of a Playwright is that he writes in Prose, which Prose he palms, probably, first on himself and then, on the simpler part of the public, for Poetry: and the manner, in which he effects this legerdemain, constitutes his specific distinction, fixes the species to which he belongs in the genus Playwright. But it is a universal feature of him that he attempts, by prosaic, and as it were mechanical means, to accomplish an end which, except by poetical genius, is absolutely not to be accomplished. For the most part, he has some knack, or trick of the trade, which by close inspection can be detected, and so the heart of his mystery be seen into. He may have one trick, or many; and the more cunningly he can disguise these, the more perfect is he as a craftsman; for were the public once to penetrate into this his sleight of hand, it were all over with him,—Othello's occupation were gone. No conjurer, when we once understand his method of fire-eating, can any longer pass for a true thaumaturgist, or even entertain us in his proper character of quack, though he should eat Mount Vesuvius itself. But happily for Playwrights and others, the Public is a dim-eyed animal; gullible to almost all lengths,—nay, which often seems to prefer being gulled.

Of Grillparzer's peculiar knack, and recipe for play-making, there is not very much to be said. He seems to have tried various kinds of recipes, in his time; and, to his credit be it spoken, seems little contented with any of them. By much the worst Play of his, that we have seen, is the *Ahnfrau* (Ancestress); a deep tragedy of the Castle Spectre sort; the whole mechanism of which was discernible and condemnable at a single glance. It is nothing but the old story of Fate; an invisible Nemesis visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation; a method almost as common and sovereign in German Art, at this day, as the method of steam is in British mechanics; and of which we shall anon have more occasion to speak. In his Preface, Grillparzer endeavours to palliate or deny the fact of his being a *Schicksal-Dichter* (Fate-Tragedian); but to no purpose; for it is a fact grounded on the testimony of the seven senses: however, we are glad to observe that with this one trial, he seems to have abandoned the Fate-line, and taken into better, at least into different ones. With regard to the *Ahnfrau* itself, we may remark that few things struck us so much as this little
observation

observation of Count Borotin's, occurring, in the middle of the dismallest night-thoughts, so unexpectedly as follows :—

BERTHA (is just condoling with him, in these words) :—

' And the welkin, starless,
Glares from empty eye-holes,
Black, down on that boundless grave !

BERTHA.

' Und der Himmel, sternelos,
Starot aus lieven Augenhöhlen
In das ungeheure Grab
Schwarz herab !

COUNT...How the hours do linger !
What o'clock is't, prithee, Bertha ?

GRAF...*Wir* sich doch die Stunden dehnen !
Was ist wohl die Glocke, Bertha ?

A more delicate turn, we venture to say, is rarely to be met with in tragic dialogue. As to the story of the *Ahnfrau*, it is, naturally enough, of the most heart-rending description. This Ancestress is a lady, or rather the ghost of a lady, for she has been defunct some centuries, who in life had committed what we call an 'indiscretion;' which indiscretion the unpolite husband punished, one would have thought sufficiently, by running her through the body. However, the *Schicksal* of Grillparzer does not think it sufficient; but farther dooms the fair penitent to walk as goblin, till the last branch of her family be extinct. Accordingly she is heard, from time to time, slamming doors and the like, and now and then seen with dreadful goggle-eyes and other ghost appurtenances, to the terror not only of servant people, but of old Count Borotin, her now sole male descendant, whose afternoon nap she, on one occasion, cruelly disturbs. This Count Borotin is really a worthy, prosing old gentleman; only he had a son long ago drowned in a fish-pond (body not found); and has still a highly accomplished daughter, whom there is none offering to wed, except one Jaromir, a person of unknown extraction, and to all appearance, of the lightest purse; nay, as it turns out afterwards, actually the head of a Banditti establishment, which had long infested the neighbouring forests. However, a Captain of foot arrives, at this juncture, utterly to root out these Robbers; and now the strangest things come to light. For who should this Jaromir prove to be but poor old Borotin's drown'd son, not drowned, but stolen and bred up by these Outlaws; the brother, therefore, of his intended; a most truculent fellow, who fighting for his life unwittingly kills his own father, and drives his bride to poison herself; in which wise, as was also Giles Scroggins' case, he 'cannot get married.' The reader sees that all this is not to be accomplished without some jarring and tumult. In fact, there is a frightful uproar everywhere throughout that night; robbers dying, musquetry discharging; women shrieking, men swearing, and the *Ahnfrau* herself emerging at intervals, as the
genius

genius of the whole discord. But time and hours bring relief, as they always do. Jaromir in the long run, likewise, succeeds in dying; whereupon the whole Borotin lineage having gone to the Devil, the Ancestress also retires thither,—at least makes the upper world rid of her presence,—and the piece ends in deep stillness. Of this poor Ancestress, we shall only say farther: wherever she be, *requiescat! requiescat!*

As we mentioned above, the Fate method of manufacturing tragic emotion seems to have yielded Grillparzer himself little contentment; for after this *Ahnfrau*, we hear no more of it. His *König Ottokars Glück und Ende* (King Ottocar's Fortune and End) is a much more innocent piece, and proceeds in quite a different strain; aiming to subdue us not by old women's fables of Destiny, but by the accumulated splendour of thrones and principalities, the cruel or magnanimous pride of Austrian Emperors and Bohemian conquerors, the wit of chivalrous courtiers, and beautiful but shrewish queens; the whole set off by a proper intermixture of coronation ceremonies, Hungarian dresses, whiskered halberdiers, alarms of battle, and the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. There is even some attempt at delineating character in this play: certain of the *dramatis personæ* are evidently meant to differ from certain others, not in dress and name only, but in nature and mode of being; so much indeed they repeatedly assert, or hint, and do their best to make good,—unfortunately, however, with very indifferent success. In fact, these *dramatis personæ* are rubrics and titles rather than persons; for most part, mere theatrical automata, with only a mechanical existence. The truth of the matter is, Grillparzer cannot communicate a poetic life to any character or object; and in this, were it in no other way, he evinces the intrinsically prosaic nature of his talent. These personages of his have, in some instances, a certain degree of metaphysical truth; that is to say, one portion of their structure, psychologically viewed, corresponds with the other;—so far all is well enough: but to unite these merely scientific and inanimate *qualities* into a living *man* is work not for a Playwright but for a Dramatist. Nevertheless, *König Ottokar* is comparatively a harmless tragedy. It is full of action, striking enough, though without any discernible coherence; and with so much both of flirting and fighting, with so many weddings, funerals, processions, encampments, it must be, we should think, if the tailor and decorationist do their duty, a very comfortable piece to see acted, especially on the Vienna boards, where it has a national interest, Rodolph of Hapsburg being a main personage in it.

The

The model of this *Ottokar*, we imagine, to have been Schiller's *Piccolomini*; a poem of similar materials and object; but differing from it as a living rose from a mass of dead rose-leaves or even of broken Italian gumflowers. It seems as though Grillparzer had hoped to subdue us by a sufficient multitude of wonderful scenes and circumstances, without inquiring, with any painful solicitude, whether the soul and meaning of them were presented to us or not. Herein truly, we believe, lies the peculiar knack or playwright-mystery of *Ottokar*; that its effect is calculated to depend chiefly on its quantity: on the mere number of astonishments, and joyful or deplorable adventures there brought to light; abundance in superficial contents compensating the absence of *callida junctura*. Which second method of tragic manufacture we hold to be better than the first, but still far from good. At the same time, it is a very common method, both in Tragedy and elsewhere; nay we hear persons whose trade it is to write metre, or be otherwise 'imaginative,' professing it openly as the best they know. Do not these men go about collecting 'features;' ferreting out strange incidents, murders, duels, ghost-apparitions, over the habitable globe? Of which features and incidents when they have gathered a sufficient stock, nothing more is needed than that they be ample enough, high-coloured enough, though huddled into any case (Novel, Tragedy, or Metrical Romance) that will hold it all? Nevertheless this is agglomeration, not creation; and avails little in Literature. Quantity, it is a certain fact, will *not* make up for defect of quality; nor are the gayest hues of any service, unless there be a likeness painted from them. Better were it for *König Ottokar* had the story been twice as short, and twice as expressive. For it is still true, as in Cervantes' time, *nunca lo bueno fué mucho*. What avails the dram of brandy while it swims chemically united with its barrel of wert? Let the distiller pass it and repress it through his limbecks; for it is the drops of pure alcohol that we want, not the gallons of water, which may be had in every ditch.

On the whole, however, we remember *König Ottokar* without animosity; and to prove that Grillparzer, if he could not make it poetical, might have made it less prosaic, and has in fact something better in him than is here manifested, we shall quote one passage, which strikes us as really rather sweet and natural. King Ottokar is in the last of his fields, no prospect before him but death or captivity; and soliloquizing on his past misdeeds:—

I have not borne me wisely in thy World,
Thou great, all-judging God! Like storm and tempest,
I travers'd

I travers'd thy fair garden, wasting it :
 'Tis thine to waste, for thou alone canst heal.
 Was evil not my aim, yet how did I,
 Poor worm, presume to ape the Lord of Worlds,
 And thro' the Bad seek out a way to the Good !

My fellow man, sent thither for his joy,
 An End, a Self, within thy World a World,—
 For thou hast fashion'd him a marvellous work,
 With lofty brow, erect in look, strange sense,
 And cloth'd him in the garment of thy Beauty,
 And wondrously encircled him with wonders ;
 He hears, and sees, and feels, has pain and pleasure :
 He takes him food, and cunning powers come forth,
 And work and work, within their secret chambers,
 And build him up his House : no royal Palace
 Is comparable to the frame of Man !
 And I have cast them forth from me by thousands,
 For whims, as men throw rubbish from their door.
 And none of all these slain but had a Mother
 Who, as she bore him in sore travail,
 Had clasp'd him fondly to her fostering breast ;
 A Father who had bless'd him as his pride,
 And nurturing, watched over him long years :
 If he but hurt the skin upon his finger,
 There would they run, with anxious look, to bind it,
 And tend it, cheering him, until it healed ;
 And it was but a finger, the skin o' the finger !
 And I have trod men down in heaps and squadrons,
 For the stern iron open'd out a way
 To their warm living hearts.—O God !
 Wilt thou go into judgment with me, spare
 My suffering people.

König Ottokar. 180—1.

Passages of this sort, scattered here and there over Grillparzer's Plays, and evincing at least an amiable tenderness of natural disposition, make us regret the more to condemn him. In fact, we have hopes that he is not born to be for ever a Playwright. A true though feeble vein of poetic talent he really seems to possess ; and such purity of heart as may yet, with assiduous study, lead him into his proper field. For we do reckon him a conscientious man, and honest lover of Art : nay this incessant fluctuation in his dramatic schemes is itself a good omen. Besides this *Ahnfrau* and *Ottokar*, he has written two Dramas, *Sappho* and *Der Goldene Vliess* (The Golden Fleece), on quite another principle ; aiming apparently at some Classic model, or at least at some French reflect of such a model.

a model. *Sappho*, which we are sorry to learn is not his last piece, but his second, appears to us very considerably the most faultless production of his we are yet acquainted with. There is a degree of grace and simplicity in it, a softness, polish and general good taste, little to be expected from the Author of the *Ahnfrau*: if he cannot bring out the full tragic meaning of Sappho's situation, he contrives, with laudable dexterity, to avoid the ridicule that lies within a single step of it; his Drama is weak and thin, but innocent, loveable;—nay the last scene strikes us as even poetically meritorious. His *Goldene Vlies* we suspect to be of similar character, but have not yet found time and patience to study it. We repeat our hope of one day meeting Grillparzer in a more honourable calling than this of Playwright, or even fourth-rate Dramatist; which titles, as was said above, we have not given him without regret; and shall be truly glad to cancel for whatever better one he may yet chance to merit.

But if we felt a certain reluctance in classing Grillparzer among the Playwrights, no such feeling can have place with regard to the second name on our list, that of Doctor August Klingemann. Dr. Klingemann is one of the most indisputable Playwrights now extant: nay so superlative is his vigour in this department, we might even designate him *the* Playwright. His manner of proceeding is quite different from Grillparzer's; not a wavering over-charged method, or combination of methods, as the other's was; but a fixed principle of action, which he follows with unflinching courage; his own mind being, to all appearance, highly satisfied with it. If Grillparzer attempted to overpower us, now by the method of Fate, now by that of pompous action, and grandiloquent or lachrymose sentiment, heaped on us in too rich abundance, Klingemann, without neglecting any of these resources, seems to place his chief dependence on a surer and readier stay: on his magazines of rosin, oil-paper, vizards, scarlet-drapery, and gunpowder. What thunder and lightning, magic-lantern transparencies, death's-heads, fire-showers, and plush cloaks can do,—is here done. Abundance of churchyard and chapel scenes, in the most tempestuous weather; to say nothing of battle-fields; gleams of scoured arms here and there in the wood, and even occasional shots heard in the distance. Then there are such scowls and malignant side-glances, ashy palenesses, stampings, and hysterics, as might, one would think, wring the toughest bosom into drops of pity. For not only are the looks and gestures of these people of the most heart-rending description, but their words and feelings also (for Klingemann is no half-artist)

artist) are of a piece with them: gorgeous inflations, the purest innocence, highest magnanimity; godlike sentiment of all sorts; everywhere the finest tragic humour. The moral too is genuine; there is the most anxious regard to virtue; indeed a distinct patronage both of Providence and the Devil. In this manner, does Dr. Klingemann compound his dramatic electuaries, no less cunningly than Dr. Kitchener did his 'peptic persuaders;' and truly of the former we must say, that their operation is nowise unpleasant; nay, to our shame be it spoken, we have even read these Plays with a certain degree of satisfaction; and shall declare that if any man wish to amuse himself irrationally, here is the ware for his money.

Klingemann's latest dramatic undertaking is *Ahasuer*; a purely original invention, on which he seems to pique himself somewhat; confessing his opinion that, now when the 'birth-pains' are over, the character of *Ahasuer* may possibly do good service in many a future drama. We are not prophets, or sons of prophets; so shall leave this prediction resting on its own basis. *Ahasuer*, the reader will be interested to learn, is no other than the wandering Jew or Shoemaker of Jerusalem, concerning whom there are two things to be remarked. The first is the strange name of this Shoemaker: why do Klingemann and all the Germans call the man *Ahasuer*, when his authentic Christian name is John; *Joannes a Temporibus Christi*, or for brevity's sake, simply *Joannes a Temporibus*? This should be looked into. Our second remark is of the circumstance that no Historian or Narrator, neither Schiller, Strada, Thuanus, Monro, nor Dugald Dalgetty, makes any mention of *Ahasuer's* having been present at the Battle of Lützen. Possibly they thought the fact too notorious to need mention. Here, at all events, he was; nay, as we infer, he must have been at Waterloo also; and probably at Trafalgar, though in which Fleet is not so clear; for he takes a hand in all great battles and national emergencies, at least is witness of them, being bound to it by his destiny. Such is the peculiar occupation of the wandering Jew, as brought to light in this Tragedy: his other specialties; that he cannot lodge above three nights in one place; that he is of a melancholic temperament; above all, that he cannot die, not by hemp or steel, or Prussic acid itself, but must travel on till the general consummation, are familiar to all historical readers. *Ahasuer's* task at this Battle of Lützen seems to have been a very easy one: simply to see the Lion of the North brought down; not by a cannon-shot, as is generally believed, but by the traitorous pistol-bullet of one Heiny von Warth, a bigotted Catholic, who had pretended

tended to desert from the Imperialists, that he might find some such opportunity. Unfortunately, Heinyn, directly after this feat, falls into a sleepless, half-rabid state; comes home to Castle Warth, frightens his poor wife and worthy old noodle of a Father; then skulks about, for some time, now praying, oftener cursing and swearing; till at length the Swedes lay hold of him and kill him. Ahasuer, as usual, is in at the death: in the interim, however, he has saved Lady Heinyn from drowning, though as good as poisoned her with the look of his strange stony eyes; and now his business to all appearance being over, he signifies in strong language that he must begone; thereupon, he "steps solemnly into the wood; Wasaburg looks after him surprised; the rest kneel round the corpse; the *Requiem* faintly continues;" and what is still more surprising, "the curtain falls." Such is the simple action and stern catastrophe of this Tragedy; concerning which it were superfluous for us to speak farther in the way of criticism. We shall only add that there is a dreadful lithographic print in it, representing 'Ludwig Derrient as Ahasuer,' in that very act of 'stepping solemnly into the wood;' and uttering these final words: '*Ich aber wandle weiter—weiter—weiter!*' We have heard of Herr Derrient as of the best actor in Germany; and can now bear testimony, if there be truth in this plate, that he is one of the ablest-bodied men. A most truculent, rawboned figure, 'with bare legs and red leather shoes;' huge black beard; eyes turned inside out; and uttering these extraordinary words:—'But I go on—on—on!'

Now, however, we must give a glance at Klingemann's other chief performance in this line, the tragedy of *Faust*. Dr. Klingemann admits that the subject has been often treated; that Goethe's *Faust* in particular has 'dramatic points' (*dramatische momente*): but the business is to give it an entire dramatic superficies, to make it an *acht dramatische*, a 'genuinely' dramatic tragedy. Setting out with this laudable intention, Dr. Klingemann has produced a *Faust*, which differs from that of Goethe in more than one particular. The hero of this piece is not the old Faust, doctor in philosophy; driven desperate by the uncertainty of human knowledge: but plain John Faust, the printer, and even the inventor of gunpowder; driven desperate by his ambitious temper, and a total deficiency of cash. He has an excellent wife, an excellent blind father, both of whom would fain have him be peaceable, and work at his trade; but being an adept in the black art, he determines rather to relieve himself in that way. Accordingly, he proceeds to make a contract with the Devil, on what we should consider pretty advantageous terms;

terms; the devil being bound to serve him in the most effectual manner, and Faust at liberty to commit *four* mortal sins before any hair of his head can be harmed. However, as will be seen, the devil proves Yorkshire; and Faust naturally enough finds himself quite jockeyed in the long run.

Another characteristic distinction of Klingemann is his manner of embodying this same Evil Principle, when at last he resolves on introducing him to sight; for all these contracts and preliminary matters are very properly managed behind the scenes; only the main points of the transaction being indicated to the spectator by some thunder-clap, or the like. Here is no cold mocking Mephistopheles; but a swaggering, jovial, West-India-looking 'Stranger,' with a rubicund, indeed quite brick-coloured face, which Faust at first mistakes for the effect of hard drinking. However, it is a remarkable feature of this Stranger, that always on the introduction of any religious topic, or the mention of any sacred name, he strikes his glass down on the table, and generally breaks it.

For some time, after his grand bargain, Faust's affairs go on triumphantly, on the great scale, and he seems to feel pretty comfortable. But the Stranger shows him 'his wife,' Helena, the most enchanting creature in the world; and the most cruel-hearted,—for notwithstanding the easy temper of her husband, she will not grant Faust the smallest encouragement, till he have killed Käthe, his own living helpmate, against whom he entertains no manner of grudge. Nevertheless, reflecting that he has a stock of four mortal sins to draw upon, and may well venture one for such a prize, he determines on killing Käthe. But here matters take a bad turn; for having poisoned poor Käthe, he discovers, most unexpectedly, that she is in the family way; and therefore that he has committed not one sin but two! Nay, before the interment can take place, he is farther reduced, in a sort of accidental self-defence, to kill his father; thus accomplishing his third mortal sin; with which third, as we shall presently discover, his whole allotment is exhausted, a fourth, that he knew not of, being already on the score against him! From this point, it cannot but surprise us that bad grows worse: catchpoles are out in pursuit of him, 'black masks' dance round him in a most suspicious manner, the brick-faced stranger seems to laugh at him, and Helena will nowhere make her appearance. That the sympathising reader may see with his own eyes how poor Faust is beset at this juncture, we shall quote a scene or two. The first may, properly enough, be that of those 'black masks.'

SCENE

SCENE SEVENTH. *A lighted Hall.*

(*In the distance is heard quick dancing-music. Masks pass from time to time over the Stage, but all dressed in black, and with vizards perfectly close. After a pause, FAUST plunges wildly in, with a full goblet in his hand.*)

FAUST. (*Rushing stormfully into the foreground.*)

Ha! Poison, 'stead of wine, that I intoxicate me!

Your wine makes sober—burning fire bring us!

Off with your drink!—and blood is in it too!

(*Shuddering, he dashes the goblet from his hand.*)

My father's blood—I've drunk my fill of that!

(*With increasing tumult.*)

Yet curses on him! curses, that he begot me!

Curse on my mother's bosom, that it bore me!

Curse on the gossip crone that stood by her,

And did not strangle me, at my first scream!

How could I help this being that was given me?

Accursed art thou, Nature, that hast mock'd me!

Accursed I, that let myself be mock'd!—

And thou, strong Being, that to make thee sport,

Enclosedst the fire-soul in this dungeon,

That so despairing it might strive for freedom—

Accur. . . . (*He shrinks terror-struck.*)

No, not the fourth. . . . the blackest sin!

No! No!

(*In the excess of his outbreking anguish, he hides his face in his hands.*)

O, I am altogether wretched!

(*Three black Masks come towards him.*)

FIRST MASK. Hey! merry friend!

SEC. MASK. Hey! merry brother!

THIRD MASK. (*Reiterating with a cutting tone.*) Merry!

FAUST. (*Breaking out in wild humour, and looking round among them.*)

Hey! Merry, then!

FIRST MASK. Will any one catch flies?

SECOND MASK. A long life yet; to midnight all the way!

THIRD MASK. And after that, such pleasure without end!

(*The music suddenly ceases, and a clock strikes thrice.*)

FAUST. (*Astonished.*) What is it?

FIRST MASK. Wants a quarter, Sir, of twelve!

SECOND MASK. Then we have time!

THIRD MASK. Aye, time enough for jiggling!

FIRST MASK. And not till midnight comes the shot to pay!

FAUST. (*Shuddering.*) What want ye?

FIRST MASK. (*Clasps his hand abruptly.*) Hey! To dance a step with thee!

FAUST.

FAUST. (*Plucks his hand back.*)

Off!—Fire!!

FIRST MASK. Tush! A spark or so of brimstone!

SECOND MASK. Art' dreaming, brother?

THIRD MASK. Holla! Music, there!

(*The music begins again in the distance.*)

FIRST MASK. (*Secretly laughing.*)

The spleen is biting him!

SECOND MASK. Hark! at the gallows,

What jovial footing of it!

THIRD MASK. Thither must I! (*Exit.*)

FIRST MASK. Below, too! down in Purgatory! Hear ye?

SECOND MASK. A stirring there? 'Tis time, then! Hui, your servant!

FIRST MASK. (*To Faust.*) Till midnight!

(*Exeunt both Masks hastily.*)

FAUST. (*Clasping his brow.*) Ha! What begets me here?

(*Stepping vehemently forward.*)

Down with your masks! (*Violent knocking without.*)

What horrid uproar, next!

Is madness coming on me?—

VOICE. (*Violently, from without.*) Open, in the king's name!

(*The music ceases. Thunderclap.*)

FAUST. (*Staggering back.*)

I have a heavy dream!—Sure, 'tis not doomsday?

VOICE. (*As before.*) Here is the murderer! Open! open, then!

FAUST. (*Wipes his brow.*) Has agony unmanned me?—

EIGHTH SCENE.

BAILIFFS.

Where is he? where?—

From these merely terrestrial constables, the jovial Stranger easily delivers Faust: but now comes the long-looked-for tête-à-tête with Helena.

' SCENE TWELFTH.

(*FAUST leads HELENA on the stage. She also is close-masked. The other Masks withdraw.*)

FAUST. (*Warm and glowing.*) No longer strive, proud beauty!

HELENA. Ha, wild stormer!

FAUST. My bosom burns—!

HELENA. The time is not yet come.—

—And so forth, through four pages of flame and ice, till at last,

' FAUST (*insisting.*) Off with the mask, then!

HELENA (*still wilder.*) Hey! the marriage-hour!

FAUST. Off with the mask!!

HELENA. 'Tis striking!!

FAUST. One kiss!

HELENA. Take it!!

(*The*

(The mask and head-dress fall from her; and she grins at him from a death's-head: loud thunder; and the music ends, as with a shriek, in dissonances.)

FAUST (staggers back.) O Horror!—woe!

HELENA.

The couch is ready, there!

Come, Bridegroom, to thy fire-nuptials!

(She sinks, with a crashing thunderpeal, into the ground, out of which issue flames.)'

All this is bad enough; but mere child's-play to the 'Thirteenth Scene,' the last of this strange eventful history; with some parts of which we propose to send our readers weeping to their beds.

'THIRTEENTH SCENE.

(The STRANGER huris FAUST, whose face is deadly-pale, back to the stage, by the hair.)

FAUST. Ha, let me fly!—Come! Come!—

STRANGER. *(with wild thundering tone.)*

'Tis over now!

FAUST. That horrid visage!—*(throwing himself, in a tremor, on the STRANGER's breast.)* Thou art my Friend!

Protect me!!

STRANGER *(laughing aloud.)* Ha! ha! ha!

* * * *

FAUST.

O, save me!!

STRANGER *(clutches him with irresistible force; whirls him round, so that FAUST's face is towards the spectators, whilst his own is turned away; and thus he looks at him, and bawls with thundering voice:)*

'Tis I!!—*(A CLAP OF THUNDER. FAUST, with gestures of deepest horror, rushes to the ground, uttering an inarticulate cry. The other, after a pause, continues, with cutting coolness:)*

Is that the mighty Hell-subduer,
That threatened me?—Ha, ME!! *(with highest contempt.)*
Worm of the dust!

I had reserved thy torment for—myself!!—

Descend to other hands, be sport for slaves—

Thou art too small for me!!

FAUST *(rises erect, and seems to recover his strength.)*

Am I not Faust?

STRANGER. Thou, no!

FAUST *(rising in his whole vehemence.)*

Accursed! Ha, I am! I am!

Down at my feet!—I am thy master!

STRANGER. No more!!

FAUST *(wildly.)* More? Ha! My Bargain?!

STRANGER.

Is concluded!!

FAUST. Three mortal sins.—

STRANGER,

STRANGER. The Fourth too is committed!

FAUST. My wife, my child—and my old Father's blood—!

STRANGER. (*holds up a Parchment to him.*)

And here thy own!—

FAUST. That is my covenant!

STRANGER. This signature—was thy most damning sin!

FAUST (*raging.*) Ha, spirit of lies!! &c. &c.

* * * * *

STRANGER (*in highest fury.*) Down, thou accursed!

(*He drags him by the hair towards the background; at this moment, amid violent thunder and lightning the scene changes into a horrid wilderness; in the background of which, a yawning Chasm: into this the Devil hurls Faust; on all sides Fire rains down, so that the whole interior of the Cavern seems burning: a black veil descends over both, so soon as Faust is got under.*)

FAUST. (*huzzaing in wild defiance.*) Ha, down! Down!

(*Thunder, lightning, and fire. Both sink. The Curtain falls.*)

On considering all which supernatural transactions, the bewildered reader has no theory for it, except that Faust must, in Dr. Cabanis' phrase, have laboured under 'obstructions in the epigastric region,' and all this of the Devil, and Helena, and so much murder and carousing, have been nothing but a waking dream or other atrabilious phantasm; and regrets that the poor Printer had not rather applied to some Abernethy on the subject, or even, by one sufficient dose of Epsom-salt, on his own prescription, have put an end to the whole matter, and restored himself to the bosom of his afflicted family.

Such, then, for Dr. Klingemann's part, is his method of constructing Tragedies; to which method it may perhaps be objected that there is a want of originality in it; for do not our own British Playwrights follow precisely the same plan? We might answer that, if not his plan, at least, his infinitely superior execution of it, must distinguish Klingemann: but we rather think, his claim to originality rests on a different ground. On the ground, namely, of his entire contentment with himself and with this his dramaturgy; and the cool heroism with which, on all occasions, he avows that contentment. Here is no poor, cowering, underfoot Playwright, begging the public for God's sake not to give him the whipping which he deserves; but a bold perpendicular Playwright, avowing himself as such; nay mounted on the top of his joinery, and therefrom exercising a sharp critical superintendence over the German Drama generally. Klingemann, we understand, has lately executed a theatrical Tour, as Don Quixote did various Sallies; and thrown stones into most German Playhouses, and at various German Playwrights;

Playwriters; of which we have seen only his assault on Tieck; a feat comparable perhaps to that 'never-imagined adventure of the Windmills.' Fortune, it is said, favours the brave; and the prayer of Burns's Kilmarnock weaver is not always unheard of Heaven. In conclusion we congratulate Doctor Klingemann on his Manager-dignity in the Dresden Theatre; a post he seems made for, almost as Bardolph was for the Eastcheap waitership.

But now, like his own Ahasuer, Doctor Klingemann must 'go on — on — on:' for another and greater Doctor has been kept too long waiting, whose seven beautiful volumes of *Dramatische Werke* might well secure him a better fate. Dr. Müllner, of all these Playwrights, is the best known in England; some of his works have even, we believe, been translated into our language. In his own country, his fame, or at least notoriety, is also supreme over all: no Playwright of this age makes such a noise as Müllner; nay, many there are who affirm that he is something far better than a Playwright. Critics of the sixth and lower magnitudes, in every corner of Germany, have put the question a thousand times: Whether Müllner is not a Poet and Dramatist? To which question, as the higher authorities maintain an obstinate silence, or if much pressed, reply only in groans, these sixth-magnitude men have been obliged to make answer themselves; and they have done it with an emphasis and vociferation calculated to dispel all remaining doubts in the minds of men. In Müllner's mind at least they have left little; a conviction the more excusable, as the playgoing vulgar seem to be almost unanimous in sharing it; and thunders of applause, nightly through so many theatres, return him loud acclaim. Such renown is pleasant food for the hungry appetite of a man, and naturally he rolls it as a sweet morsel under his tongue: but after all, it can profit him but little; nay, many times, what is sugar to the taste may be sugar-of-lead when it is swallowed. Better were it for Müllner, we think, had fainter thunders of applause, and from fewer theatres greeted him. For what good is in it, even were there is no evil? Though a thousand caps leap into the air at his name, his own stature is no hair's breadth higher; neither even can the final estimate of its height be thereby in the smallest degree enlarged. From gainsayers these greetings provoke only a stricter scrutiny; the matter comes to be accurately known at last; and he who has been treated with foolish liberality at one period, must make up for it by the want of bare necessities at another. No one will deny that Müllner is a person of some considerable talent: we understand

stand, he is, or was once, a Lawyer; and can believe that he may have acted, and talked, and written, very prettily in that capacity: but to set up for a Poet was quite a different enterprise, in which we reckon that he has altogether mistaken his road, and these mob-cheers have led him farther and farther astray.

Several years ago, on the faith of very earnest recommendation, it was our lot to read one of Dr. Müllner's Tragedies, the *Albanäserinn*; with which, such was its effect on us, we could willingly enough have terminated our acquaintance with Dr. Müllner. A palpable imitation of Schiller's *Braut von Messina*; without any philosophy or feeling that was not either perfectly commonplace or perfectly false, often both the one and the other; inflated indeed into a certain hollow bulk, but altogether without greatness; being built throughout on mere rant and clangour, and other elements of the most indubitable Prose: such a work could not but be satisfactory to us respecting Dr. Müllner's genius as a Poet; and time being precious, and the world wide enough, we had privately determined that we and Dr. Müllner were each henceforth to pursue his own course. Nevertheless, so considerable has been the progress of our worthy friend, since then, both at home and abroad, that his labours are again forced on our notice; for we reckon the existence of a true Poet in any country to be so important a fact, that even the slight probability of such is worthy of investigation. Accordingly, we have again perused the *Albanäserinn*, and along with it, faithfully examined the whole Dramatic works of Müllner, published in seven volumes, on beautiful paper, in small shape, and every way very fit for handling. The whole tragic works, we should rather say: for three or four of his comic performances sufficiently contented us; and some two volumes of farces, we confess, are still unread. We have also carefully gone through, and with much less difficulty, the Prefaces, Appendixes, and other prose sheets, wherein the Author exhibits the '*fata libelli*,' defends himself from unjust criticisms, reports just ones, or himself makes such. The toils of this task we shall not magnify, well knowing that man's life is a fight throughout; only having now gathered what light is to be had on this matter, we proceed to speak forth our verdict thereon; fondly hoping that we shall then have done with it, for an indefinite period of time.

Dr. Müllner, then, we must take liberty to believe, in spite of all that has been said or sung on the subject, is no Dramatist; has never written a Tragedy, and in all human probability,

bility, will never write one. Grounds for this harsh, negative opinion, did the 'burden of proof' lie chiefly on our side, we might state in extreme abundance. There is one ground, however, which, if our observation be correct, would virtually include all the rest. Dr. Müllner's whole soul and character, to the deepest root we can trace of it, seems prosaic, not poetical; his Dramas, therefore, like whatever else he produces, must be manufactured, not created; nay we think that his principle of manufacture is itself rather a poor and second-hand one. Vain were it for any reader to search in these seven volumes for an opinion any deeper or clearer, a sentiment any finer or higher, than may conveniently belong to the commonest practising advocate: except stilted heroics, which the man himself half knows to be false, and every other man easily waives aside, there is nothing here to disturb the quiescence of either heart or head. This man is a *Doctor Utriusque Juris*, most probably of good juristic talent; and nothing more whatever. His language too, all accurately measured into feet, and good current German, so far as a foreigner may judge, bears similar testimony. Except the rhyme and metre it exhibits no poetical symptom: without being verbose, it is essentially meagre and watery; no idiomatic expressiveness, no melody, no virtue of any kind; the commonest vehicle for the commonest meaning. Not that our Doctor is destitute of metaphors and other rhetorical furtherances; but that these also are of the most trivial character: old threadbare material, scoured up into a state of shabby-gentility; mostly turning on 'light' and 'darkness;' 'flashes through clouds,' 'fire of heart,' 'tempest of soul,' and the like, which can profit no man or woman. In short, we must repeat it, Dr. Müllner has yet to show that there is any particle of poetic metal in him; that his genius is other than a sober clay-pit, from which good bricks may be made; but where, to look for gold or diamonds were sheer waste of labour.

When we think of our own Maturin and Sheridan Knowles, and the gala-day of popularity which they also once enjoyed with us, we can be at no loss for the genus under which Dr. Müllner is to be included in critical physiology. Nevertheless, in marking him as a distinct Playwright, we are bound to mention that in general intellectual talent he shows himself very considerably superior to his two German brethren. He has a much better taste than Klingemann; rejecting the aid of plush and gunpowder, we may say altogether; is even at the pains to rhyme great part of his Tragedies; and on the whole, writes with a certain care and decorous composure, to

which the Dresden Manager seems totally indifferent. Moreover, he appears to surpass Grillparzer, as well as Klingemann, in a certain force both of judgment and passion; which indeed is no very mighty affair; Grillparzer being naturally but a treble-pipe in these matters; and Klingemann blowing through such an enormous coach-horn, that the natural note goes for nothing, becomes a mere vibration in that all-subduing volume of sound. At the same time, it is singular enough that neither Grillparzer nor Klingemann should be nearly so tough reading as Müllner, which, however, we declare to be the fact. As to Klingemann, he is even an amusing artist; there is such a briskness and heart in him; so rich is he, nay so exuberant in riches, so full of explosions, fire-flashes, expirations, and all manner of catastrophes: and then, good soul, he asks *no* attention from us, knows his trade better than to dream of asking any. Grillparzer again is a sadder and perhaps a wiser companion; long-winded a little, but peaceable and soft-hearted: his melancholy, even when he pules, is in the highest degree inoffensive, and we can often weep a tear or two *for* him, if not with him. But of all Tragedians, may the indulgent Heavens deliver us from any farther traffic with Dr. Müllner! This is the lukewarm, which we could wish to be either cold or hot. Müllner will not keep us awake, while we read him; yet neither will he, like Klingemann, let us fairly get asleep. Ever and anon, it is as if we came into some smooth quiescent country; and the soul flatters herself that here at last she may be allowed to fall back on her cushions, the eyes meanwhile, like two safe postillions, comfortably conducting her through that flat region, in which are nothing but flax-crops and milestones; and ever and anon some jolt or unexpected noise fatally disturbs her; and looking out, it is no waterfall or mountain chasm, but only the villainous highway, and squalls of October wind. To speak without figure, Dr. Müllner does not seem to us a singularly oppressive writer; and perhaps for this reason: that he hovers *too* near the verge of good writing; ever tempting us with some hope that here is a touch of poetry; and ever disappointing us with a touch of pure Prose. A stately sentiment comes tramping forth with a clank that sounds poetic and heroic: we start in breathless expectation, waiting to reverence the heavenly guest; and, alas, he proves to be but an old stager dressed in new buckram, a stager well known to us, nay often a stager that has already been drummed out of most well-regulated communities. So is it ever with Dr. Müllner: no feeling can be traced much deeper in him than the tongue; or perhaps when we search
more

more strictly, instead of an ideal of beauty, we shall find some vague aim after strength, or in defect of this, after mere size. And yet how cunningly he manages the counterfeit! A most plausible, fair-spoken, close-shaven man; a man whom you must not, for decency's-sake, throw out of the window; and yet you feel that being palpably a Turk in grain, his intents are wicked and not charitable!

But the grand question with regard to Müllner, as with regard to these other Playwrights, is: where lies his peculiar sleight of hand in this craft? Let us endeavour, then, to find out his secret,—his recipe for play-making; and communicate the same for behoof of the British nation. Müllner's recipe is no mysterious one; floats, indeed, on the very surface; might even be taught, one would suppose, on a few trials, to the humblest capacity. Our readers may perhaps recollect Zacharias Werner, and some short allusion, in our First Number, to a highly terrific piece of his, entitled *The Twenty-fourth of February*. A more detailed account of the matter may be found in Madame de Staël's *Allemagne*; in the Chapter which treats of that infatuated Zacharias generally. It is a story of a Swiss peasant and bankrupt, called Kurt Kuruh, if we mistake not; and of his wife, and a rich travelling stranger, lodged with them; which latter is, in the night of the Twenty-fourth of February, wilfully and feloniously murdered by the two former, and proves himself in the act of dying to be their own only son, who had returned home to make them all comfortable, could they only have had a little patience. But the foul deed is already accomplished, with a rusty knife or scythe; and nothing of course remains but for the whole batch to go to perdition. For it was written, as the Arabs say, 'on the iron leaf:' these Kuruhs are doomed men; old Kuruh, the grandfather, had committed some sin or other; for which, like the sons of Atreus, his descendants are 'prosecuted with the utmost rigour:' nay, so punctilious is Destiny, that this very Twenty-fourth of February, the day when that old sin was enacted, is still a fatal day with the family; and this very knife or scythe, the criminal tool on that former occasion, is ever the instrument of new crime and punishment; the Kuruhs, during all that half century, never having carried it to the smithy to make hobnails; but kept it hanging on a peg, most injudiciously we think, almost as a sort of bait and bonus to Satan, a ready-made fulcrum for whatever machinery he might bring to bear against them. This is the tragic lesson taught in Werner's *Twenty-fourth of February*; and, as the whole *dramatis personæ* are either stuck through with

with old iron, or hanged in hemp, it is surely taught with some considerable emphasis.

Werner's Play was brought out at Weimar, in 1809; under the direction or permission, as he brags, of the great Goethe himself; and seems to have produced no faint impression on a discerning public. It is, in fact, a piece nowise destitute of substance and a certain coarse vigour; and if any one has so obstinate a heart that he must absolutely stand in a slaughter-house, or within wind of the gallows before tears will come, it may have a very comfortable effect on him. One symptom of merit it must be admitted to exhibit,—an adaptation to the general taste; for the small fibre of originality, which exists here, has already shot forth into a whole wood of imitations. We understand that the Fate-line is now quite an established branch of dramatic business in Germany: they have their Fate-dramatists, just as we have our gingham-weavers, and inkle-weavers. Of this Fate-manufacture we have already seen one sample in Grillparzer's *Ahnfrau*: but by far the most extensive Fate-manufacturer, the head and prince of all Fate-dramatists, is the Doctor Müllner, at present under consideration. Müllner deals in Fate and Fate only; it is the basis and staple of his whole tragedy-goods: cut off this one principle, you annihilate his raw material, and he can manufacture no more.

Müllner acknowledges his obligations to Werner; but, we think, not half warmly enough. Werner was in fact the making of him; great as he has now become, our Doctor is nothing but a mere misletoe growing from that poor oak, itself already half-dead; had there been no *Twenty-fourth of February*, there were then no *Twenty-ninth of February*, no *Schuld*, no *Albanäserinn*, most probably no *König Yngurd*. For the reader is to understand that Dr. Müllner, already a middle-aged, and as yet a perfectly undramatic man, began business with a direct copy of this *Twenty-fourth*; a thing proceeding by Destiny, and ending in murder, by a knife or scythe, as in the Kuruh case; with one improvement, indeed, that there was a grinding-stone introduced into the scene, and the spectator had the satisfaction of seeing the knife previously whetted. The Author too was honest enough publicly to admit his imitation; for he named this Play, the *Twenty-ninth of February*; and, in his Preface, gave thanks, though somewhat reluctantly, to Werner, as to his master and originator. For some inscrutable reason, this *Twenty-ninth* was not sent to the green-grocer, but became popular: there was even the weakest of parodies written on it, entitled *Eumenides Dister* (*Eumenides Gloomy*), which Müllner has reprinted; there was likewise
‘a wish

'a wish expressed' that the termination might be made joyous, not grievous; with which wish also the indefatigable wright has complied; and so, for the benefit of weak nerves, we have the *Wahn* (Delusion), which still ends in tears, but glad ones. In short, our Doctor has a peculiar merit with this *Twenty-ninth* of his; for who but he could have cut a second and a third face on the same cherry-stone, said cherrystone having first to be borrowed, or indeed half-stolen?

At this point, however, Dr. Müllner apparently began to set up for himself; and ever henceforth he endeavours to persuade his own mind and ours that his debt to Werner terminates here. Nevertheless clear it is that fresh debt was every day contracting. For had not this one Wernerean idea taken complete hold of the Doctor's mind,—so that he was not only quite possessed with it, but had, we might say, no other tragic idea whatever? That a man, on a certain day of the month, shall fall into crime; for which an invisible Fate shall silently pursue him; punishing the transgression, most probably on the same day of the month, annually (unless, as in the *Twenty-ninth*, it be leap-year, and Fate in this may be, to a certain extent, bilked); and never resting till the poor wight himself, and perhaps his last descendant, shall be swept away with the besom of destruction: such, more or less disguised, frequently without any disguise, is the tragic essence, the vital principle, natural or galvanic we are not deciding, of all Dr. Müllner's Dramas. Thus, in that everlasting *Twenty-ninth of February*, we have the principle in its naked state: some old Woodcutter or Forester has fallen into deadly sin with his wife's sister, long ago, on that intercalary day; and so his whole progeny must, wittingly or unwittingly, proceed in incest and murder; the day of the catastrophe regularly occurring, every four years, on that same *Twenty-ninth*; till happily the whole are murdered, and there is an end. So likewise in the *Schuld* (Guilt), a much more ambitious performance, we have exactly the same doctrine of an anniversary; and the interest once more turns on that delicate business of murder and incest. In the *Albanäserinn* (Fair Albanese), again, which may have the credit, such as it is, of being Müllner's best Play, we find the Fate-theory a little coloured; as if the drug had begun to disgust, and the Doctor would hide it in a spoonful of syrup: it is a dying man's curse that operates on the criminal; which curse, being strengthened by a sin of very old standing in the family of the cursee, takes singular effect; the parties only weathering parricide, fratricide, and the old story of incest, by two self-banishments, and two very

very decisive self-murders. Nay, it seems as if our Doctor positively could not act at all without this Fate-panacea: in *König Yngurd*, we might almost think that he had made such an attempt, and found that it would not do. This König Yngurd, an imaginary Peasant-King of Norway, is meant, as we are kindly informed, to present us with some adumbration of Napoleon Bonaparte; and truly, for the two or three first Acts, he goes along with no small gallantry, in what drill-sergeants call a dashing or swashing style; a very virtuous kind of man, and as bold as Ruy Diaz or any other Christian: when suddenly in the middle of a battle, far on in the Play, he is seized with some caprice, or whimsical qualm; retires to a solitary place, among rocks, and there, in the most gratuitous manner, delivers himself over, *viva voce*, to the Devil; who indeed does not appear personally to taken seisin of him, but yet, as afterwards comes to light, has with great readiness accepted the gift. For now Yngurd grows dreadfully sulky and wicked, does little henceforth but bully men and kill them; till at length, the measure of his iniquities being full, he himself is bullied and killed; and the Author, carried through by this his sovereign tragic elixir, contrary to expectation, terminates his piece with reasonable comfort.

This, then, is Dr. Müllner's dramatic mystery; this is the one patent hook by which he would hang his clay tragedies on the upper spiritual world; and so establish for himself a free communication, almost as if by block-and-tackle, between the visible Prose Earth and the invisible Poetic Heaven. The greater or less merit of this his invention, or rather improvement, for Werner is the real patentee, has given rise, we understand, to extensive argument. The small deer of criticism seem to be much divided in opinion on this point; and the higher orders, as we have stated, declining to throw any light whatever on it, the subject is still mooted with great animation. For our own share, we confess that we incline to rank it as a recipe for dramatic tears, a shade higher than the Page's split onion in the *Taming of the Shrew*. Craftily hid in the handkerchief, this onion was sufficient for the deception of Christopher Sly; in that way attaining its object; which, also, the Fate-invention seems to have done with the Christopher Slys of Germany, and these not one but many, and therefore somewhat harder to deceive. To this onion-superiority we think Dr. M. is fairly entitled; and with this it were, perhaps, good for him that he remained content.)

Dr. Müllner's Fate-scheme has been attacked by certain of his traducers on the score of its hostility to the Christian religion.

gion. Languishing, indeed, should we reckon the condition of the Christian religion to be, could Dr. Müllner's play-joinery produce any perceptible effect on it. Nevertheless, we may remark, since the matter is in hand, that this business of Fate does seem to us nowise a Christian doctrine; not even a Mahometan or Heathen one. The *Fate* of the Greeks, though a false, was a lofty hypothesis, and harmonized sufficiently with the whole sensual and material structure of their theology: a ground of deepest black, on which that gorgeous phantasmagoria was fitly enough painted. Besides, with them, the avenging Power dwelt, at least in its visible manifestations, among the high places of the earth; visiting only kingly houses, and world's criminals, from whom it might be supposed the world, but for such miraculous interferences, could have exacted no vengeance, or found no protection and purification. Never, that we recollect of, did the Erinnyes become mere sheriffs-officers, and Fate a justice of the peace, haling poor drudges to the treadmill for robbery of henroosts, or scattering the earth with steel-traps to keep down poaching. And *what* has all this to do with the revealed Providence of these days; that power whose path is emphatically through the great deep; his doings and plans manifested, in completeness, not by the year, or by the century, on individuals or on nations, but stretching through eternity, and over the infinitude which he rules and sustains?

But there needs no recourse to theological arguments for judging this Fate-tenet of Dr. Müllner's. Its value, as a dramatic principle, may be estimated, it seems to us, by this one consideration: that in these days no person of either sex in the slightest degree believes it; that Dr. Müllner himself does not believe it. We are not contending that fiction should become fact, or that no dramatic incident is genuine unless it could be sworn to before a jury; but simply that fiction should not be falsehood and delirium. How shall any one, in the drama, or in poetry of any sort, present a consistent philosophy of life, which is the soul and ultimate essence of all poetry, if he and every mortal knew that the whole moral basis of his ideal world is a lie? And is it other than a lie that man's life is, was, or could be, grounded on this pettifogging principle of a Fate that pursues woodcutters and cowherds with miraculous visitations, on stated days of the month, can we, with any profit, hold the mirror up to Nature in this wise? When our mirror is no mirror, but only as it were a nursery saucepan, and that long since grown rusty?

We might add, were it of any moment in this case, that we reckon Dr. Müllner's tragic knack altogether insufficient for a still

still more comprehensive reason; simply for the reason that it is a knack, a recipe, or secret of the craft, which, could it be never so excellent, must by repeated use degenerate into a mannerism, and therefore into a nuisance. But herein lies the difference between creation and manufacture: the latter has its manipulations, its secret processes, which can be learned by apprenticeship; the former has not. For in poetry we have heard of no secret possessing the smallest effectual virtue, except this one general secret: that the poet be a man of a purer, higher, richer nature than other men; which higher nature shall itself, after earnest inquiry, have taught him the proper form for embodying its inspirations, as indeed the imperishable beauty of these will shine, with more or less distinctness, through any form whatever.

Had Dr. Müllner any visible pretension to this last great secret, it might be a duty to dwell longer and more gravely on his minor ones, however false and poor. As he has no such pretension, it appears to us that for the present we may take our leave. To give any further analysis of his individual dramas would be an easy task, but a stupid and thankless one. A Harrison's watch, though this too is but an earthly machine, may be taken asunder with some prospect of scientific advantage; but who would spend time in screwing and unscrewing the mechanism of ten pepper-mills? Neither shall we offer any extract, as a specimen of the diction and sentiment that reigns in these dramas. We have said already that it is fair, well-ordered stage-sentiment this of his; that the diction too is good, well-scanned, grammatical diction; no fault to be found with either, except that they pretend to be poetry, and are throughout the most unadulterated prose. To exhibit this fact in extracts would be a vain undertaking. Not the few sprigs of heath, but the thousand acres of it, characterise the wilderness. Let any one who covets a trim heath-nosegay clutch at random into Müllner's seven volumes: for ourselves, we would not deal further in that article.

Besides his dramatic labours, Dr. Müllner is known to the public as a journalist. For some considerable time, he has edited a literary newspaper of his own originating, the *Mitternacht-Blatt* (Midnight Paper); stray leaves of which we occasionally look into. In this last capacity, we are happy to observe, he shows to much more advantage: indeed, the journalistic office seems quite natural to him; and would he take any advice from us, which he will not, here were the arena in which, and not in the Fate-drama, he would exclusively continue to fence, for his bread or glory. He is not without a vein of small wit;

wit; a certain degree of drollery there is, and grinning half-ridiculous, half-impudent; he has a fair hand at the feeble sort of lampoon: the German Joe Millers also seem familiar to him, and his skill in the riddle is respectable; so that altogether, as we said, he makes a superior figure in this line, which indeed is but despicably managed in Germany, and his *Mitternacht-Blatt* is, by several degrees, the most readable paper of its kind we meet with in that country. Not that we, in the abstract, much admire Dr. Müllner's newspaper procedure; his style is merely the common tavern-style, familiar enough in our own periodical literature; riotous, blustering, with some tincture of blackguardism; a half-dishonest style, and smells considerably of tobacco and spirituous liquor. Neither do we find that there is the smallest fraction of valuable knowledge or opinion communicated in the Midnight Paper; indeed, except it be the knowledge and opinion that Dr. Müllner is a great dramatist, and that all who presume to think otherwise are insufficient members of society, we cannot charge our memory with having gathered any knowledge from it whatever. It may be too that Dr. Müllner is not perfectly original in his journalistic manner; we have sometimes felt as if his light were, to a certain extent, a borrowed one; a rushlight kindled at the great pitch link of our own *Blackwood's Magazine*. But on this point we cannot take upon us to decide.

One of Müllner's regular journalistic articles is the *Kriegszeitung*, or War-Intelligence, of all the paper-battles, feuds, defiance, and private assassinations, chiefly dramatic, which occur in the more distracted portion of the German Literary Republic. This *Kriegszeitung* Dr. Müllner evidently writes with great gusto, in a lively braggadocio manner, especially when touching on his own exploits; yet to us, it is far the most melancholy part of the *Mitternacht-Blatt*. Alas! this is not what we search for in a German newspaper; how 'Herr Sapphir,' or Herr Carbuncle, or so many other Herren Doutserswivel, are all busily molesting one another! We ourselves are pacific men; make a point 'to shun discrepant circles rather than seek them:' and how sad is it to hear of so many illustrious-obscure persons living in foreign parts, and hear only, what was well known without hearing, that they also are instinct with the spirit of Satan! For what is the bone that these Journalists, in Berlin and elsewhere, are worrying over; what is the ultimate purpose of all this barking and snarling? Sheer love of fight, you would say; simply to make one another's life a little bitterer, as if Fate had not been cross enough to the happiest of them. Were there any perceptible subject of

of dispute, *any* doctrine to advocate, even a false one, it would be something ; but so far as we can discover, whether from Sapphire and Company, or the 'Nabob of Weissenfels,' (our own worthy Doctor,) there is none. And is this their appointed function ; are Editors scattered over the country, and supplied with victuals and fuel, purely to bite one another ? Certainly not. But these Journalists, we think, are like the Academician's colony of spiders. This French virtuoso had found that cobwebs were worth something, could even be woven into silk stockings : whereupon, he exhibits a very handsome pair of cobweb hose to the Academy, is encouraged to proceed with the manufacture, and so collects some half-bushel of spiders, and puts them down in a spacious loft, with every convenience for making silk. But will the vicious creatures spin a thread ? In place of it, they take to fighting with their whole vigour, in contempt of the poor Academician's utmost exertions to part them ; and end not, till there is simply one spider left living, and not a shred of cobweb woven, or thenceforth to be expected ! Could the weavers of paragraphs, like these of the cobweb, fairly exterminate and silence one another, it would perhaps be a little more supportable. But an Editor is made of sterner stuff. In general cases, indeed, when the brains are out, the man will die : but it is a well known fact in Journalistics, that a man may not only live, but support wife and children by his labours, in this line, years after the brain (if there ever was any) has been completely abstracted, or reduced by time and hard usage, into a state of dry powder. What then is to be done ? Is there no end to this brawling ; and will the unprofitable noise endure for ever ? By way of palliative, we have sometimes imagined that a Congress of all German Editors might be appointed, by proclamation, in some central spot, say the Nürnberg Market-place, if it would hold them all : here we would humbly suggest that the whole *Journalistik* might assemble on a given day, and under the eye of proper marshals, sufficiently and satisfactorily horsewhip one another simultaneously, each his neighbour, till the very toughest had enough both of whipping and of being whipped. In this way, it seems probable, little or no injustice would be done ; and each Journalist, cleared of gall, for several months, might return home in a more composed frame of mind, and betake himself with new alacrity to the real duties of his office.

But, enough ! enough ! The humour of these men may be infectious : it is not good for us to be here. Wandering over the Elysian Fields of German Literature, not watching the gloomy discords of its Tartarus, is what we wish to be employed

played in. Let the iron gate again close, and shut in the pallid kingdoms from view: we gladly revisit the upper air. Not in despatch towards the German nation, which we love honestly, have we spoken thus of these its Playwrights and Journalists. Alas! when we look around us at home, we feel too well that the Germans might say to us,—Neighbour, sweep thy own floor! Neither is it with any hope of bettering the existence of these three individual Poetasters, still less with the smallest shadow of wish to make it more miserable, that we have spoken. After all, there must be Playwrights, as we have said; and these are among the best of the class. So long as it pleases them to manufacture in this line, and any body of German Thebans to pay them, in groschen or plaudits, for their ware, let both parties persist in so doing, and fair befall them! But the duty of Foreign Reviewers is of a two-fold sort. For not only are we stationed on the coast of the country, as watchers and spies, to report whatsoever remarkable thing becomes visible in the distance; but we stand there also as a sort of Tide-waiters and Preventive-service men, to contend, with our utmost vigour, that no improper article be landed. These offices, it would seem, as in the material world, so also in the literary and spiritual, usually fall to the lot of aged, invalided, impoverished, or otherwise decayed persons; but that is little to the matter. As true British subjects, with ready will, though it may be, with our last strength, we are here to discharge that double duty. Movements, we observe, are making along the beach, and signals out seawards, as if these Klingemanns and Müllners were to be landed on our soil: but through the strength of heaven this shall not be done, till the 'most thinking people' know what it is that is landing. For the rest, if any one wishes to import that sort of produce, and finds it nourishing for his inward man, let him do so, and welcome. Only let him understand that it is not German Literature he is swallowing, but the froth and scum of German Literature; which scum, if he will only wait, we can further promise him that he may, ere long, enjoy in the new, and perhaps cheaper, form of *sediment*. And so let every one be active for himself:

*'Noch ist es Tag, da rühre sich der Mann,
Die Nacht tritt ein, wo niemand wirken kann.'*

 ART.

ART. V.—*Commentaires Politiques et Historiques sur le Traité du Prince de Machiavel, et sur l'anti-Machiavel de Frédéric II.* Par L. I. A. Marquis de Bouillé, Lieutenant-Général. Paris, 1827.

POLITICAL science has, perhaps, been cultivated with the happiest success in countries where a speculative knowledge of its truths was all that the form of government permitted; and the theory of liberty has, therefore, most frequently, flourished under the shade of despotism. Amid the stillness of absolute monarchy, and at a due distance from those more turbulent systems, in which all the elements of civil society were displayed in full action, the philosophic observer could contemplate their movements, without partaking their influence, and maintain, in the pursuit of a science, more than any other exposed to the bias of human passions, the calmness of abstract inquiry. The great political writers of this country were, unfortunately for the studies to which they devoted themselves, almost without exception, zealous, and even intemperate partisans; republicans, bent on the realization of their schemes; speculators, who carried the rancour of civil contention into their private meditations. They had hands to execute as well as heads to contrive; and each pursued, through tumults which involved men of the most opposite opinions, his own congenial system. The abstract treatises of Harrington, Milton, and Sidney, who were all bred and nursed in the heat of civil discord, are strongly infected with this spirit of faction: and Mr. Locke's book on Government, though sober-minded and temperate like himself, is yet more tinged with the colour of his age, and more subservient to a temporary purpose, than is consistent with a general or scientific work. It may be observed, in general, that whilst the innumerable struggles in which the people of England have been engaged, the revolutions which their government has undergone, and the forms of a constitution which summons every man to take some part in national concerns, have wrought the mind of the people to a pitch of political discipline, and aptitude for civil affairs, unexampled in history,—they have, at the same time, been, by these very causes, withdrawn from speculative inquiries, in this branch of knowledge, having their attention confined, in a great measure, to discussions of a practical nature. Hence it is, that whilst ethics, economics, and the philosophy of mind, have all been treated, on a systematic plan, by writers of this country during the last century, its labours in the science of government have been ununiform and broken—consisting principally of
scattered

scattered lights, struck out incidentally by the lawyer, the moralist, or the historian.

Of all the singular combinations which distinguished the illustrious writer whose name is prefixed to this article, the rarest unquestionably was the union of profound contemplation with eminent activity in the affairs of the world. In the latter capacity, indeed, he is less known, his influence having been limited to the narrow sphere of the Florentine commonwealth, in the councils and embassies of which he, nevertheless, bore a conspicuous part during the most critical period of her fortunes. The result of his practical occupations, however, may be clearly traced in the habits of his mind; and, no doubt, imparted to his writings that which constitute their most remarkable characteristic,—we mean the modification of general principles, by a constant reference to men and things, and the vigilant control unceasingly exerted over that spirit of abstract speculation which is too apt to spurn the field of human interests—the only groundwork of all practical science. But this quality, one of the rarest excellencies of the human mind, has proved unfavourable to his reputation, by diverting the minds of ordinary readers from his general reasonings to the practical conclusions with which they are everywhere intermingled; leading them to view him in the light of a dealer in state maxims, rather than, in his true character, of the founder of political philosophy.

We are aware, indeed, of no philosopher of equal magnitude, either in ancient or modern times, whose intellectual claims have been so inadequately allowed, or whose rank in literature has been left in so undetermined a grade, as that of the Florentine Secretary. True, his merits have been acknowledged by minds whose homage outweighs the applause of vulgar admirers, and appreciated by thinkers whose lustre has, by a perverse return, obscured the fame of their master. But that popular opinion which, not very discriminately, perhaps, yet, in the main, justly, assigns his station to each instructor of mankind, has been singularly inaccurate in its judgment of Machiavelli. Some value him for his literary excellencies; others fancy, that, in determining the character of the man, they have exhausted the merits of the writer; the vulgar notion is, that he challenges the regard of posterity merely as an adept in craft, and theorist of villany; whilst few seem to be aware of his high station in the civil philosophy of modern times, and of the large space which he fills in the progress of the human mind. To judge of him by the estimate of superficial thinkers, one would suppose they were talking of a literary dilettante. Vague applause for the versatility of his talents

talents ; criticisms on his comedies ; conjectures as to his morals ; gossip about his epistolary communications ; these are not the modes of appreciating a writer, who, the first of all the moderns, applied philosophy to the affairs of men ; the vigour of whose genius, resisting the current of contemporary opinion, spurning the allurements of present fame, at a period when reason was yet darkling in scholastic mazes, struck out that road of practical inquiry, which the human faculties recognized, in a distant age, as their true career, and in which those who have reaped the treasures must acknowledge that he led the way.

"In order," says Dr. Johnson, "to form a just estimate of the merit of a writer, it is necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries." Let us cast our eyes on the state of Europe in the age of Machiavelli, and more particularly of that country in which he flourished, and which alone possesses authentic annals during the twilight times of history.

Standing on the confines of the modern political system, Machiavelli looked in vain for the materials of his science, amongst the disorders of feudal monarchy and Gothic government, which had filled, through a period of five centuries, the annals of the Transalpine kingdoms. Those regions, which in succeeding ages advanced the arts of administration to such perfection, which afforded to the philosophers of after times the schools of civil policy and the great examples of legislative skill, were then debased by a servile people, or ravaged by a barbarous nobility. The stately, but frail structure, reared by the northern nations on their new settlements, the work of temporary circumstances and of a rude age, had already, indeed, fallen to pieces with all its fantastic appendages ; and its overthrow, attributed by contemporary observers to the policy of the monarchs, was, in truth, the result of the irresistible progress of human affairs. But its ruins had not yet, entirely, disappeared ; some portions of it were left standing ; the tyranny which had been erected on them was, as yet, but ill digested ; and the general inquietude incidental to a new order of things prevented the establishment of a regular system of administration. The questions of popular right, the source of all the difficulties in politics, which had never altogether slumbered during the height of the feudal government, and which had been revived with considerable energy during the fifteenth century, were left undetermined. Tranquillity had, indeed, succeeded to a long anarchy ; but the government was still one of force : the sword having passed from the hand of the Barons into those of the Monarch

Monarch. The sword, however, was still the ruling principle, and the rude Aristocracy of the preceding age was exchanged for the no less inartificial, though more imperious rule of unrestrained and absolute power.

Italy alone had emerged into civility ; and while barbarism yet overspread the north, the domestic history of that country presents a scene—we will not say to the practical statesman the most instructive, since subsequent events have rendered much of the experience obsolete,—but to the contemplative politician the most interesting, in the progress of civil society. Every scheme of republican polity, every species of monarchical government, feudal, despotic, and ecclesiastical, every shape of civil faction was exhibited within that narrow theatre ; and that not in a cursory manner, or for a limited space, but each, during the lapse of centuries, maintaining its own history, and undergoing its own series of revolutions. Here a raging democracy is hushed into repose under the tyranny of a single person ; there oligarchy prolongs its jealous dominion ; here a monarch surrounded with vassal chivalry, there a maritime republic—the sources of modern opulence, and the elements of modern society, coexisting with feudal manners, and barbarous institutions. Add to this, the identity of language throughout these diversified states, their proximity in situation, the confederacies by which they had wrought out their independence—above all, the prevalence of the same religious factions, through the whole range of communities, favoured their intercourse, and reared a complicated system of foreign relations. Such various scenes of negotiation and legislation—so vast a fund of political experiments, it is in vain to seek in any other age or nation. To enter at large into the causes which gave rise to a state of things, so different from that which prevailed in every other European country at the same period, would lead us too far from our present purpose. We shall content ourselves with a few hints on this subject.

The rise of the commonalty, in modern times, forms one of the most important branches of theoretic history. The corporate establishments, which were reared as the bulwarks of regal authority, amid the turbulence of the middle ages, but which afterwards proved its most formidable opponents, contained the germs of that order, and were the nurses of that spirit, which have at all times exerted a powerful moral influence over the government of Europe, and which now hold a direct sway in its most enlightened states. The earliest examples of civic constitutions occur in the history of Italy ; and it is probable that, instead of being, as some writers imagine, a

device of modern policy, they were the relics of the ancient municipia, which had never been effaced by the successive irruptions of Barbarian hordes. But among the Transalpine countries, the erection of boroughs marks the origin of the third estate; and it is not a little curious to notice the very different results which attended them, according to the different periods at which they attained maturity in the several European states. They may be traced, with more or less distinctness, in the feudal age of all the continental nations. In France, as in England, municipal towns are but faintly discernible amid the darkness of early history; although Louis le Gros was the first Transalpine monarch who recognised the policy of elevating the industrious orders by such privileges. But it was the misfortune of France that the date of her commercial prosperity was delayed until absolute power had been established by her monarchs; her rising opulence little availed her against the armed force which had crushed her liberty; and a people, rich in all the sources of freedom, languished under a despotism until the close of the eighteenth century.—Germany, on the other hand, attained her commercial grandeur during the feebleness of monarchical power, while an active force in the hands of the subject banished the authority of law, and arms afforded the only means of security. In such a state of things, the immediate consequence of wealth was to place the sword in the hands of its possessor; and as the nobles had their retainers, so had the towns their militia. The transition from municipality to independence was easily made by communities who imbibed a spirit of liberty from their institutions, whose military strength reduced the feudal armies to insignificance, and whose resources eclipsed the revenues of sovereign princes. All these advantages, the Lombard and Tuscan cities possessed in a more eminent degree, besides others peculiar to themselves. They lay at a distance from the central mass of the empire; their commerce was of a more splendid description; and they combined with the hardy valour of their Gothic ancestors—from which they had not yet degenerated—a measure of refinement which these had never attained.

Whilst Italy yet formed a separate system within herself, four states, widely differing in their form of government and domestic history, bore a conspicuous part on the arena of her affairs. Their constitutions were originally free; and their histories are so many illustrations of the corruption of popular governments, and of their progress, with different degrees of rapidity, to different kinds of slavery.

In Milan, a republican constitution, the bulwark of Lombardy,

hardy, after being rent with intestine commotions, met the fate which, up to that age of the world, had been the invariable consummation of popular states; and a people enthusiastic in the cause of liberty, were driven to seek in tyranny a refuge from the fury of faction. The difficulty of establishing a firm nobility, and of amalgamating the aristocratic and popular elements in the same polity, a problem which had baffled all the legislators of antiquity, was not yet surmounted. But besides the exasperation of party spirit, ever preferring subjection itself to the success of an adversary, the Lombard constitutions were infected with a vice fully sufficient to have shortened the date of their liberties. The judicial and executive functions were united in the magistracy of the Podestà, a circumstance, which, when we take into account the vigilance with which such combinations were guarded against in other parts of Italy, marks the rapid decline of popular spirit in the northern cities.

The constitution of Venice has afforded a subject of vague applause to a class of writers, who transmit unimpaired the opinions of past generations, and, regardless of the progress of affairs, perpetuate praise or censure. Even the penetrating sense of Harrington appears to have been dazzled with that artificial system. Did its excellence consist in the absolute power of the inquisitors, or in the remorseless ten and their invisible ministers? Such arts belong rather to Asiatic than European policy. Is it the complexity of its parts which constitutes a claim to the admiration of posterity? That imposing apparatus was really a coarse engine compared with the refined mechanism of modern governments. To us it appears, that the circumstance which gives Venice so distinguished a place in the history of political science, is its being the most successful effort, which the world had yet seen, towards the attainment of order and tranquillity, under a system, in which the administration was shared amongst a numerous body. The progress of her government was from a popular assembly to an elective council, and from an elective council to a hereditary aristocracy. Ruled by a council of nobles, her repose was never disturbed by domestic faction. Neither extended conquests, nor commercial revolutions, nor foreign foes, were able to overthrow her constitution; nor did the change of manners, more fatal to the stability of states, undermine her political system. And though falling, during the latter stages of her existence, into a narrow oligarchy, she escaped, by the stubborn vigour of her frame, the usual convulsions of declining empires, and supported her institutions inviolate and unbroken until her final subversion by the arms of France.

In Florence, the fading image of popular government long exhibited to the surrounding states the memorial of their earlier history, and scared the new-made despots with the shadow of violated rights and stifled liberties. No state that figures in earlier annals presents so remarkable an object of contemplation as that illustrious commonwealth, whether we regard her as the seat of commercial splendour, and the source of refinement in a barbarous age; or consider the unrivalled genius of her citizens,—the only people in the records of history who have distinguished themselves in the very opposite walks of poetry, science, and the arts. Rome might boast her Raphael; Ferrara her Ariosto; Greece may produce the rivals of Dante and Michael Angelo; but where shall we look for a Galileo? Considered with respect to her form of government, Florence is the purest democracy which we meet with in ancient or modern story. She also affords the earliest example (on a great scale) of the effects of commerce on national character and civil institutions. Her internal history exhibits all the characteristics of a modern manufacturing state: a turbulent and jealous, but acute and enlightened populace; mutinies of artisans and mechanics; revolutions, headed by demagogues of mean occupation. To the principles and habits which spring from the circumstances of that class, especially where existing in large numbers, may probably be ascribed, more than to any single course, the extreme of democracy to which her government was pushed; its long duration, and repeated escapes when exposed to the same causes which oppressed the other commonwealths. These qualities are sufficiently manifest in the leading features of the Florentine constitution. The subdivision of the people into companies or arts, and the exclusion of those who had not been enrolled in one or other of those corporations, from all the employments of the state, formed the groundwork of the system. By this law the ancient nobility were proscribed. A *rota* was established, limiting the tenure of magistracies to two months; and election by lot was adopted—a regulation which annually raised several hundred citizens from the mass of the community to the most important functions of government. The fickle and fluctuating councils produced by this perpetual change of public men, caused the great poet of Italy to compare the instability of the government to the inquietude of a sick person:—

Quante volte del tempo che rimembre
 Leggi, moneta, ufficio, e costume,
 Ha tu mutato e rinnovato membre?
 E se ben ti ricorda e vedi lume

Vedrai

Vedrai te simigliante a quella 'nferma
Che non può trovar posa in su le piume,
Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma.

Purgat. Cant. vi., l. 145.

But all these methods, more violent than the ostracism of antiquity, were insufficient to extirpate ambition, which Mr. Burke calls "the natural, inbred, incurable distemper of a powerful democracy." They failed to crush the seeds of eminence, or abolish the unconquerable disparity of mankind. Opulence reared its head; talents struggled through opposing difficulties; and a secret sway warped the republic, without destroying its forms. The dregs of the people were moved against the class immediately above them, and superseded the former contentions with still more inveterate struggles. Thus tyranny became inevitable; but they selected its mildest form. They neither threw themselves into the arms of an absolute prince, like the Milanese; nor, like the Venetians, purchased repose by a final disfranchisement in favour of a body of nobles. They established, for a limited period, a commission or *balia*, selected from among the principal citizens, and similar, in some respects, to those which occur, under the like emergencies, in the earlier periods of our own history. To these the right of nominating to all public offices was entrusted. It must be owned, however, that the suspension of popular rights for any considerable period, infallibly produces the most dangerous of all revolutions—a revolution in national character; and liberal institutions, which are the fruit of generous principles, nurture, in their turn, the spirit out of which they grow. The disuse of their privileges, joined to the arbitrary administration of the *balie*, rapidly sunk the Florentines to the level of the other Italians, and paved the way for the despotism of the Medici. The series of revolutions which followed, and by which that domineering family were four times expelled and four times recalled, was brought about by foreign powers; nor would the fanaticism of Savanarola have produced its deleterious consequences, had not the people been previously emancipated by the arms of France. The republic rose or fell with the fortunes of Louis or of Francis. At length her fatal connexion with the Medician pontiffs turned the arms of the empire against her; and Europe beheld, in the capitulation of Florence, the extinction of her earlier liberties.

It was not until the fifteenth century that the Pope began to make an eminent figure as a secular prince, and partly by active politics, and partly by the peculiar moral influence which he exerted, he became the prime mover in the affairs of Italy. It was from the apostolic see, as from a centre, that the movements of the

the other states thenceforth derived their power ; it was in the ecclesiastical dominions that that dark and sanguinary policy was engendered, which throws a horror over so large a portion of Italian story. With the crimes which then stained the whole theatre of Italy, Romagna was the most deeply dyed ; nor has the lapse of ages effaced the dark stains and spots which were at that period spread over the morals of the people, by the papal atrocities.

The disorders and convulsions which, before as well as after the Reformation, were instigated by the Roman pontiff, sprang from two opposite classes of pretensions maintained by that potentate ; the one of a spiritual, the other of a secular nature. The first, which related to the investiture in ecclesiastical benefices and the election to the imperial throne, had been determined in the beginning of the fourteenth century ; and though revived in subsequent councils, were no longer debated by the sword. The denominations, indeed, continued, after the manner of parties, to divide the nation, long after the original ground of contention had ceased to exist, and the watchwords of an ecclesiastical faction came to designate the friends or enemies of liberty in general. But these religious animosities were scarcely allayed, when a fresh source of discord was opened by the transference to the Holy See, of certain principalities in the centre of Italy, and the adulterous union, in the person of the sovereign pontiff, of spiritual supremacy with a terrestrial crown. Spoleto and Ancona had been seized by Innocent III. ; but the principal accession of territory was made a century afterwards, by the final annexation of the large and populous province of Romagna to the papal dominions. These spoils, by opening to the heads of the church a career of worldly ambition, gave a new direction to their policy, and withdrew their views, for a season, from the high prerogatives which had hitherto been their chief aim, to fix them, with ill omen, on the humbler field of their temporal patrimony. Their rapacious spirit now broke out undisguised ; and the care of the churches was sacrificed to that offensive system of foreign politics, and to those arts of domestic tyranny, which were embraced by all the European sovereigns upon the dissolution of the Gothic fabric. Transcendant as were the claims which the Roman pontiffs had hitherto asserted, they had been mostly of a religious nature. Amid the exorbitant usurpations on the civil power which had convulsed Europe, they had maintained their sacred character unsullied in the eyes of the people ; a holy zeal veiled their motives ; no earthly sceptre had as yet passed into their hands ; and their jurisdiction was limited to the city of Rome,

at

at the time when their anathemas swept the wide domain of their spiritual empire, overturning the thrones, and smiting, as with a pestilence, the distant extremities of Europe. The absence of temporal power, by presenting to the minds of men the idea of divine authority, as it were, in an abstract form, and unmingled with grosser matter, unquestionably tended to exalt that moral ascendancy which was the only basis of the papal throne. It is difficult for us, at this time of day, to conceive the feelings with which, during those ages of superstition, a prostrate world looked upwards to the Bishop of Rome. They probably contemplated him as a being, who, aloof from human affairs, dwelt serene, the high arbiter of a celestial empire; or if stooping from his seat,—unconscious of earthly feelings, and actuated by the spirit of his office, to maintain, as the delegate of heaven, the divine authority upon earth. Great must have been the shock to the minds of men when they beheld the common judge and father of Christendom gird on the weapons of carnal warfare, descend into the arena of worldly conflict, and erect the standard of civil discord; fatal the example of treachery and cruelty, arrayed in the garments of holiness,—covered over with the anointed pall of apostolic sanctity.

The capital object of secular policy with the heads of the church, was the extirpation of the vassal princes, feudatories of the Holy See, and the acquisition of unlimited authority within the ecclesiastical states. The same end was pursued by each contemporary prince, within his own dominions. But this enterprise was attended with peculiar difficulties in the case of the popes. The pontifical vicars were the most gallant soldiers, and numbered among them the most celebrated condottieri of Italy. Destitute of those forces which had enabled the northern kings to reduce to subjection the Gothic nobility, the pontiff supplied the want of arms, by a system of treachery and machinations, unparalleled in the annals of human nature for the sagacity with which it was conceived, and the remorseless cruelty with which it was carried into effect. After a succession of priests, stained with perfidy and bloodshed, pontifical vice reached its climax in the person of Alexander VI., a character not unfrequent, it would appear, at that period, but found in no other age of the world. Sanguinary in politics, licentious in morals, he united with these vices the most profound understanding and the most indefatigable industry. He dispeopled Romagna of its lords, and effaced the feudal system from the centre of Italy. When he assumed the triple crown, the estates of the church were adorned by a cluster of little courts, which flourished both in letters and in arms. So vigorously

ously did the work of poison and strangulation proceed, under him and his son Cæsar,—so effectually did he enforce the Tarquinian counsels, of smiting down the flower *, that, at his death, lonely palaces and deserted castles alone were left; and the character of Borgia was written in the desolation of Romagna.

That the hierarchy should have survived these enormities may appear surprising; that with these priestly vices before their eyes, men should puzzle themselves to account for the national character of Italy is still more wonderful. The papal throne had been shaken, in the plenitude of its power, by the invective of Dante, who, stricken with pontifical malice, vented, in exile, those passionate anathemas which will appal even to the last generation of mankind. If we may judge by the opinions which were freely diffused by the Italian historians of the fifteenth century, the Court of Rome could not, in all probability, have long sustained the torrent of indignation, had not its progress been arrested by violent measures. Liberal sentiments had begun to prevail in Italy on the revival of letters; disgrace had been thrown on the Catholic superstition. In no country were the minds of men better prepared for the reception of a purer faith. There is a very remarkable prognostication of the approaching Reformation in the discourses of Machiavelli. "We may anticipate," says he, "the decline of the Catholic religion, from the fact, that the profanity of men is in the measure of their vicinity to the Court of Rome, the head of the Church. Let any man examine the original of this religion, and then consider how much it has departed in practice from the purpose of its institution, and he will be at no loss to conclude that some scourge or ruin is at hand†." But the spiritual arm was sufficiently vigorous in the centre of the hierarchy to crush the reformed doctrines on their first appearance there. Thus it was the peculiar misfortune of Italy to behold the enormities, to be privy to the abuses of the old system, and to be kept in ignorance of the new; to be disgusted with the vices of the one, and to be debarred from all knowledge of the other; and to find no escape from this dilemma but in scepticism and impiety. What need of further dissertation to account for the peculiar vices of Italy? Machiavelli himself, almost a professed atheist, has devoted an

* Summa papaverum capita dicitur baculo decussisse.—*Liv.* b. i., c. 54.

† Ne si può fare altra maggiore congettura della declinazione di essa, quanto a vedere come quelli populi che sono più propinqui alla Chiesa Romana, capo della religione nostra, hanno meno religione. E chi considerasse i fondamenti suoi e vedesse l'uso presente quanto è diverso da quelli, giudicherebbe esser propinquo senza dubbio o la rovina o il flagello.—*Discorsi*, l. i.

essay to the demonstration of the expediency (laying out of view all higher consideration) of sacred sanction, and of the pernicious effects of irreligion on national character.

From this sketch of the Italian establishments, rapid and general indeed, but as ample as our limits will admit, we may form an estimate at once of the progress of civil government in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and of the merits of Machiavelli's philosophical writings. It appears, that tumult, tyranny, and priestcraft, were the master spirits of that country. And we shall probably find that those portions of our author's works, which are most liable to criticism in the present age, consist not in false positions or inferences erroneously deduced, but in reasonings accurately drawn from the data which he possessed, and useless only because those data no longer exist; in conclusions true in themselves, but applicable to a state of society which has long past away. He proceeds, indeed, on maxims which will hardly gain the assent of a modern politician, and assumes axioms not a little startling to a reader of the nineteenth century. Outstripping the modern maxim, that every man must be esteemed a knave, he takes it for granted that, among the governed, passion must necessarily, and in every instance, have the ascendant over reason; that a sense of the advantages of any existing order on the part of those who are subject to it is absurd; that actual violence is the only instrument by which a people can be restrained, or a prince controlled; and that a system of laws, capable of supporting itself, whatever be its influence on individuals, is the utmost effort of legislative skill. Nevertheless, these were the true, because the necessary principles of politics in an age when the minds of men were still unprepared for a regular system of civil liberty, and the progress of improvement had not imposed a restraint on the tyranny of princes, and the anarchy of the people.

If we examine the changes which the three last centuries have wrought upon the political state of the European nations, we shall probably find that they consist either in the introduction of new institutions into the frame of their politics, or of such alterations in the condition of the people generally, as, without affecting the structure, have materially influenced the character of the government. Both these are the natural results of the same general causes—the progress of opulence, and the diffusion of knowledge. In some countries, the advancement of civilization has established rights and franchises, which, in an earlier stage of society, would have been incompatible with the maintenance of tranquillity. The limitation of the executive, the indulgence of freedom of speech, the open administration of justice—

justice—these are privileges which belong to a high degree of refinement. The states of which we have been speaking possessed, in an extended commerce, one advantage over the republics of antiquity, in which the bulk of the community, being destitute of property, had little interest in the conservation of the existing order, nor dread of convulsions in which they had everything to gain, and nothing to lose. But commerce, unattended by knowledge, is but a precarious support of political institutions. It is the diffusion of letters among the people at large, which, opening their understandings to the comprehension of remote good, promotes the ascendancy of reason over momentary impulse, and preparing the way for liberty by increasing tranquillity, lays, in social order, the basis of a milder system. As the turbulent spirit of an unenlightened age gave place, the violent engines of government, which had by turns coerced and exasperated it, were disused. Hence the prodigious improvements which succeeding ages have operated on the ancient governments; the suppression of inquisitorial tribunals, the retrenchment of arbitrary powers, ingredients which entered, in a greater or less degree, into the composition of every government of which history has left us a record.

But the change is not confined to those systems which have undergone the positive innovation. The like improvement is observable in monarchies. Where no legal barriers are thrown up against the abuse of sovereign power, their place is supplied by invisible limits. Public opinion has reduced the exorbitancies of kingly courts. Thus has the advancement of the human race established in the centre a directing principle, by which its movement is steadily regulated, instead of being driven by every impulse of accident or caprice. And however even and equable in its tenour this movement may appear in other states, it is most of all manifest in our own happy and enlightened country—reduced, indeed, to its present course by the united wit and wisdom of our political machinists—than whom no better men have adorned any other portion of the globe.

Now it is quite obvious that this great step in the progress of political society must at once have disposed of a large portion of Machiavelli's reasonings, and reduced the greater part of his maxims from the dignity of scientific principles to mere historical truths. A new element was admitted into the system, which, like the discovery of an unknown luminary in the astronomical hemisphere, at once changed the face of the science, and rendered a new theory necessary to ascertain its influence, and prognosticate its periods. Nations ceased to be the sport of each crafty favourite or aspiring soldier; a Sforza could no longer

longer vault into the throne of an established dynasty, nor would the moral sympathies of an enlightened age endure the bloody treacheries of a Borgia. In a word, the influence of general causes on the affairs of men has been extended: the individual characters of bad princes or wicked statesmen are become comparatively insignificant; and politics assume the certainty of a science built on the grand pervading principles of human nature.

These observations furnish the reply to a charge which we have often heard urged against Machiavelli, that he looks only to the prosperity of the state, and takes no account of the happiness of individuals. It has also been asserted by no mean authority*, that 'he never remounts to the first principles of political science in the constitution of human nature.' The fact is, as we have already had occasion to observe, that such inquiries are the fruit of a more mature season in the progression of mankind than the age of Machiavelli. The philosophy of his time was necessarily of a practical nature. In abstract disquisition, indeed, he abounds; but it is directed to the support of prudential maxims of daily application. In a period of violence and disorder, the problem with a legislator is not, what are the theoretic principles of government, but how to maintain a government at all. It is in the hour of peace, in the repose of security, in the subtlety of refinement, that men spin theories about the rise of civil authority. It was in the languor of the eighteenth century that men first revolved the foundation of government. Perhaps it would be a more accurate statement, instead of asserting that the reasoners of that age overlooked the principles of government, to assign distinct sets of principles to different stages of society. While the passions of men are untamed, while their understandings are not yet enlarged to the contemplation of their ultimate interests, and each class pursues its own aggrandisement through the proscription, exile, or butchery of every other, a government of opinion is a palpable absurdity. As long as this uncivilized state continues, it is impossible to reconcile liberty with authority. In order to maintain a system of laws, some restraint must be imposed on the violence of human passions. There are two methods of doing this; it may be effected either by the control of enlightened reason, or by the rigour of institutions. Where reason is the curb, as is the case in civilized states, the institutions may be relaxed—the check being elsewhere supplied; where this voluntary control is wanting, the laws must be in a certain degree arbitrary.

* Mr. De Gaul Stewart.

But this is not the fault of the lawgiver, but of the people themselves. It is no less true of the political than of the economical state of a nation, that it must be the instrument of its own advancement. It is bad reasoning to say that the legislator of a barbarous age sacrifices the happiness of individuals by the establishment of rigorous, or even arbitrary powers. By how much order excels anarchy, by so much is vigorous coercion better than mild sway in an undisciplined age; nor have we far to look for a lively example of the dangers and disasters which result from the premature establishment of liberty.

The scheme of foreign policy exhibited in Machiavelli's writings is marked by the same features which characterize his system of domestic administration, and is equally repugnant to the signal refinements which, in modern times, have been introduced into that very important branch of political science. The more obvious doctrines of the balancing system, the grand principles of international policy are, indeed, unfolded, and receive copious illustration from the general wars which the ambition of Naples, Milan, and Venice, successively kindled; and the palpable blunders of Louis XII., bewildered in the labyrinth of Italian politics, afford a rich field of criticism to the Italian diplomatist. In truth, it is not a little entertaining to observe the avidity with which he and all the writers of that age, so exuberant in historians, seize on the fertile subject of comment and dissection which the straightforward violence and honest impolicy of the French afforded them. The Italians appear to have been withdrawn from the exertion of the necessary means of defence, by the gratification of their subtlety, and satisfied to be soundly beaten, provided they could prove the absurdity. But a single device, first resorted to in those countries which were then called barbarous, has superannuated almost all that is practical in Machiavelli's conclusions respecting wars and treaties; we mean the large peace establishments universally maintained by the great modern states. These have not only put a period to those eruptions, by which an ambitious state could at once work a revolution among its neighbours, and which rendered a change of dynasty the invariable consequence of hostilities, but diminished the frequency of collisions, overawing restless princes, and introducing among the members of the great European community a principle of mutual control and harmony, somewhat analogous to that moral restraint by which tranquility is preserved among the respective orders in individual governments. These salutary consequences have been still further prompted by the ties of commercial intercourse, by the know-
ledge

ledge which nations possess of each other's resources; above all, by the exquisite sensibility, if we may be allowed the expression, of the modern diplomatic system, by which the slightest movement in any part vibrates to the extremities, and the whole frame is instantly nerved and braced, upon the first symptom of an approaching convulsion. One has only to look into the works of any modern political reasoner, of M. Gentz for example, in order to perceive the repugnance of Machiavelli's practice to the existing order of things; the futility of all schemes of aggrandizement; and the energy of those self-correcting principles, which, however such projects may succeed for a time, infallibly remedy the derangement and repair the broken balance. The balancing system had, in those days, advanced no further than combination in the face of palpable and actual danger. Confederacies dictated by prospective views, leagues suggested by remote interests, permanent alliances founded on relative situation and other unchangeable circumstances in the condition of powers,—these were lessons gradually and painfully enforced by the repeated conflict of the mightier nations.

If time has refuted the principles of Machiavelli relative to the two capital branches of administration, in what, it may be demanded, does his merit consist? We answer, in his being the first who philosophized systematically on history, the first who extracted a chain of general truths from recorded events. The general applicability of his aphorisms is not the standard by which to measure such a writer as Machiavelli. He has been long enough mistaken for a civil casuist; and his works considered as a manual or political testament in which a way may be found out for every dilemma, and a prescription discovered, applicable to each emerging conjuncture. His merits are of a much higher order. They are much more philosophical than political. He instructed mankind, not by establishing aphorisms suitable to every age, but by exemplifying that mode of induction by which succeeding reasoners might be enabled to form such comprehensive views for themselves, by which the circumstances of any period and of any country might be rendered subservient to the speculation of the historian, and to the science of the statesman. The particular *results* may pass away as manners change, or as systems fall; but the *process* which leads to these results is permanent, and is equally adapted to each transient scene in the long progression of mankind. How far Machiavelli outstripped all his predecessors, will appear, if we reflect that Polybius and Tacitus by far the profoundest of the ancient historians, and those
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who approach the nearest to modern opinions, had contributed nothing towards political science excepting detached and often inconsistent observations interspersed among their respective narratives. Previously to the 'Discorsi' no attempt had been made to concentrate the essence of past experience, to erect on the basis of history a coherent system of abstract truth.

Into the endless dispute respecting Machiavelli's motives in the composition of the 'Prince' we have no intention of entering: first, because the topics on both sides have been long since exhausted: secondly and chiefly, because it really appears to us a very insignificant discussion; and, at any rate, has no connexion whatever with those features in his character which alone entitle him to the regard of distant posterity. We cannot, however, touch upon this question without expressing our unfeigned surprise, that the theory of despotism contained in his 'Prince' should be held the criterion of his personal character, rather than the theory of liberty unfolded in his Discourses; we desire to know why the latter should not be considered as an antidote to the former; and our opinion is, that if the author of these conflicting performances is to be branded as the apologist of tyranny by reason of the one, he is equally entitled to be hailed as the advocate of freedom on account of the other: D'Alembert's vindication of Montesquieu from a similar charge is perfectly applicable to the Italian: '*On ne doit pas accuser M. de Montesquieu d'avoir ici tracé aux souverains les principes du pouvoir arbitraire, dont le nom seul est odieux aux princes justes, et plus forte raison, au citoyen sage et vertueux. C'est travailler à l'anéantir que de montrer ce qu'il faut faire pour le conserver; la perfection de ce gouvernement en est la ruine.*'

The transition from Machiavelli, the theorist of barbarous policy, to Montesquieu, the theorist of legal government, includes a gigantic stride in the advancement of the species. That advancement was dearly purchased by centuries of war and civil commotion; and the elements of inextinguishable discord seemed for a time to be engendered in the bosom of each distracted country. But these were not like the fruitless contests of the feudal age, commenced in petty animosities, and perpetuating the barbarism that produced them. This was the struggle of reason against bigotry; it was religion shaking off the yoke of superstition; it was the rebellion of expanded powers and generous passions against the chains which were no longer able to control them. When the tempest had passed away, and the prospect was cleared, the European system displayed, in its altered features, the beneficial results of those convulsions. The Gothic institutions had been purified; the relics of barbarism swept

swept away; and a new and improved scene invited the contemplation, and demanded the powers of a philosophical genius.

As literature exerts a powerful influence on the affairs of states, so events, in their turn, re-act on the studies of nations. During a season of general war, the science of government languished and slept amid the controversies of theology. But out of the federal combinations which the circumstances of that age produced, arose that science of international justice (the most unequivocal symptom of growing refinement) which was speedily enlarged into the science of general jurisprudence, and long occupied, almost exclusively, the mind of Europe. The discovery of certain inimitable principles from which municipal law might be deduced, was the problem which long fatigued the understandings of French and German jurists. Leaving far behind them the true principles of municipal law, cultivating it apart from the science of government, keeping separate two systems which edify and illuminate each other, the laborious publicists of Holland run riot in metaphysical confusion; and the problem still baffled the indefatigable efforts of these respectable authors. Montesquieu effected at a stroke what had wasted the lives of a thousand jurists. To him belongs the glory of having, by one of the most remarkable efforts of combination in the history of knowledge, united the several branches of civil science, and transmitted them, connected by their just relations, to posterity.

But we should offer a very inadequate view of the merits of Montesquieu, did we represent him merely as the improver of philosophical jurisprudence. He enlarged the bounds of political science as distinguished from municipal law, and included within her dominion, regions which had been exploded only by desultory wanderers, and whose bearings and relations had hitherto remained unsettled. He was the first to exhibit in one comprehensive system the various elements which had been successively evolved in the progress of improvement, and which, after shattering the ancient frames of government, had subsided into those forms of civil policy which diversify the face of modern Europe. While speculative reasoners mused on ideal commonwealths, the real business of government was daily becoming more and more complicated. New affairs of state had arisen as knowledge was propagated or wealth increased. Religion and commerce, each the cause of a distinct revolution in human affairs, had exhausted and baffled all the former arts of management, and the extended field of interest and passions required a more enlarged, and a more delicate system of administration,

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Were we called to name the circumstance which chiefly distinguishes the writings of Montesquieu, we should mention the notion of liberty which they present. Instead of that phantom which had so long allured and mocked the nations, concealing, under the guise of popular sovereignty, the features of a wild tyranny, he exhibited those substantial benefits, which are the essence of freedom, personal safety, security of property, and the authority of public opinion. Previous writers had confined their attention, for the most part, to forms of government; and conceived, that in adjusting councils, and determining those institutions which pertain to the being of a civil polity, they had determined its character as a system of liberty or slavery. In the middle ages, as well as in ancient times, wherever the administration was shared among the people at large, or conducted by a considerable number of individuals, there liberty was supposed to reside. Popular rule was held to imply freedom, and acts which would have excited rebellion against a single ruler, were peaceably endured as proceeding from officers who had been created by the suffrage of the multitude. Satisfied with being the source of power, the people were regardless of the mode in which it was exercised. Hence, Venice and Florence enjoyed the title of free states at a time when arbitrary power was enforced, and even torture inflicted by the Council of Ten in the one, and the Priory in the other. These doctrines it required a century of varied fortunes, and of oppressions alike endured under the opposite extremes of monarchy and democracy, to explode and dissipate. That series of legislative achievements, which the tyranny of Charles II. was the means of calling forth, and which fettered the prince without subverting the throne, displayed, under a monarchy, a much more perfect plan of liberty than commonwealths had heretofore enjoyed. Montesquieu, we think, was the first who taught, theoretically, this lesson of stern experience; who displayed, in its philosophical extent, the truth already known, practically, that the legislation, equally with the constitution of a state, fixes its character; that the criminal jurisprudence, and civil regulations of communities, touch the welfare of individuals, at least as nearly as their fundamental laws.

The design of the *Spirit of Laws* is one of the most extensive ever conceived by a single individual, comprehending, in fact, every subject with which legislation is conversant, and embracing, besides constitutional and municipal law, commercial policy, public revenue, and arms. Montesquieu has been much censured for the concise and abrupt manner in which he has handled these momentous topics; and it is said that he con-
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tents himself with starting hints, and suggesting difficulties, instead of sustaining a connected investigation. But those who make this charge against the *Spirit of Laws*, mistake the object and scope of that performance. Where new enterprises are presented, and untried fields of exertion pointed out, such imperfect glimpses are much more effectual for quickening curiosity, and stimulating the faculties, than the fullest display. It was this author's business rather to exhibit specimens of his mode of thinking, than to pursue his ideas to their ultimate consequences: scattering the prolific germs of speculation, he left them to be brooded and matured by kindred minds. Perhaps no writer possesses, in a more eminent degree, that fertilizing influence over the understanding of his reader, which distinguishes the works of Lord Bacon. This peculiar power has been frequently noticed. "We submit," says Lord Kaimes, "implicitly to a work in which there is nothing to be corrected; and sink imperceptibly into indolence and inattention. But the detection of one error makes the reader hunt for more; and the game is pursued with vigour. In that view, I would not prefer even Aristotle before the author of *L'Esprit des Loix*." Voltaire observes, to the same effect, that if Montesquieu does not always enlighten his reader, he always compels him to think.

Impregnated with these vivid elements, the philosophic genius of Britain teemed during the eighteenth century with productions, the origin of which may be clearly traced to the work of Montesquieu; and if it be the achievement of a masterly genius to change the mere style or diction of his country, what must be the praise of him who impresses a new impulse on the philosophy of his age!

The grand defect of this celebrated writer unquestionably is the indiscriminate application of examples drawn from distant periods and different stages of civilization, and the establishment of general conclusions upon too narrow a basis of induction. He glances from China to Peru, and makes but one step from Rhadamanthus to the Chancellor L'Hôpital. This species of empiricism, which seizes on a naked fact in the fabled history of an imaginary nation, and grasps the slenderest analogy which can be interwoven with his theory, forms a striking contrast to the sagacity, caution, and unrivalled industry, with which he collects the most minute circumstances concurring to those political results which well attested annals supply, and is extremely singular in a writer who allows so large an influence to religion, climate, and the arts. Specious and brilliant as are these sallies, they impair the solidity of the fabric which they deck; and not only weaken our confidence in his judgment, but

throw an air of suspicion over those investigations (that of the French law of succession, for example) which the few who have taken the trouble of tracking his footsteps, have found to be scrupulously exact.

Upon a careful review of the two great writers, whom we have here attempted to delineate, and a comparison of the periods in which they lived, we shall probably be disposed, while we admit the high and peculiar claims of Montesquieu, without much hesitation, to ascribe the superiority in genius to Machiavelli. Whether we form our judgment by comparing their intellectual powers in the aggregate, or award the preference to any single quality, there seems little room for difference of opinion. The Frenchman can only claim the praise of an improver; the Italian may justly assume the dignity of an inventor. Equal to Montesquieu in acuteness and profundity, he possesses, in the vigour and originality which created a new species of philosophy, a claim to admiration, paramount to that of all his successors. Both these writers excelled in the lighter departments of literature: Montesquieu in satire; Machiavelli in comedy; but here the parallel ends; the whole compass of French letters affords no rival to that pure model of historic composition which records the revolutions of Florence. There is nothing in Davila or De Thou superior to the dissertations with which each book is introduced. We doubt whether anything equal to them had existed previous to the days of Mr. Hume. Fame, however, has dispensed her honours to this extraordinary person with very unequal hand. Montesquieu, addressing an instructed age, drew an instantaneous admiration from his contemporaries, and found the materials of his fame ready laid in every breast. Machiavelli, the light of a barbarous period, was first discovered in his true magnitude by a distant generation; when posterity recognized his eminence, his name had lost its freshness, and has come down to us sullied by the basest calumny.

We cannot permit ourselves to conclude our reflections on these eminent writers, without observing how sure, though slow, are the rewards of truth. While the doctrines, which dazzled their contemporaries, have sunk, like meteors, at the approach of day, the eternal truths, which are at first but darkly seen, have not only, at every advance of reason, unfolded their intrinsic lustre, but diffused on their champions a renown, which lives in the history of society, expands with the progress of the mind, and can only perish in the sunset-darkness of civilization.

ART.

- ART. VI.—1. *Vorlesungen über die Taktik der Reuterey*, von dem Grafen von Bismark, &c. &c. Karlsruhe.
2. *Elemente de Bewegungskunst eines Reuter-Regiments*. Karlsruhe.
3. *La Tactique de la Cavalerie, Traduit de l'Allemand*. Par Max. J. de Schauenburg, Chef d'Escadron aux Chasseurs de la Marne. 8vo. Paris.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, having one evening received some intercepted letters, ordered a venerable gray-headed general to read them; the veteran showed every inclination to obey, but lamented that the loss of his spectacles prevented his complying with the king's request. 'Read you,' said Gustavus, turning hastily to another; but he complained sadly of an inflammation in his eyes; 'Pish,' said the king, being a little provoked, 'my thoughts were wandering upon other matters;' then reducing his countenance to a smile, 'General Bannier,' said he, 'pray read—you have been used to it.'

Times are changed since those days when the 'Lion of the North' was so indifferently provided with reading generals; and among the many professional works of high merit produced by military men of our own time, few are more deserving of notice than Count von Bismark's * two works on the subject of *Cavalry*, which, with its French translation, we have named at the head of our paper.

Although learned inquirers into fable and antiquity have not been able to produce a satisfactory genealogy of the centaurs, with whom the art of riding is said to have originated, it is more than probable that the extraordinary stories recorded of these 'godlike wild beasts †,' as Pindar calls them, arose out of the vivid imaginations of the ancient Greeks, who, struck with amazement at first sight of the Thessalian horsemen, supposed them to be monsters, compounded of the different shapes

* General Count von Bismark commenced his career of arms in the 14th regt. of Hanoverian light infantry, at the age of thirteen. On that corps being disbanded in 1803, he entered the service of Nassau, and soon after came to England in the German Legion, with whom he made the campaign under Lord Cathcart, in 1805. He then was appointed captain in the Wirtemberg cavalry; and, for his distinguished conduct at Riedau, in 1809, received from Napoleon the cross of the legion of honour. Bismark accompanied Marshal Ney's corps to Russia, in 1812; and after that campaign was promoted to the command of the 1st Wirtemberg light dragoons. In 1814 he was appointed to the staff of Prince Adam of Wirtemberg; and, for his gallantry, when in command of a division in 1815, was made a count. After the war he was intrusted with the remodelling of the Wirtemberg cavalry, and the present publications resulted from the inquiry which that situation involved.

† *See Paus.*

of men and horses, and thus identified the man with the animal—

‘As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast.’

Homer’s silence on the subject of cavalry has been given as a proof, that no such force was employed in ancient armies at so late a period as the siege of Troy; but although the Homeric heroes are always introduced upon

‘*Ἀρματὰ τε χρυσῷ περικασμένα, κασσιτέρῳ τε;*’

yet have we evidence sufficient in Holy Writ to show that the use of horse-troops was known and practised, not only anterior to the Trojan war, but long before the Dardanian city reared her head. In the account of the pursuit of the Israelites, for instance, the Egyptian horsemen are expressly mentioned:— ‘But the Egyptians pursued after them, all the *horse* and chariots of Pharaoh, and his *horsemen*, and his army.’—*Exodus*, chap. xiv., v. 9; and there are many other passages in the book of *Exodus* which speak as plainly. The mountainous ruggedness of Greece, no doubt, prevented the art of riding from making such rapid progress in that country as on the Assyrian plains, or Tartarian steppes; but that it was known and practised at the time of the Trojan war is sufficiently established. Cavalry being of little use at a siege, perhaps the Greeks dispensed altogether with this description of force, and, not wishing to encumber their ships with an unnecessary number of horses, brought to Troy those only which were intended for the chariots. It cannot, however, be a matter of much surprise, that detailed accounts of the cavalry of the year 1184 B.C., are not forthcoming, and we must be content to take up the history of the bold dragoon at a period of rather less obscurity.

Asia appears to have furnished Europe with the model for cavalry, which, according to Herodotus, received its first formation in the east, from Cyaxares, king of Media. Before his time, footmen and horsemen were promiscuously embodied; but preparatory to the siege of Nineveh, he sorted this motley band and divided each particular force into separate companies. Cyrus the elder is the next conspicuous organizer of cavalry; he appears, however, to have been more struck by the power of plundering, which an army acquired from such a force, than by its utility in the field: for, if Xenophon is to be believed, his proposition for the Persians to raise a body of horse was immediately caused by seeing the Median and Hyrcanian cavalry returning to the camp laden with booty. The Scythians, who possessed Asia for twenty-eight years, fought almost entirely
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on horseback : like the modern Cossacks, they were particularly successful in irregular warfare, and when Darius invaded their country, never failed to drive back the Persian cavalry. It is remarkable, that even at this early period of tactics, the superiority of infantry over cavalry was strongly evinced. 'The Scythians,' says Herodotus, 'notwithstanding their advantage over the Persian horse, always retreated from the foot.' Under Darius, the Persian cavalry progressively increased, and we find them at the battle of Marathon ten thousand strong—a force nearly equal to the whole Athenian army, which consisted exclusively of infantry. Miltiades, however, was well acquainted with the composition of the Persian troops; and knowing that their chief dependence was on this body of cavalry, he prudently attacked them in the narrow plain of Marathon, where they were so impeded by want of space, and so encumbered by their own numerous infantry, that they became unable to act, and were completely defeated by the gallant Greeks. The Persian cavalry were then armed with darts or arrows. Like the eastern cavalry of the present day, they generally attacked and harassed by successive small bodies, rapid in the advance and vehement in the onset, but when firmly resisted, equally rapid in retreat. The Athenian infantry again showed their excellence at Mount Cithæron, where a small number under Olympiodorus not only sustained but repelled the attacks of the whole cavalry of Mardonius. This cavalry, however, greatly and constantly harassed the Greeks previous to the battle of Plataea; and although in that battle the Persian horse totally failed in their attempts to break the Spartan phalanx, yet the Greeks perceived the advantage of so valuable an accessory, and after that period directed more attention to the improvement of their cavalry. Yet cavalry never formed any considerable portion of the Grecian armies. The Athenians and Spartans, the two most warlike states, were both badly provided with it; indeed, the latter absolutely despised such an assistant. The Thessalians, who inhabited a large plain, appear to have furnished the best horse amongst the Greeks: these, as well as the Eolians and Thracians, are stated to have been always employed by the kings of Macedon; but this force was small in proportion to the infantry, which always constituted the principal strength of the Grecian armies. No Asiatic cavalry would dare to charge the phalanx, and no Asiatic infantry could withstand its attacks. The retreat of the Ten Thousand was protected by not more than fifty horse; and with the assistance of this small number of indifferent cavalry, principally mounted upon baggage horses, Xenophon brought his army across the mountains and valleys of Asia, harassed by the
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the Persian and barbarian cavalry. During their intestine wars, the Greeks appear to have paid more attention to the equipment and tactics of cavalry, the principal improvements in which were made by Epaminondas. At the battle of Leuctra, we find that the Theban horse were 'carefully appointed, highly trained, and of considerable practice;' and at Mantinea, both Theban, Thessalian, and Athenian, were severally distinguished. At Arbela, Alexander employed his Grecian cavalry with much success, defeating with them the Scythian and Bactrian horse, and throwing the whole Persian line into confusion; indeed, the Thessalian cavalry are stated to have mainly contributed to the glory of this day. However, generally speaking, the Grecian cavalry did not enjoy much consideration, and the victories of Alexander are more to be attributed to the resisting firmness of the Macedonian phalanx than to the more active bravery of the Thessalian horse. The Grecian cavalry were armed with the helmet, cuirass, shield, lance, and sword, and, after various modifications, were finally formed into troops of eight files and four ranks. The Romans imitated the Greeks in equipment, but inverted their order of formation, placing their *turmæ*, or troops of cavalry, in four files and eight ranks, thus diminishing the depth and increasing the mobility. The genius of Grecian tactics was *resistance*; that of the Roman, *attack*. The Roman cavaliers, like the modern dragoons, were taught to fight both on foot and on horseback, but in neither situation were they particularly distinguished. Hannibal's comparison of them to 'horsemen having their feet and hands tied,' is strongly illustrative of their inefficiency; and although the successes of the Carthaginian general may, in a great measure, be attributed to his superiority over his opponents in military skill, and the undisciplined state of the Roman militia in the second Punic war, yet it is evident that the active operations of the Numidian, and the contemptible condition of the Roman cavalry, enabled him more readily to take advantage of those errors which the republican generals so often committed. On this point Count von Bismark and the ablest of his translators* are at issue, and the question affords us an opportunity of introducing both writers to our readers' notice. The Count asserts, that until the Romans increased and improved their cavalry, the Carthaginians were always superior to them in battle.

'The battle,' he says, 'in which Xantippus made Regulus prisoner, was decided by cavalry. Hannibal gained the battle on the river Ticinus by his cavalry only. Polybius expressly says, "the Cartha-

* The *English* translator, Major Beamish.

ginians owed not only their victory of Cannæ, but all their more early victories, to the preponderance of their cavalry, and thereby gave a lesson to all nations how advantageous it is to surpass the enemy in cavalry."—*Beamish's Translation*, p. 31-33.

The translator, on the other hand, contends—

'That Xantippus was more indebted for victory to his one hundred elephants than to his four thousand horses; and that 'the fault which the Roman general committed, in not leaving intervals between his columns sufficiently great to allow the elephants of the Carthaginian army to pass through, brought on the destruction of his troops, and caused the loss of the battle.'

'The fact,' continues Major Beamish, 'of the battle of the Ticinus having been gained by Hannibal's cavalry cannot be admitted as a proof of the advantage that cavalry has over infantry in action, which is evidently the application of it here intended by the author. The battle of the Ticinus was, in point of fact, a *cavalry action*; for, although Scipio brought some wretched light armed-troops to support his cavalry, they took to flight at the commencement of the battle, "being apprehensive," says Polybius, "that they would be instantly borne down by the Carthaginian cavalry." The cavalry of Hannibal was always superior in quality to that of the Romans, and was here so much so in *number* as considerably to outflank that of Scipio. The Carthaginians had the stronger motive of fighting, as it were, for their existence; retreat was impossible to them, and death was preferable to submission to the Roman yoke; nothing, indeed, but the height of imbecility could have caused Scipio to hazard an engagement under such disadvantageous circumstances. The defeat of the Romans at Cannæ, and on all other occasions in this war, can alone be justly attributed to the ignorance of their generals, and the want of discipline of their troops. If Varro had taken advantage of his superiority in numbers at Cannæ, by extending his line, and outflanking Hannibal, instead of forming his legions into deep masses, and thereby diminishing his front, the result of the battle would, in all probability, have been very different. The conduct of Varro, on this occasion, appears quite inexplicable. Completely deceived by the pretended retreat of the skilful Carthaginian, whose inferior numbers gave him no hope for success but in stratagem, the consul not only suffered his centre to advance into the very heart of the enemy's line, but completed his own destruction by weakening his flanks to support it, until at length the whole of his numerous legions were caught in the trap which had been artfully prepared for them. Even when the consul perceived the stratagem of Hannibal, he made no effort to restore the battle, but thinking that his personal safety was of more importance to the republic than the result of a battle which might determine the fate of the empire, he betook himself to flight, and gave to the conqueror undisturbed possession of the field of battle. The small superiority in the numbers of the Carthaginian cavalry, which only exceeded that of the Romans by four hundred,

hundred, could never have decided a battle where forty thousand infantry were opposed to double that number; in fact, it was not until the Roman infantry had been already surrounded and thrown into confusion, that Asdrubal, at the head of the Numidian horse, assisted to complete that destruction which the incapacity of Varro had brought upon the Roman army. Polybius must, in this case, have formed his judgment *after the event*, which, as our author truly says, "is usual, but easy." (p. 4.) The many defeats which the Romans experienced in their wars with Hannibal, have been principally caused by the want of ability in the generals who commanded them. Scipio lost the battle of the Ticinus by his imprudence in attacking, without any support, a body of cavalry superior both in number and discipline to his own. Sempronius fell into the ambuscade which Hannibal had prepared for him at the Trebia, from the unpardonable oversight of omitting to reconnoitre the country in which he was about to be engaged. Flaminius, notwithstanding the example of his predecessor, fell a sacrifice to the same want of precaution at the Trasimenus; and Varro, at the battle of Cannæ, was an easy victim to the stratagem of his more skilful adversary.' &c.—*Ibid.*, p. 32—34.

There is, perhaps, reason in the arguments both of the author and translator. Had the Roman generals not accepted battle in situations favourable to the operation of the Carthaginian cavalry, many of the results alluded to might, no doubt, have been avoided. At the same time this exposure of their troops would have been attended with no disadvantage if Hannibal had not been provided with a numerous and effective cavalry. The comparative discipline of the two armies should also be recollected. From the end of the first to the beginning of the second Punic war, the Carthaginian armies were continually in the field, and were successively employed under Amilcar, Asdrubal, and Hannibal, three of their best generals. These troops consequently entered Italy with all the experience and discipline of a regular army; whereas the Roman discipline had been relaxed, and the troops which Hannibal encountered at the Trebia, Trasimenus, and Cannæ, were little better than a raw, ill-organized militia. That it was not his cavalry alone which gained Hannibal so many victories, is evident from this fact, that as soon as the Romans had obtained a general who was at all capable of commanding an army, they immediately became the conquerors. Hannibal's Numidians were certainly a most effective body of light horse, and considering the extreme scantiness of their equipment, performed very successfully. We are told that these cavaliers managed their horses without bridles, and had scarcely any covering.

'On the Trajan column the Numidian horsemen are represented in a state of almost perfect *nudity*, having no covering but a small mantle

mantle like a capucin's. Both man and horse seem to have belonged to the days of Adam :—neither bridle, saddle, girdle, sword, or whip! Montfaucon says, " Il ne faut point s'étonner qu'un grand homme à pied puisse prendre un cavalier Numide par les cheveux, car les chevaux des Numides, dit Strabon, son petits, mais légers à la course; ils sont dociles à un tel point qu'avec une baguette on les mène comme on veut, et qu'il y en a même qui sans être attaché suivent leurs maîtres comme des chiens." (*Antiqu. Expliqu.* t. iv. p. 88.)—Under these circumstances, one must not be astonished, as the learned Benedictine says, to see a Roman foot-soldier seize a Numidian horseman by the head; and perhaps it was with this intention that the cavalry of Varro dismounted at Cannæ. Folard treats this representation on the Trajan column as " une pure rêverie de sculpture," and says, he is persuaded that, although the Numidians might have been thus clothed in their own country, yet that in the armies where they served, they must have been lightly dressed like the hussars of his time. There is no doubt, however, that the Numidian cavalry managed their horses *without bridles*; for Polybius, in describing the order of battle at the Ticinus, expressly states, that " Hannibal threw into the centre of his line all the *bridled* and heavy cavalry, and placed the Numidians on the wings." (*Hampton*, v. i. p. 178.) Ancient authors called these horsemen "*gens inscia freni*," from this ignorance of the use of the bridle, which, indeed, was common to all the African nations.'

Hic passim exsultant Numides, gens inscia freni;

Quis inter geminas per ludum mobilis aures

Quadrupedem flectit non cedens virga lupatis.—*Sil. Ital.* lib i. l. 215.

Notwithstanding the authority of Silius Italicus and the Trajan column, we are disposed to think that the Numidian horsemen had both clothes and bridles; it is scarcely credible that cavalry, who are described as so superior to that of the Romans, and who were so particularly expert in the management of their horses, should have been unprovided with any obvious means of guiding their steeds, or defending their bodies. The ignorance in which we are respecting the customs of the ancients, renders it impossible to produce any authentic documents as to the horse-appointments of the Numidian cavalry; but we must not admit what is evidently absurd, on the faith of some expressions which, perhaps, are not properly understood; all that these incredible stories prove, is, that we have no account of the light rein, or bridle, which, no doubt, the Numidian horsemen must have used.

The Romans, like the Greeks, placed their principal dependence in battle, upon their infantry; and in proportion as the cavalry was increased, did the glory and successes of the imperial army diminish. The cavalry was augmented under the last of the Cæsars, and the empire tottered. Men, little better
than

than savages, with arms and physical force alone, subdued the most extensive and civilized empire of the universe; notwithstanding the discipline of her armies, and the number of her cavalry. After the subversion of the western empire, and the establishment of the Franks in Gaul, we find the invaders gradually increasing the number of their cavalry. At the battle of Tours, in 732, the French army consisted of sixty thousand foot and twelve thousand horse; and under Charlemagne and the second race of French monarchs, their armies were almost entirely composed of cavalry. These cavaliers carried defensive armour to a great extent; every remnant of mechanical art that survived in the midst of rudeness and barbarity, was employed to protect and arm the man and horse. The defenceless multitude shrunk before the 'steel-clad cuirassier,' and the feudal system, with all its aristocratical rights, and chivalrous influence, became established:—

'For men-at-arms were here,
Heavily sheathed in mail and plate,
Like iron towers for strength and weight. . .
With battle-axe and spear.

Cavalry constituted the principal strength of armies during the middle ages, and the honourable name of *miles* was confined to those only who served on horseback and were invested with the order of knighthood. The service of the infantry was degraded to a miserable and undisciplined populace; a charge of cavalry was irresistible; armies were alone formidable in proportion to the number of men-at-arms which they contained, and the undefended infantry became an easy conquest to their lordly foes.

'Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest levelled fair and low,
Their banners and their crests waving in a row;
Their heads all stooping down towards the saddle bow.'

"The splendour and extent of victories," says Père Daniel, "was always denoted by the number of knights, squires, and other gentlemen, who had been killed and taken." "En telle ou telle rencontre, disent les historiens, tant de chevaliers furent tuez, tant de sergens (servientes) furent pris." The strength of a garrison was also expressed by the number of knights, or other gentlemen, which it contained: "On jetta dans telle place qui étoit menacée de siège, vingt chevaliers, cent sergens, &c."—*Beaumont*, p. 278, note.

As the comparative inefficiency of infantry became evident; a greater proportion of cavalry was employed; and armies, though better equipped and disciplined, were less numerous. This was the case in the early part of the fourteenth century, at which

which period the main exertion of every state was to obtain a predominating number of men-at-arms. These troops underwent various changes both in denomination and equipment.

'At the beginning of the fourteenth century, the cavalry of the European armies was divided into heavy and light horse; the men composing the former were called *men-at-arms*, those of the latter, *hobilers*. The men-at-arms were so called from their being armed *de cap-a-pied*; they were composed of the tenants *in capite*, (holding by military service,) or their substitutes (*servientes*.) The hobilers were so called from their riding little horses, termed hobbies; they consisted of the yeomen, and formed the light cavalry of the army. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, the men-at-arms were termed *lancers*, and the hobilers *demi-lancers*. At the close of the reign of James I., the heavy cavalry received the denomination of *cavaliers*, from the intercourse with Spain; and soon after that, of *pistoliers*, from the peculiar weapon with which they were armed.'—*Beumish*, p. 279, note.

This statement, as well as many other highly interesting details respecting the equipment of the cavalry during the middle ages, is given on the authority of Doctor Meyriok's celebrated 'Inquiry into Ancient Armour,' and is a very necessary correction of the text, wherein Count von Bismark has got sadly entangled among swords, battle-axes, and chronology. The defensive equipment of the man and horse appears to have progressively increased, until the introduction of plate-armour, in the fifteenth century, denoted its *ne plus ultra*. Now the man-at-arms, cased in entire steel, the several pieces firmly riveted, and proof against every stroke, his charger protected on the head, chest, and shoulders, fought with a security of success that could not be exceeded. The comparatively innocent effect of this excessive precaution is worthy of remark. Machiavelli relates, that at the battle of Zagonara, in 1423, only three persons lost their lives, and those not by the lance, sword, or battle-axe, but, inglorious fate! by *suffocation in the mud*. At the battle of Molinella no one was killed. In an action between the Neapolitan and Papal troops, in 1486, not only no one was killed, but it could not be ascertained that any one was wounded. Philip de Comines relates an instance where a number of Italian knights were overthrown, but could not be slain until broke up, like huge lobsters, by the servants and followers of the army, each knight requiring three or four men, and as many woodcutter's axes, to despatch him. In fact, the art of defence had outstripped that of destruction; and, although in a charge many were unhorsed by the shock, yet the lance's point could not penetrate the breast-plate, the sword fell harmless upon

upon the back-plate, the battle-axe was in vain uplifted against the helmet; and the conqueror, in the first impulse of his rage, was unable to reach any vital part of his prostrate enemy.

St. Palaye attributes the decline of chivalry in France to the profusion with which the knightly order was lavished under Charles VI., the extension of the honour to lawyers and others of civil occupations, by Francis I., and the establishment of the *compagnies d'ordonnance*, in 1445, by Charles VII. The latter circumstance had, no doubt, important influence; it led to the formation of standing armies, and the employment of mercenary troops; but the death-blow of chivalry was the invention of gunpowder*: that event, and the general employment of fire-arms, by which it was progressively followed, form the important frontier of the ancient and modern art of war. The weapons of former warfare gradually lost their efficacy; physical force was reduced to a very subordinate place in the accomplishments of a soldier, and the coat of mail was no longer a security; and now were

‘ Shields and swords

Cobwebb'd and rusty; not a helm affords

A spark of lustre, which were wont to give

Light to the world, and make the nation live.’

The *compagnies d'ordonnance* of Charles VII. consisted of nine thousand heavy, and seven thousand five hundred light cavalry. These troops may be considered as the foundation of regular cavalry, and, indeed, the first national standing army, except body-guards, which had been raised in any part of Europe. The heavy cavalry still preserved the costume of the men-at-arms; but a considerable change took place in the light cavalry, who appeared under the different denominations of Arquebusiers, Hussars, Carbines, Light-horse, &c. The Arquebusiers were so called from the Hargobus or Aquebus, a sort of short musket with which they were armed; the Hussars from the Hungarian word *husz* (i. e., *twenty*) being raised in Hungary by an ordinance which required every *twentieth* man to take the field; the Carbines, or Carbineers, were something similar to the Arquebusiers, and were attached to the regiments of light cavalry, in order to act as skirmishers. Of all the European cavalry, the *Reiters* of the Empire appear to have

* In a note to the translation already quoted, p. 275, a curious document is produced respecting the invention of gunpowder, for which an Arabic receipt, dated 1254, is given. If Count Rezvuski, from whose letter to Mr. Hammer this document is taken, be correct in his interpretation of the MS., the receipt is of considerable value; but from the frequent errors which learned Rabbins have made in deciphering the dates of Arabic MSS., such statements must be received with suspicion.

been

been the most distinguished. In the civil wars of France, and in the army of Prince Maurice of Orange, these horsemen always constituted the principal and most efficient body of cavalry, and by means of their long pistols and dense formation carried destruction into the single ranks of the French and Spanish lancers. The employment of carbineers and arquebusiers, who sometimes fought on foot, and were frequently obliged to carry infantry behind them, led, at a later period, to the establishment of dragoons.

Major Beamish, in a note, p. 301, enters into a long investigation of the etymology of the name given to this description of cavalry; and, after exposing the absurd derivations of *Ménage*, *Furetière*, *Père Daniel*, and *Dr. Johnson*, proves, by various corroborating authorities, that the term had its origin in the fire-arm called *dragon*, a sort of small blunderbuss, with a dragon-like ornament on the muzzle, specimens of which weapon may be seen in *Meyrick's* collection.

After the decline of chivalry, and the abandonment of defensive arms, the service of the infantry rose in estimation. The first organised body of foot, which proceeded from the feudal armies, was probably formed out of that monstrous multitude, which passed from Europe into Asia, in the train of the crusaders; but it was the Swiss patriots who restored the infantry to that place which it had held in the armies of Greece and Rome. The poverty of these simple peasants, and the small number of gentlemen residing in their barren and uncultivated country, rendered them unable to bring into the field any body of horse capable of resisting the heavy-armed cavalry of the Austrians, and they were, therefore, compelled to rest their whole dependence upon their infantry. The intrepidity and devotion of these troops rivalled that of the heroes of *Lacedæmon*. Instinctively adopting the principle of the Grecian phalanx, they formed themselves into dense battalions, presenting on every side so formidable a front of pikes, as to be perfectly impenetrable to the attacks of the Austrian cavaliers, who, after repeated efforts to overcome these martial peasants, thought it prudent to discontinue their attacks, and give up all attempts upon the liberties of the Swiss.* The Burgundian gendarmerie

* The example of Wallace and Bruce, in their defence of Scotland against the splendid chivalry of the Plantagenets, had probably little influence on the Continent; but Major Beamish might have found in the history of those wars a complete and perfect parallel to that of Switzerland at this period. The old monkish rhyme, commonly called 'The Bruce's Testament,' will amuse the Major, if he has not happened to see it.

'Scotica sit guerra *Pedites*, mons, moessica terra;
Silvae pro muris sint, arcus, et hasta, securis;

Per

gendarmes were equally unsuccessful as the Austrian; and the invincible Swiss infantry became so celebrated, that they were everywhere sought for, and employed. Their mutinous and insolent conduct, however, when acting as mercenaries, induced other states to form infantry for themselves, and the Spaniards very soon excelled their far-famed opponents. The Spanish infantry rendered their battalions much more formidable than those of the Swiss, by mixing fire-arms with their pikes; and, although sometimes broken by the lansquenets or German infantry, they were never thrown into disorder, but always returned individually to the charge. The reputation of the Spaniards lasted until the battle of Rocroi, when the decline of the monarchy brought on also that of their infantry, and the French infantry took the lead in Europe. Meantime, Gustavus Adolphus introduced a new system of tactics; the application of both infantry and cavalry became better understood; and the utility of amalgamating both arms appeared evident. By intermixing platoons of infantry with squadrons of cavalry, Gustavus was enabled to withstand the formidable Austrian cuirassiers at the battle of Leipsic; and the same practice was followed by Weimar and all the generals of the Swedish school.

From Gustavus Adolphus to Frederick the Great there was no inventor in the art of war: Louis XIV. certainly established *grenadiers à cheval*; and James II., horse-grenadiers.

Per loca stricta greges manientur: plana per ignes
 Sic inflammantur, ut ab hostibus evacuentur;
 Insidie vigilantes sint, noctu vociferantes.
 Sic male turbati rediunt velut ense fugati
 Hostes pro certo—sic Rege docente Roberto.'

A capital code, of which the following, the old Scotch version, is meritorious;—

'On fut suld be all Scottes weire
 Be hyll and moss themself to weirre.
 Let wood for wallis be; bow and spear
 And battle-axe their fechtung gear.
 That enemies do thaim na dreire
 In strait places gar keip alle storre
 And birnen the plane land them beforre
 Than sall they pass away in haist
 Quhen that they find nathing but waist;
 With wylls and awakenen of the nycht
 And meikle noyse made on hycht;
 Than sall they turnen with gret affrai
 Als they were chasit with sward away:—
 This is the counsell and intent
 Of gud King Robert's Testament.'

See Tytler's History of Scotland (vol. i., p. 475), a work in which the ancient military history of that country is, for the first time, handled with skill and effect; and which, if completed as begun, will place the writer in a very eminent rank.

Charles

Charles XII. also rode two horses to death at a cavalry review; and some swarms of Turks appeared in Hungary; but no change occurred that is worth recording, in either the tactics or organization of cavalry. Frederick, however, infused new life into the whole military system. He increased the cuirassier's trot into a gallop, changed their heavy armour into a simple breast-plate, reduced their formation to two deep, and, with the assistance of the great Seidlitz, brought the Prussian cavalry to a degree of perfection which they had never before attained. Since the time of Frederick, the tactics of cavalry have undergone little change; but in the arming of that force, two remarkable innovations have been introduced in the revival of the cuirass and lance. The expediency of bringing to life the arms of chivalry is thus briefly alluded to in the translation before quoted:—

“De toutes les armes dont on se sert à cheval,” says Monteculi, “la lance est la meilleure.” This weapon is not yet properly estimated in the British service. An imperfect knowledge of its capabilities, and an ill-founded prejudice against its use, have conspired to render the lance absolutely unpopular with our tacticians; and, perhaps, if a majority of opinions was now taken on the subject, it would be decreed, that a regiment of lancers was more ornamental than useful. The history, however, of all ages shows, that the lance is the most formidable and the most effective weapon that cavalry can be armed with. It was the distinguishing weapon of the days of chivalry; it was the principal arm of that cavalry whom nothing but the Swiss infantry could resist; and, in modern times, it has been most successfully employed in the French armies. The misapplication of the lance in our service is a sufficient proof of how little it is understood. That weapon is peculiarly adapted for *heavy cavalry*, and in the hands of light dragoons, upon light horses, is deprived of half its advantages. If the useless carbine, with its weighty appendages, was taken from our heavy cavalry, and a twelve-foot lance substituted, those troops would become, perhaps, the most formidable *line cavalry* in Europe. Both the *personnel* and *matériel* of the British cavalry qualify it in the highest degree for this description of force. The size, strength, and swiftness of the horse,—the weight, steadiness, and moral force of the man,—are qualities which should not be deprived of the means that would render them most effective, &c.—p. 142, note.

The cuirass question is thus discussed by the same writer:—

‘Armour of any kind is highly objectionable for any cavalry. It is strange that armour should have been given to the British Life Guards immediately after they had proved its inefficiency,—after they, unaided by such defences, had torn the laurels of Waterloo from the cuirassiers of France. **Armour must be a decided impediment**

ment to the efficiency of a dragoon on service. The enormous weight,*—the constant clearing required,—the pain which its inflexibility must cause under fatigue, are circumstances which alone qualify its advantages in action. These advantages also have been much overrated; and perhaps it will one day be shown, that the British Life Guards are more to be feared when their natural strength, weight, and activity are allowed full freedom of action, than when such qualities are constrained by the incumbrance of a cuirass. King James I. observed, in praise of armour, that it not only protected the wearer, but also prevented him from injuring any other person; and there can be no doubt that, however invulnerable a cuirass may render a cavalry soldier, his *active* properties are thereby much reduced.'

Major Beamish then goes on to show, that 'if our gallant Life Guards are destined to be secured in steel,' their defences ought to combine more utility and beauty than they do at present, &c.—pp. 327, 328.—We are much disposed to coincide with the opinions advanced in both these cases. The lance was originally given up, from the absurd idea that it was only appropriate to a man-at-arms, and from its supposed inferiority to the newly-adopted carbine: but when Marshal Saxe, in the early part of the eighteenth century, raised his corps of Hûlans, it was soon made evident that defensive armour was not a necessary part of a lancer's equipment; and succeeding experience showed that the carbine could only be depended on in the hands of well-practised skirmishers. As to the cuirass, it seems to have been introduced into our service in imitation of the French, without any reference to convenience or expediency.

'No battle in which the British have ever been engaged, showed more clearly their decided *physical* superiority over the French than the battle of Waterloo; for these very cuirassiers, of acknowledged bravery, chivalrous intrepidity, and having the advantage of defensive armour, were totally annihilated by the English heavy brigade. "Lord Edward Somerset," says Captain Batty, "with the invincible brigade of household troops, consisting of the life-guards, royal horse guards, and first dragoon guards, rushed forward against the mailed cavalry of the enemy, and swept the intruders from the ground they had so rashly ascended, driving them up the opposite heights back into their own line." (*Hist. Sketch of the Campaign of 1815.*) "Notwithstanding," says another eloquent writer, "the weight and armour of the cuirassiers, and the power of their horses, they proved altogether unable to withstand the shock of the heavy

* The largest sized cuirass worn by the Life-Guards weighs 15lbs.; the smallest, 12lb. 6oz. A Life-Guardsman, in marching order, weighs upwards of 25 stone! supposing the man to weigh personally 13 stone.

brigade, being literally *rodé down*, both horse and man; while the strength of the British soldier was no less pre-eminent when they mingled and fought hand to hand. Several hundreds of French were forced headlong over a sort of quarry, or gravel pit, where they rolled a confused mass of men and horses." (*Paul's Letters.*)—*Beamish*, p. 96, note.

It is strange, that eager as we are to avail ourselves of foreign fashions in our uniforms and equipments, we so often miss the point of utility. The Hussar cap, for example, is, according to the real Hungarian form, an useful thing; the long triangular flap, which hangs down like a jelly-bag, consists of a double slip of cloth, which will fold round the soldier's face, and form a comfortable night-cap; but, in our service, one single slip is left to flap and dangle about the man's head, no great ornament by day, and totally useless by night. The hussar pelisse also, in its original form, was intended for a rational outside covering, but with us it is a mere appendage to the soldier's neck, which, on such occasions, seems but to perform the service of a clothes-peg. The British cavalry are certainly better provided both with *personnel* and *matériel* than any cavalry in Europe, perhaps than any cavalry in the world; but they are deficient in mobility,—not in direct movement,—for our horses have, probably, greater speed than any foreign cavalry,—but in that facility of manœuvre which enables large masses of cavalry to appear suddenly on that point in the field of battle where their assistance is required. It is in this locomotive property that the German cavalry so much excel us; they are also better officered, more watchful, more accustomed to act independently, and, therefore, better adapted for those peculiar operations of cavalry which come under the head of field service, or outpost duty. The leading quality of an English soldier, whether horse or foot, is *resistance*, the second is *direct attack*, and the operations of a skirmisher, or hussar, are entirely foreign to his natural propensities. The Duke of Wellington was well aware of this striking feature in the national character, and always reserved his English troops for regular battles, leaving the principal duty of the outposts to the light troops of his allies.

Major Beamish appears to have taken some pains in collecting authenticated accounts of the different engagements, skirmishes, and affairs, in which the British and Hanoverian cavalry have been distinguished, more particularly during the Peninsular war. Many of the former are familiar to the readers of military history; the Hanoverian stories, however, are contributions from an officer of the German hussars, and will

will be found interesting. For specimens, we must refer our readers to the notes, page 229, 234, 259, &c. There is also a minute account of the British cavalry affair at Benevento, in 1808, (p. 21.) which appears to have been the communication of an eye-witness, and is most circumstantially described. There is, by the way, much interesting detail attached to the history of the German Legion, and it is a matter of surprise that no good account of the services of this corps has yet been published. An octavo volume, purporting to be a 'Journal of an Officer of the King's German Legion,' has certainly been put forth, but it is more like an index to the marches of the legion than a history of its services, and will only disappoint the reader's expectation.

Count von Bismark, with laudable devotion to his *métier*, is enthusiastic in his support of the cavalry, which, he says, 'if brave, and under the command of an intrepid chief, will overthrow any infantry.' This assertion Major Beamish rebuts by a reference to facts.

'Miltiades,' says he, 'in the plains of Marathon, with ten thousand Athenian *infantry*, overcame the Persian army, consisting of one hundred thousand foot and ten thousand horse. The Persian cavalry at Plataea was completely defeated by the infantry of Pausanias; Alexander the Great was indebted for all the crowns of Asia to the Macedonian phalanx; with this *infantry* he overturned the whole empire of the Persians, and made his victories resound along the banks of the Ganges, the Hydaspes, and the Indus. Rome owed all her conquests to those famous legions, which were the basis of her armies; and the neglect of this *infantry* was the epoch of her debility and decline. The military reputation of Russia was established by means of her *infantry*, the organization of which, in the days of Peter the Great, enabled her to cope with, and ultimately to subdue, the hero of Sweden. The heroic deeds of the Swiss *infantry*, in the reign of Charles the Bold, Louis XII., and Francis I., proved the total inefficiency of cavalry against steady determined *infantry*. Henry of Navarre, Gustavus, Weimar, Turenne, those masters in the art of war, were so sensible of the incompetency of cavalry to overcome infantry, that they endeavoured to remedy the inefficiency of the former by strengthening the intervals with platoons, thereby clearly admitting the inferiority of cavalry.

'The British army furnishes us with many brilliant examples of the power of *infantry*; perhaps the most extraordinary on record occurred at Minden. In this battle six regiments of English *infantry*, supported by two regiments of Hanoverian guards, charged sixty squadrons of French cavalry, which they drove before them without any other assistance than their own artillery. At the battle of Fontenoy, the French cavalry was totally unable to overcome the British *infantry*, and had not Marshal Saxe brought up the Irish brigade

Our readers will scarcely hesitate to give a verdict for the infantry and their advocate, who has certainly brought forward a mass of evidence to prove his case; and who, although himself a cavalry officer, cannot be charged with having any undue prejudice in favour of that service. Infantry has ever formed the basis of the armies of civilized nations, and a numerous cavalry has always been an attendant upon barbarity. The present armies of the east sufficiently prove the truth of this assertion, and we shall find it confirmed in the history of all nations. 'You know, soldiers,' says Xenophon, 'that in battle *men* do everything *.' Tactics approach perfection in proportion as they approach *man*. The power of cavalry results from the

intimate union of *man and horse*, from the simultaneous action of their respective forces ; but the power of infantry is in the *man*, and that weapon which most easily receives his action : in the infantry, therefore, consists the most immediate approximation of intelligence and force, of physical impression and moral impulse.

We have hitherto confined ourselves to the translation of Major Beamish, which, although faithful and spirited, yet wears too evident an effort to convey the starts and apostrophes of Count von Bismark's German enthusiasm. This might have been better avoided. The rival performance of Major Johnston is, in every respect, a clumsy production ; the author's short energetic sentences are most heedlessly strung together by the translator, in words which sometimes do not even express the literal meaning of the German ; the selection of English is most singularly inelegant, and the whole concern is what might reasonably have been expected from the Count himself, if he had ventured upon an English translation of his book.

'Tactics,' writes this gentleman, 'is the art of disposing and moving, for an engagement, troops with advantage. The simple disposition and movements of troops are called evolutions ; and the combination of evolutions, a manœuvre ; and the art of applying these manœuvres to the operations of war, are tactics.'—p. 6 ; and the author's knowledge of German appears to be quite on a par with his English. Hence we find *Spott* translated '*disgrace*,' instead of *derision* ; *Jäger zu Pferde*, 'mounted *huntsmen*,' instead of mounted *riflemen* ; *mit verhängten Zügeln*, 'with loose reins,' instead of *at full speed*.

But M. de Schauenburg must not be forgotten. This translator has appended to a version of the original, deficient both in spirit and fidelity, several charming specimens of *gasconade*, in the form of notes. One of these productions will serve for an example, and we shall select that which has called forth the just animadversion of Major Beamish :—

'Les pertes énormes que les alliés ont éprouvées dans cette journée (at Waterloo) prouvent de reste avec quelle valeur les Français ont combattu leurs innombrables ennemis. D'ailleurs, n'étaient-ce pas ces mêmes Prussiens que nous avons si souvent battus ?—n'étaient-ce pas aussi ces Anglais qui n'avaient jamais osé nous attendre que derrière des retranchemens inexpugnables, et qui ne nous attaquaient que quand ils étaient le plus nombreux ?'—*Schauenburg*, p. 61, *note*.

"This allusion to the English troops," says Major Beamish, 'is, perhaps, the most striking instance of assertion without fact that has ever appeared in print. There are few actions on record where the troops of England and her allies have been opposed even in *equal numbers*

numbers to those of the French, and it would be difficult to point out one where they have been *superior*. Indeed, our most celebrated victories over the French have been gained with an *inferiority* of force that is quite extraordinary. At the battle of Cressy, Edward's army was not *one-fourth* of the French; at Poitiers, the Black Prince had only twelve thousand men, not one-third of whom were English, and the army of King John of France amounted to upwards of sixty thousand; at Agincourt, the French army was *four times* greater than the British; at Blenheim, the French brought into the field near sixty thousand men, and *ninety* (some say one hundred) pieces of cannon; the allies had at most fifty-two thousand men, and only fifty-two pieces of cannon. At Ramillies, the allied army amounted to *thirty-five thousand* infantry, and *twenty-nine thousand* cavalry, to which the French opposed *forty thousand* infantry, and *thirty-five thousand* cavalry; at Oudenarde, the French army exceeded that of the allies by *twelve thousand* men; at Malplaquet and Minden, they were also superior in number, with the advantage, in the former action, of a triple entrenchment. The battle of Fontenoy might almost be added to the list, for it was the *Irish brigade*, and not the French, which gained that victory. To continue the inquiry: at Maida, Sir John Stuart's gallant corps of *four thousand eight hundred* men, without a single squadron of cavalry, defeated the army of General Reynier, consisting of seven thousand infantry, and three or four hundred cavalry; at Corunna, Sir John Moore's exhausted army, after a retreat of two hundred miles, under all the disadvantages of position, want of cavalry and artillery, defeated troops who were superior both in *number* and previous moral force. Soult's army was near thirty thousand men, well supported with both cavalry and artillery; Sir John Moore had only fifteen thousand men, his cavalry was all embarked, and the number of his artillery was very inferior to that of the French. At Barrosa, Sir Thomas Graham's fatigued army of *four thousand* men completely routed that of Marshal Victor, which was nearly *double the number*. *Eighteen thousand three hundred* British troops, at Talavera, sustained, unbroken, the utmost efforts of *forty-eight thousand* French. In fact, it was not until the spring of 1813, that the contending armies in the Peninsula were on anything like an *equality*. The result of that equality is well attested by the victories of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, &c. &c. Waterloo now comes to complete the picture. At that battle, so glorious to the English troops, the army of Napoleon, according to the lowest enumeration, amounted to *eighty thousand men*; the Duke of Wellington had not more than *sixty-five thousand*. The French regiments were the very *élite* of their army; whereas most part of the British troops had never before been engaged. "The moral feelings of the English," as a celebrated writer observes, "were depressed the night before the battle below their ordinary tone, and those of the French exalted to a degree of confidence and presumption unusual even to the soldiers of that nation." (*Paul's Letters*.) Yet, under such disadvantages, was that splendid victory gained, and the fate of Europe decided.

‘As to “*retranchemens inexpugnables*,” without recurring to Malplaquet, where, as some writers say, the French had made for themselves a *perfect citadel*, it will be quite sufficient to remind M. de Schauenburg of Marshal Soult’s entrenched position on the Nivelle, in 1813. The account of Lord Wellington’s attack on that formidable line of works completely reverses the fact which M. de Schauenburg wishes to establish; indeed, the French did not even *wait for us* on that occasion, (which he gives the British credit for doing under similar circumstances,) but fled at our approach. “The position on the Nivelle,” says Colonel Jones, “had many great natural advantages; it was taken up with judgment, and neither labour nor expense had been spared, for three months, to strengthen it to the utmost.” Marshal Soult had, besides, seventy thousand men, applicable for its defence. This position was, however, carried, with trifling loss, by those troops who, M. de Schauenburg tells us, can only beat the French, when they are either *more numerous*, or behind *impregnable entrenchments*. The honesty of his countryman, Guibett, is more laudable; this enlightened writer, speaking of the defeat of the French at Cressy, Poitiers, &c. thus concludes: “Aucune nation n’a perdu de batailles aussi honteuses, aussi décisives que la nôtre (the French); aucune n’en a gagné si peu décisives et de complètes.”—(*Essai général de Tactique*, i. 176.) Such authority is conclusive.’—p. 82—85, *note*.

We congratulate M. de Schauenburg on the knowledge of history, which, doubtless, he has now acquired.

Major Beamish proposes a general reform in the tactics and equipment of the British cavalry, founded, apparently, on experience and common sense. The absurdity of a British hussar weighing more than a heavy dragoon, the unwieldy helmet, and cumbersome horse appointments of the latter, the defective construction of the carbine with which he is furnished, and the inexpedient movement by *threes* which is continued by our cavalry, in defiance both of example and experience, are all strongly and justly observed upon. He also animadverts with warmth upon the mistaken system of drill adopted in our army, and offers a rational suggestion for its improvement. ‘Gallop through Dundas’s manœuvres,’ he observes, ‘on Hounslow Heath, can never teach dragoons how to oppose an enemy, to cover a retreat, to patrol a country, to take advantage of ground, to support infantry, to protect artillery, &c. No sort of resemblance to any of the movements or operations likely to occur in war, are ever attempted by us. What is to prevent the cavalry, infantry, and artillery, from periodically assembling, at some uninclosed part of the country, and there practising, under an able and experienced officer, such movements as would give them some idea of what they are to expect on service?’—p. 150, *note*. There is one branch, however, of this writer’s theory, that we must strongly protest

protest against, namely, the expediency of keeping up a large force of cavalry during peace. This would be, even in war, very questionable policy; and, in the present state of affairs, is by no means justifiable. The expense attendant upon a cavalry regiment is enormous; the very movement of it from one quarter to another (an annual operation which, by the way, might be just as well dispensed with) causes an expenditure which does not appear warranted by any necessity, and considerably heightens our objections to augment this branch of the service. One would really imagine, from the speculations of such writers as Major Beamish, that no means of protection or defence could be afforded us but through the agency of a standing army and regular troops; the true constitutional force of the country seems to be altogether overlooked, and the subject of augmentation and reduction canvassed, as if no such body of men as the yeomanry cavalry were in existence. The late Home Secretary did certainly use his best exertions to destroy the name, but, although he succeeded in reducing the number, he could not affect the spirit of this loyal body. That spirit remains in its full force, and we trust that the present government will ere long evince their sense of its importance to the welfare of the nation, by re-embodiment of the disbanded regiments.

The memorable period of threatened invasion should not be lightly forgotten. Then was no partial gust of patriotism—no transient blaze that flared and flitted—the public spirit of the nation burst forth with an ardent zeal, of which history affords no parallel. On the 26th of October, 1803, the volunteer corps of Great Britain mustered only twelve thousand four hundred men. On the 9th of the following December, this force was swelled to the enormous number of three hundred and seventy-nine thousand nine hundred and forty-three! The attempt at invasion was not made; but it was certainly intended, and we shall never cease to believe that the country derived incalculable advantages, if it were not saved from real danger, by this signal display of zeal and patriotism.

The importance of the yeomanry force has been also evinced in the manufacturing districts: what regular corps could have conducted themselves with more order and moderation, than the yeomanry cavalry of Lancashire and the west of Scotland, when those provinces were in a state of disturbance? In disaffected districts, the yeomanry force cannot be too much upheld; it identifies the loyal, it distinguishes the democrat, it overawes the rebellious, and is the most effectual, as well as the most constitutional, means of establishing and maintaining peace and good order. In agricultural counties, again, the yeomanry cavalry form the

the friendly bond of social union—the connecting link between the gentleman and the farmer: their moral influence, in this particular, is of the utmost value. What can tend more to generate the kindly feelings of the peasant towards his lord, than their being enrolled together, with equal rank, in the same corps? The temporary equality, which such a situation causes, the similarity of occupation, the close intercourse, the independent emulation,—all conspire to create and confirm mutual respect and mutual attachment.

And, after all, what is the wonderful difference between a volunteer yeoman, and a regular dragoon? It is not being enlisted that can make a man a soldier—it is not receiving daily pay, nor marching from one town to another, nor being expert at Dundas's manoeuvres, nor appearing regularly on parade—it is a practical knowledge of the operations of war—it is real service before an enemy. The mass of our present cavalry have no military experience, and will be as new to actual service as the yeomanry; all their superiority is in parade discipline, and in those exercises which volunteers, with practice, would perform as well.* When the necessity for fighting comes, we have no doubt that the regular cavalry will rapidly acquire all other requisites for the formation of a soldier; but the yeomanry, if called on, will acquire them also. A volunteer, completely drilled, is, we presume, fit for anything that a regular soldier is fit for, who has not seen service; and if they are sent into the field together, will ripen into a veteran as soon as his comrade. It will not much impair the martial ardour of the yeoman to feel that, after he has done his best to serve his country, he has an honest trade, or a peaceful farm to retire to; and we strongly suspect that he will not fight the worse because he has a home and family to fight for.

We have thus dwelt on the yeomanry, because we feel convinced that to the accordance of military and civil institutions, to the harmony of the arts of peace and the arts of war, the paramount attention of every state should be directed, and that the existence of the volunteer force of Great Britain is vitally connected with the peace, happiness, and preservation of the empire.

* The Yorkshire hussar regiment of yeomanry cavalry, under the able instruction of Lord Grantham, have been brought to so high a degree of training, that after a few days' practice, they are fully equal to manoeuvre with regular cavalry.

ART. VII.—*Joh. Henr. Kellgröns Samlade Skrifter. Tredje Uplagan.* Stockholm. J. P. Lindh.

WE turn to Northern Literature with a favourable prepossession, arising partly, we must confess, from the circumstance that, in this Journal, the attention of our countrymen was first directed to that Literature, but partly also from the great historical interest attached to the Scandinavian Peninsula. Thither the ancient Greek with veneration turned his view, as to a land of mystery, when speaking of the Hyperborean sages; and thence, in later times, proceeded the strong and fearless Gothic tribes, who conquered haughty Rome, and, together with those of Teutonic origin, overspread and regenerated Europe in their adventurous wanderings during the middle ages. The history of Sweden, in our own times, presents an aspect highly curious and interesting, and one which may well excite our wonder. While all the splendour of Napoleon's once so dazzling glory has gone down—while every vestige of his towering grandeur is effaced—while all his mushroom creations of kings and princes have passed away—in Sweden, a king still reigns, who, nursed in the cradle of the French Revolution, not the creature of Napoleon, but his companion in arms, emerged from the obscure ranks of society to ascend a throne, and still maintains his exalted station, unshaken by the attacks of the cavillers for legitimacy. His power, founded on the affections of a free and valiant people, is strengthened and secured by his personal wisdom and character, he ever declaring himself the guardian and protector of the public liberties, and thus presenting to the world a practical illustration of the long-established historical axiom, that *he* deserves the sceptre who understands to wield it best.

Considered with reference to its nature, history, people, and literature, Scandinavia is undoubtedly one of the most interesting countries in Europe; and yet we venture to say that there is none so little known—none of which the accounts are less defined and accurate. Hence we, for our parts, shall continue to esteem it a duty, the performance of which, while pleasing to ourselves, will, we trust, contribute in some degree to the gratification of our readers, to fix attention on the chief productions of a literature, which, by its mingled tenderness and lofty beauty, must have peculiar claims on the consideration of an English public. We regret that it does not fall within the limits of our Review to give a detailed historical outline of Northern Literature, and even for the purpose of casual notices
our

our facilities are by no means adequate, the scanty intercourse between England and the northern countries rendering a Swedish, Danish, or Icelandic book a literary curiosity amongst us.

The work which we have selected for the present occasion, contains the literary relics of a Swedish author, who is considered by his countrymen to have been the first of the bright geniuses of his time. The reign of Gustavus the Third,—that in which Kellgren flourished,—resembled in more points than one the far-famed *siècle de Louis Quatorze*. Both kings stamped their personal character on that of the times in which they lived—both were alike vain, ambitious, haughty, and luxurious; prompted to great exertions by national feeling and love of glory—both were generous, but unprincipled; amiable, but of fatal influence on the morals of their country; and, finally, both were equally zealous patrons and promoters of the arts and sciences, thus contributing to a new era in the literary history of the people whom they governed. In this last respect, however, Gustavus had the advantage, he himself being a productive labourer in the field of literature; and, though with smaller means than those possessed by the rich and powerful King of France, he effected a comparatively greater revolution in the taste and culture of his time. Gustavus could not only reward literary merit, but he could appreciate it rightly; and, whatever faults the historian may have cause to find with the general character of this monarch, it would be an injustice to deny that, more than any prince mentioned in history, he sought and cultivated the acquaintance of enlightened men, and from the recesses of obscurity led genius forth into the light, even within the encircling splendour of the throne. He made it his pride to nurture the germs of talent, which must, probably, have been stifled but for such fostering and paternal care. Amongst those whom he favoured with his personal esteem and friendship, we may particularly mention Bellman,—a poetical genius of so extraordinary a kind, that we know of none in the history of any nation to whom he can be compared,—and Kellgren, whose works form the subject of our present consideration. Even the adherents of the *Romantic* school in Sweden, which has waged unceasing war against the *French* school patronized by Gustavus, admit the claims of Kellgren as an original and talented writer; and we think that, without overrating his merits, he may be pronounced a distinguished ornament of the classical literature of his country. In the course of his private life nothing occurs to call for observation, if we except the close intimacy between the sovereign

reign and himself, which, considering the humble station of the poet, must be considered as a circumstance equally creditable to both.

Kellgren was descended from that honourable class of the community, which constitutes an essential part of the Swedish nation, and has produced so many great and eminent men. In Sweden it is nothing uncommon to find the son of a peasant filling the highest offices in the State—and the Church is almost exclusively supplied by these important elements of the truly national character. The grandfather of Kellgren was a peasant, and his name, as is often the case in Sweden, derived from the small spot of land which he cultivated. This was a farm held of a captain in the army, and called Kelltorp, in the parish of Kellby, from which possession Kellgren's father took his name*. He was curate at Floby, in the province of West Gothland, where the poet was born in 1751. Until his tenth year he remained under the care of his father, who early formed him to studious and contemplative habits, to which indeed he was naturally disposed; and at this early age his proficiency in general studies enabled him to leave the paternal roof for the College at Skara, the principal town in his province. Here it was that he laid the sure foundation of his classical knowledge; and here his taste for polite literature was formed and matured by reading the works of the Danish poet, Holberg, who seems to have given him that turn for satirical writing by which he afterwards became so conspicuous. In 1768 he left college for the university of Åbo, in the province of Finland, where he remained during nine years devoted to uninterrupted study. In 1772 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and two years after became *Magister Docens* of the University. Wishing for a wider sphere of exertion, he removed to Stockholm in 1777, and there became tutor to two young noblemen, sons of Count Meyerfeld. Frequent were his early excursions in the field of poetic enterprise; but, from an excessive scrupulosity, he destroyed nearly all his earlier writings, and thus the public are deprived of the means of comparing the first fruits of his genius with the more mature productions of his later years—a comparison always so interesting in the history of literary men. The poem, which first established his fame as a satirist, was called *Mina Löjen* (my jokes); and shortly after its publication, he, in conjunction with Carl Lengren, edited a weekly journal, entitled the *Stockholms Courier*, a paper which still exists, though only as a memento of the vanished genius which once

* *Torp*, in Swedish, signifies cottage; *By*, village, and *Gren*, branch.

inspired

inspired its pages. In the time of Kellgren, this journal had a very considerable influence on Swedish literature, in his treatment of which the poet followed, though with greater energy and skill, in the path which Dahlin had trod before him. These exertions of Kellgren could not fail to attract the notice of a monarch like Gustavus, so attentive to every manifestation of genius amongst his subjects, and being anxious to secure such eminent talents to the exclusive service of the Muses, he appointed Kellgren his private secretary, and by considerable pensions established him in an easy independence. What Kellgren seems to have valued more than all other marks of the royal favour, was the undeviating and intimate friendship with which he was honoured by the king, but which endangered his originality as a poet, since it is evident that his dramas in particular were formed after the models prescribed by Gustavus. The king, who was passionately fond of the stage, for which indeed he himself wrote, suggested, as is well known, the plan of Kellgren's three principal dramatic pieces, *Gustaf Wasa*, *Christine*, and *Gustaf Adolf und Ebba Brahe*. On the establishment of the Swedish academy, Kellgren was appointed a member, as a special mark of his sovereign's favour, and became by ballot the first director of that institution. His exertions for the promotion of critical taste among his countrymen continued unabated till his death, which happened in 1795. The most eloquent tribute which his friends could pay to departed genius is expressed on a medal which was struck to his memory. It is simple as he to whom it was dedicated. On the one side is the bust of the poet—on the reverse the following inscription:—*Poetae, Philosopho, Civi, Amico, Lugentes Amici*.—M.DCC.XCV.

All who are acquainted with the history of Swedish literature must agree as to one point—that Kellgren was as a critic firm and impartial, which qualities, if accompanied by eminent talent, cannot fail of having a powerful influence on the literature of a country. In this respect, Kellgren stands foremost amongst his many distinguished contemporaries; and the journal which he edited was the most effective instrument in the formation of critical taste. But while admitting this, we by no means subscribe to the justness of all his decisions. We think him too often unhappily fettered by his partiality for the French classics of the reign of Louis XIV. Boileau was his literary idol, and in worshipping whom his own clear judgment and natural taste were often confused and perverted.

As a poet, Kellgren displays more the keen perception and power of representing the incidents of common life, than the lofty

lofty soaring of a fanciful imagination. In him we find no bursts of passion, no eccentric wanderings in the wild and flowery ways of fancy, but the calm pursuance of a smooth, undeviating path. As a dramatist, he must have been totally deficient in power, unless this were neutralized by the influence of his royal patron and fellow-labourer. We cannot agree with his professed admirers in their eulogium of *Gustaf Wasa*—a composition which the author, though why we know not, calls a lyrical tragedy. There is not a single tragical feature throughout the piece. It may be more properly termed a dramatized triumphal song; and its enthusiastic reception by the Swedish public is to be attributed to the event commemorated, and to the style of representation on the Swedish stage, which is always on a scale of magnificence more suited to the celebration of a great national triumph, than to the performance of an insignificant drama. Kellgren's other dramatic pieces are all modelled after the French, and no way suited to the grave and noble Swedish character.

In his lyrical works, the poet has much higher claims on our attention. He is distinguished by playfulness and simplicity, and represents his ideas clearly and distinctly; and though they be not very exalted, they are embodied with the skill of a perfect artist. By the following translation of one of his lyrical pieces, our readers may perceive that Kellgren was not incapable of the loftier kind of poetry; though, at the same time, we must confess that this is, perhaps, his highest effort.

THE NEW CREATION, OR FANCY'S WORLD.

'Thou who didst heav'nly forms pourtray
Of bliss and beauty's charm to me,
I saw thee once—and from that day
Thee only in the world I see!
Dead to my view did Nature lie,
And to my feelings deeply dead—
Then came a breathing from on high,
And light and life around were spread.
And the light came and kindled life,
A soul pervaded every part;
With feeling's features all was rife,
And voices sounding to my heart!
Through space new spheres celestial broke,
And earth fresh robes of verdure found;
Genius and Cultivation woke,
And Beauty rose and smiled around!

Then

Then felt my soul her heav'nly birth;
 Her godly offspring from on high,
 And saw those wonders of the earth,
 Yet unreveal'd to Wisdom's eye.
 Not only splendour, motion, space,
 And glorious majesty and might;
 Not only depth in vales to trace,
 And in the rocks their tow'ring height:
 But more my ravish'd senses found—
 The lofty spheres' sweet harmony;
 Heard angel-harps from hills resound,
 From darksome gulphs, the demons' cry.
 On fields the smile of Peace was bright,
 Fear skulk'd along the shadowy vale;
 The groves were whisp'ring of delight,
 The forests breathing sighs of wail.
 And wrath was in the billowy sea,
 And tenderness in cooling streams;
 And in the Sunlight, majesty,
 And bashfulness in Dian's beams.
 To point the lightning Hatred sped,
 And Courage quell'd the raging storm;
 The cedar rear'd its lofty head,
 The flow'r unclosed its beauteous form.
 O living sense of all things dear!
 O Genius, Feeling's mystery!
 Who comprehends thee, Beauty, here?
 He who can love, and only he.
 When painting Nature to my gaze
 In heav'ns of bliss, that brightly roll,
 For me what art thou? Broken rays
 Of Hilma's image in my soul.
 'Tis she, within my soul, who, fair,
 Stamps bliss on all the things that be,
 And Earth is one wide temple, where
 She is th' adored divinity.
 Thou, who didst heav'nly forms pourtray
 Of bliss and beauty's charm to me,
 I saw thee once—and from that day
 Thee only in the world I see!
 All things thy borrow'd features bear,
 O still the same, yet ever new!
 Thy waist, the lily's waist so fair,
 And thine her fresh and lovely hue!

Thy

Thy glances is mixed with day-beams bright,
Thy voice with Philomel's sweet song,
Thy breath with roses' balm, and light,
Like thee, the zephyr glides along.

Nay, more—thou lend'st a charm to gloom,
Filling the deep abyss with rays,
And clothing wastes in flowery bloom,
And gladdening dust of former days.

And if perchance th' enraptur'd mind
With eager, anxious search should stray
Through earth and Heaven, that it may find
The Author of this blissful clay ;

Demanding in some form to view
Him, the all-bounteous and divine,
To whom our loftiest praise is due—
His form reveals itself in thine !

In cities, courts, and kingly halls,
'Mong thousands, I behold but thee ;
When entering humbler cottage walls,
I find thee there awaiting me.

To Wisdom's depths I turn'd in vain,
Borne onward by thy thought divine ;
I strove to wake th' heroic strain—
My harp would breathe no name but thine !

To Fame's proud summit I would soar,
But wander'd in thy footsteps' trace ;
I wish'd for Fortune's worshipp'd store,
And found it all in thy embrace !

Thou, who didst heav'nly forms pourtray
Of bliss and beauty's charm to me,
I saw thee once—and from that day
Thee only in the world I see !

What tho' from thee now torn away,
Thy thought alone remains to me,
Still in thy track must memory stray,—
Thee only in the world I see !

But it is as a satirist that Kellgren gained such reputation in Sweden, where he has never been equalled in this species of composition. A distinguishing characteristic of his satirical writings, and one which cannot be too highly commended—is the playfulness of the style, and the entire absence of bilious acrimony evinced therein ; by which he has effected more than he could possibly have done by a morbid expression of hypochondriacal feeling. His satirical writings are numerous, and of various merit. One of the finest is, we think, his *Ljusets Fiender*

Fiender (the Foes of Light), which we here subjoin, and which will better elucidate the author's peculiar vein, than any further remarks of our own.

THE FOES OF LIGHT.

En faveur de la Folie
Pardonnez à la Raison.

One eve last Winter—let me see—
It was, if rightly I remember,
About the 20th of December;
Yes—Reader—yes, it so must be,
For Winter's solstice had set in,
And Phœbus—he, the ruler bright
Who governs Poets and the Light,
(This latter shines, the former rhyme
More dimly in the northern clime)—
At three o'clock would seek the deep
For nineteen hours' unbroken sleep.
Lucidor on such eve went forth
To join the club upon the north *.
A club! political? Herein
No trace the manuscript doth show,
And nothing boots it now to know.
Enough—he went—the club he found,—
Enter'd, sat down, and look'd around,
But very little met his sight,
For yet they had not ordered light;
And Heav'n's all glorious President
To rest had long since stole away,
While dim his pale Vice Regent went
Declining on her cloudy way.
Though thus in darkness, soon he knew
The senseless crowd, who kept a pothor
With wondrous heat, (as still they do
Whene'er they can't conceive each other)
About the form the chamber bore—
The colour of the chairs—and more.
At length they one and all bethought
Themselves how dull—how worse than nought,
It was to prate of form and hue
While blindness bandaged thus their view;
(For to be blind, and not to see,
The self-same thing appear'd to be;)
So various voices mingling cry
“Light! light!”

* *På Norr*, on the north side of the town.

Light came—and then the eye
Was glad ; for who doth not delight
To see distinctly black from white ?
Yet here and there a friend of gloom
Gave light and lamps—you know to whom :
And now of these there's more to come.

A blear-eyed man was first to bawl
Against the light ; yet this must call,
Not wonder, pity from each heart,
For how should he enjoy the ray,
When ev'n the smallest gleam of day
Falls on his view with deadly smart ?

Like him, in evil plight much pain'd,
An old and nervous man complain'd—
“ By Heav'n !” he cried, “ this cruel glare
Of light is more than I can bear.”
Nor should *his* murmur much amaze—
The poor old man had all his days
Groped out his path thro' darksome ways ;
But to learn to walk and see
Are both of like necessity,
And custom gives us faculty.

A drowsy man, with startled stare,
Amazed, leapt high from off his chair ;
His name was Dullness.—Ever deep
Both soul and body he would steep,
By day and night, in ceaseless sleep.
One well may fancy what a doom,
For him to be deprived of gloom.
Now all behold his laziness,
The senseless swine can do no less
Than blush to be discover'd, making
The only drone amongst the waking.

Th' Enthusiast cries, “ Most sweet to me
The hour when Twilight's veil is drawn ;
O blissful twilight ! Rapture's dawn !
O darkness mild and soft to see !
While thou dost all in charms array,
What is't to me if thou betray ?
In thee may Fancy, fearless, stray,
Released from Reason's rigid thrall,
In joyful chaos mingling all !
Through thee, the shadow substance shows,
Through thee, the Earth empeopled grows.
Gods, giants, wizards, sprites appear !
Just now I caught a shadow here
From Swedenborg's enchanted sphere.

But light—a cursed trick!—now beams,
Consuming all my blissful dreams.

“A cursed trick!” This cry too rose
Loud from behind the corner screen,
From one, whose thriving trade had been
In legerdemain and raree shows.

“The Swedish public soon will see
My art’s long hidden mystery;
In twilight all went on divinely,
I trick’d their eyes and purses finely;
But now they’ve brought this devilish light,
Farewell to witchcraft ev’ry way;
Farewell to magic—black and white!”
So said my Lord, and sneak’d away.

Soon as this last lament was o’er,
The self-same exit—through the door—
Was taken by a worthy spark,
Who—honest else we may remark—
Had lately, wandering in the dark,
Mistook—by accident alone—
His neighbour’s pocket for his own.

A member of the King’s police,
Who lov’d his knowledge to increase,
(In vulgar parlance called a spy,)
Now sought the chimney skulkingly.
’Tis hard to listen in the light:
Partly for its still flickering glare,
And partly that, when forced to beat
A swift and unforeseen retreat,
’Twill sometimes with the list’ner fare
That he must be content to spare
An arm or leg, and leave it there.

With hump before and hump behind,
A cripple had for hours depicted
How dear he was to womankind,
(In darkness none could contradict it,)
And countless blisses called to mind;
But light appear’d, and who look’d down,
If not this miserable clown?
For not a more revolting creature
Ever yet was seen in nature.

A speaker rose, and said, “’Twere vain,
Now that the thing has gone so far,
To strive light’s progress to restrain;
Then leave all matters as they are,
So that we can but keep the rays
From spreading to the public gaze.

And

And to avert this awful scourge
From our dear country, let me urge
'Twere best to leave the light to me
An undisturb'd monopoly."

"Well said!" another answer'd straight,
"Farewell to Ministerial state,
To court, to customs, honour, birth,
And all we value most on earth,
If we allow the light to fall
In common for the eyes of all.
But, now, as Government alone
Has pow'r to say how ev'ry one
May innocently hear and see,
And eat and drink, it seems to me
For my part—and by this is meant
My portion of the public rent—
That we had better fix the light
The Crown's hereditary right."

Of those assembled in the room,
Whom shame constrain'd, in hate's despight,
To hide the rage they felt at light,
Mine host and each assistant groom
Were found: for guests could now behold
What drugs were given for their gold.
The miracle, admired of yore,
Of turning water into wine,
Is now a trick, and nothing more,
Which, as all may well divine,
Will hardly cheat the taste and sight
Of sober folks, except at night.

"O sin and shame!" the Parson cries,
"To jest with Heav'n's providing care;
Think that a child of dust should dare
At eve, when darkness veils the skies,
To strike a light and use his eyes!
Then vainly God prescribes the Sun
His rising and his going down,
In order that the human kind
May needful warmth and radiance find.
Now man creates a warmth by fires,
And with his tallow-light aspires
To ape the blessed beams of day!
Soon Nature will not have a nook,
No soundless depths, nor darksome caves,
Impervious to his searching look,
His skill can curb the winds and waves,
Nay—more tremendous still to say—
He dares, when clouds are torn asunder,
To save his body from the thunder!"

Th' assembly here in laughter burst—
 The Priest, preparing to depart,
 His brethren most devoutly curst
 To pest and death with all his heart ;
 When suddenly was heard a sound
 Of trumpets, drums, and bells around,
 And soon a cry in ev'ry mouth
 Of ' Fire is raging in the South !'
 The part, the street, the house are nam'd,
 And, *Light*, the cause of all is blam'd :

" O Lucifer's and Genius' sons,
 (From *Lux* comes *Lucifer*) see here !"

The Parson cries—" Ye faithless ones,
 What direful fruits from *Light* appear.
 Upon the Southern side bursts forth
 The fire, and doubt not but the North
 Like end will find to crown such crime :
 Then let us all resolve in time,
 With strictest care to quench outright
 Whatever can conduce to light."

Already have the friends of light,
 (Such is fanaticism's might,)
 Now here, now there, by looks exprest
 A secret fear that rules the breast.
 At length arises one, whose voice
 Is destined to decide their choice.
 All hush'd, Lucidor has the word,
 " My friends and brothers !" thus he's heard—
 " A law there is, prescribed by heaven,
 For ev'ry good to mortals given,
 And this the precept all sublime :

That ' wanting wisdom's due control,
 Even virtue's self becomes a crime—

The cup of bliss a poison'd bowl.'
 All useful things may noxious be,
 Sleep strengthens—sleep brings lethargy ;
 Meat feeds—meat brings obstruction after.

Ale warms—ale causes strangury ;
 Smiles cheer—convulsions come from laughter.

Nay, more—the mother virtue, whence
 Arises earth's and heav'nly bliss,

The fear of God itself has this
 (When overstretch'd) sad consequence,
 Of voiding certain heads of sense.

And yet should any man from hence
 Induce a Christian soul to think
 'Twere wrong to sleep, eat, laugh, or drink ;
 He is, by giving such a rule,
 A self-convicted knave—or fool.

As to what concerns the right
Administration of the light,
Wise rulers have two means of might:
Lashes, by which the over-bold
And negligent may be controll'd,
And engines, to allay the ire
Of the most infuriate fire."

He ceased—a general bravo cry—
A loud and general applause,
Save from the priest and company,
Who took their party prudently,
And mumbled curses 'twixt their jaws.

What happen'd on the southern side;
How quench'd they there the flame so fear'd,
Or what new palace there was rear'd
Above the former's fallen pride—
Of this we'll sing in future lays,
Should Heav'n vouchsafe us length of days.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Memoires de Vidocq*. Vols. I. et II. 8vo.
Paris, 1828.
2. *Memoires d'un forçat, ou Vidocq dévoilé*. 1 vol. 8vo.
Paris.
3. *Essai sur les Bagnes*. Par Maurice Allhoi. 1 vol. 8vo.
Paris, 1829.

ALEXANDER would only be painted by an Apelles, and for the great men of antiquity the pen of a Plutarch was required. Vidocq, the spy, has been no less anxious for celebrity, and he is in a fair way of being fully satisfied. 'I promise him,' says the author of the '*Memoirs of a Galley Slave*,' 'a fame equal at least to that of Cartouche, Casteng, and Clara Wendel.' Here we have a galley-slave undertaking the office of historian to a police spy. Every thing however is relative—Mr. Sismondi or Dr. Lingard would have failed in a similar enterprise; but, better than they, or than all beside, a galley-slave can trace the noble exploits of an inmate of the Bagnes. France has been absolutely flooded with the autobiographies of Vidocq; but he has always been careful to paint himself only *en buste*, and we are constantly interrupted by such explanations as the following: 'I accompanied a band of robbers, but I did not rob.' His fellow prisoner is less gentle with him, and presents to us a full-length portrait of the prince of spies. He follows his hero
step

step by step, and never fails to tear away the veil in which Vidocq often seeks to hide himself. For an insignificant narrative he substitutes one truly horrible: he gives the clue to many enigmas, and relates a series of anecdotes, which he says we might vainly look for in the memoirs of Vidocq. His object is less to write his own life than that of the man towards whom he has been, as it were, impelled by an unavoidable fatality; and hence he speaks little of himself, and much of his companion in crime. To the portrait of Vidocq the Child, he adds successively those of Vidocq the Soldier, the Husband, the Sharper, the Forger, the Galley Slave, the Informer, the Thief, and, finally, the Spy of Police:—

‘Eugene Francois Vidocq, known among the robbers and spies by the name of *Jules*, is now about fifty-four years of age; six feet six inches in height, of a gigantic form, fair-haired, with a long nose, blue eyes, and smiling mouth—and, in fine, of an appearance far from unprepossessing: though he frequently has an air of impudence, and stares with fixed effrontery on all he meets, as though he held the *signalement* of all mankind. He often changes his costume, but his toilette is invariably arranged with the utmost scrupulosity. He drives a cabriolet, behind which is seen a *ci-devant* galley-slave; his servant. He never goes abroad without being well armed with pistols, and a long poignard, the blade of which is large, and inlaid with gold, and the hilt adorned with diamonds. The skull of Vidocq would really be a *bonne fortune* for the votaries of the craniological creed—so at least thought the famous Dr. Gall; who used to say, “I would gladly give 1000 francs for that head, if I were not sure of getting it for nothing—as I have an idea that it will one day come by the gallows into my Cabinet.”

The air of truth spread over this portrait, is of itself sufficient to secure our confidence in the historian of the renowned Vidocq. Furthermore, whenever he relates a circumstance, he is particular in naming places and persons, and adduces numerous living testimonies to his veracity. Why then not implicitly believe?—Because he is a galley-slave, and both prudence and justice prescribe that we should confront him with the man whom he denounces, and that, keeping the biographies of both before our eyes, we should fairly trace the history of the chief Parisian spy.

Vidocq was born at Arnes, near to the house in which Robespierre first saw the light. He was destined to the useful employment of a baker, and distributed the works of his father’s hands with sufficient diligence; until, after some paltry peccadilloes, mere preliminary *coups d’essai*, he made his *débüt* by a master-stroke in that department of science in which he was destined to gain such wonderful distinction. He forced the cash-box

box of his parents, and took (though the galley-slave thinks the amount overstated) a sum of 2000 francs, with which he escaped towards Lille, and afterwards proceeded to Calais, with the design of visiting the New World; but, happily, heaven took pity on poor France, and preserved to her this purse-protector, who has since, in one year (1817), made no less than 811 principal arrests, besides many of minor importance. Scarcely had our incipient rogue arrived in Calais, when he was completely stripped by one more skilful than himself, and forced to enlist under the standard of a perambulating quack, for whom he performed the part of one of the South Sea Anthropophagi. Raw flesh, however, being by no means to his taste, he resigned this distinguished office, and, after various vicissitudes, entered the army; but his military enthusiasm quickly oozed out Bob Acres-fashion, and he deserted, re-enlisted, deserted again, and commenced the man of gallantry, in which his success was most gratifying, till, having soundly thrashed a certain captain, who wished to carry off one of his mistresses, he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. He was confined in the prison at Lille among several other scoundrels, amongst whom was one '*dont l'affaire,*' says Vidocq, '*n'était pas très claire.*' The ex-chief of the Parisian spies had hired a room in the prison, which he lent to a man named Herbeaux, without dreaming of wrong; and shortly afterwards he found himself arrested as an accomplice in a forgery, the object of which was to procure the escape of the gentleman *au peu claire.* He escaped, was retaken—again escaped, and was again retaken (to use his own words)—a miserable victim to his destiny, he was sentenced to eight years' hard labour. 'It was not,' he says, 'the accomplice in a crime of petty forgery whom they thus punished—it was the bold and restless leader of many plots for escape. It was necessary to make an example, and I was sacrificed.' Was Vidocq really guilty on this occasion? He assures us that he was not. And when disclaiming all participation in this petty forgery, he says—'I may expect to be believed, since the affair in question was merely a prison joke, which, if proved, would now-a-days, call at worst for only a correctional punishment.' Notwithstanding, however, this disclaimer of Vidocq, which indeed is made with all the earnestness of truth, his friend the galley-slave obstinately refuses to believe him. This latter declares, that the version of the matter given by Vidocq swarms with improbabilities. 'How,' he asks, 'is it possible to admit that a man like Vidocq could have lent his room to men with whose manœuvres he was well acquainted, unless he had been previously admitted to their most secret confidence?' The following (continues the galley-slave) is the account of the matter

matter as delivered to me a dozen times by Herbeaux, who was many years later executed at Paris :—

‘Vidocq said to me one day, “If you will assist me in an affair we may gain a thousand crowns, which we will share together.” I asked what was the matter in hand, and Vidocq spoke of forging an order of discharge for Boitel. I observed that it was incurring too much risk for so small a sum. “Pooh!” replied Vidocq, “Even should we be discovered it is but an attempt, and we should come off with six months.” “Six months,” I rejoined, “is no such monstrous term, and if Gronard were of the party our chances must be better, for he writes like a notary. Try to get 400 francs, and ’tis a bargain closed.” On the following day Vidocq told me that Boitel consented to give an additional 100 francs. We set to work; the order was forged, when we bethought ourselves that by not being stamped, it was likely to be soon discovered. “Leave that to me,” said Vidocq, “and taking from his pocket the seal of a regiment in which he had formerly served, he used it for the stamping. This seal was found under one of the feet of Vidocq’s bedstead where he had hidden it. But what enraged us against him was, that, without any ceremony, he appropriated to himself two-thirds of the cash counted out to him by Boitel.’

Whether his sentence were just or unjust, Vidocq determined if possible to escape. A plan for this purpose was laid by him during the journey from Douay to Bicêtre, and its execution was attempted in the forest of Campiègne, but the death of three comrades at the first discharge of the gendarmes, taught Vidocq that, though cunning might delude his keepers, it was powerless against powder and ball, and he was thus constrained to make his entry into Bicêtre. Here the illustrious writer draws a striking picture of his stay at Bicêtre, and describes at great length the terrible preparations for the departure to the *Bagnes*, and details the tortures endured on that occasion by men, ‘the greater part of whom,’ he says, ‘would have been capable of a sincere return to virtue, if the barbarities of the overseers had not driven them to despair, and thus completed their demoralization.’ What Vidocq had failed to effect in the forest of Campiègne, he successfully compassed after his entry in the *Bagnes*, by tricking his old friend the galley-slave, and easing him of twenty-five Louis. The circumstance is thus related by the latter :—

‘It will be supposed that I intended to neglect nothing which might shorten my stay in this place, but I soon discovered that escape was a more difficult matter than I had imagined. The pretence of weakness in my legs which had hitherto been so serviceable to me, now only seemed to take away all hope of active measures, as it exempted me from labour, and therefore confined me to the interior of the *Bagnes*. I began to despair—when one day Vidocq approached

approached my bench, and said to me, "You maintain a reserve towards your friend; you do wrong; for I dare swear that both of us are alike unwilling to serve our time." "Well, even if I proposed to escape, you know it is impracticable. You, indeed, who go to labour, need not drink the ocean dry in order to get off; but for me." . . . "Why, look you now, this is the very reason why you are to blame for not speaking out your mind. For my part, had I but ten Louis, I would not be here three days longer; and could you place twenty at my disposal we might travel off together."

'This discourse was not calculated to inspire me with much confidence; but as it was not absolutely impossible that Vidocq might have hit on some lucky expedient, I determined not to reject his proposal too hastily, and I made him an evasive answer, the main purport of which was, that my gold should not be given without good prospect of success, and that I wished to know his means of effecting the project. He then told me that he proposed to purchase two sailors' suits almost complete, and that in consideration of the sum which had been mentioned, the vender would engage to place them on the rope-walk, in a spot agreed upon. "So," added he, "spend the night in playing the fiddle (filing the chains); ask leave to go to labour to-morrow; we shall meet on the rope-walk, and the rest will be easily done."

'I yet hesitated some moments, for even supposing that Vidocq had no sinister intention, I had still to fear the rashness of his disposition, to which he was indebted for his many previous failures in similar projects. But I reflected, that if I refused to take this opportunity, a long time might elapse before another would present itself, and that this might possibly prove still less favourable. As it was, I possessed one hundred Louis, and Vidocq only demanded twenty, so that even in case the project failed, my purse would nevertheless still be sufficiently stocked to enable me to try some other venture. I therefore accepted Vidocq's proposition, but declined giving him the money till I should obtain leave to go to labour. He appeared satisfied, and I instantly began to play the fiddle as aforesaid, and before midnight I had nearly cut my fetters through; I concealed the fissure by filling it with crumbs of bread, coloured with tobacco juice; and on the following day I found no difficulty in obtaining leave to go to work. I believed my escape already secured. In crossing the rope-walk Vidocq drew nigh to me, and I slipped the money into his hand. "My man is not yet here," said he, "I shall pretend some cause for absence, meet me here in ten minutes, and we will set off together, as every thing will then be in readiness." I had no choice but to rest satisfied with this excuse, and at the expiration of the ten minutes I returned to the spot agreed upon—but no Vidocq. Two hours afterwards a cannon sound informed me that, thanks to my money, he had succeeded in escaping *alone*. What might perhaps appear incredible—had I not in the course of this narrative given such rare proofs of veracity—is, that I was more affected by the bad faith of my old companion, than by the, for me, unfavourable termination

nation of the adventure, which after all did not aggravate my position. Perhaps there might also be something of self-love in my consolation. I had been tricked by a man whose talents, in *finesse*, notwithstanding the present occurrence, I knew to be greatly inferior to my own. One thing, however, there was, which gave me serious annoyance—namely, that my irons, which I had cut, now held together, as it were, by a single thread, and were liable to fall at any moment; a misfortune which, besides the drubbing it would cost me at the time, would have rendered me an object of particular attention in future—the greatest misery which can befall the galley-slave. After some reflection, I considered that it was possible to turn the circumstance to good account. On the following day, when going to work, I presented myself for examination in my turn; and when the officer had as usual struck my irons with his cane, in order to sound them, and had inspected my clothes, I said to him—You know that I have only about four years to serve, and as I have no wish to double this term by attempting an escape, I beg that my fetters may be changed; for it seems that he who had them before me was not of my mind, since they are almost cut through—see - - -

Restored to liberty, Vidocq, as he informs us, was disgusted with the profession of thievery, and wished for nothing more than to live in quiet; but, being hunted by the police, he was at last apprehended, and could escape the galleys only by serving in that police, to which he accordingly consented, and became chief of the Guard of Safety. With his entry on the duties of police, Vidocq's memoirs terminate, as do also the expositions of his *Campagnon des Bagnes*. If the publication should be continued, we shall have a fitter opportunity for entering more at large on that system of police, which is a disgrace to France. At present, we think it no inappropriate appendage to the preceding pages, to give some account of a personage nowise inferior, as regards either villany or skill, to the two just-mentioned worthies. This is A. Collet, whom Mr. Allhoi saw at the bagnes of Rochefort; and of whom, in his work on the Coasts, he gives the wonderful narrative from which the following is an abridgment:—

Collet was born at Belley, and brought up under the care of the curate of St. Vincent at Châlons, on the Saône. Placed, in the *Prytanée* of Fontainebleau, he remained there till his 19th year, when he left with the rank of sub-lieutenant. Being appointed captain of the 43d regiment, he was present at the siege of Brescia, in Italy, where he was wounded, and shortly after, he repaired to Rome. One day as he was sauntering in the church of St. Peter, he there met with the secretary of Cardinal Fesch, and entered into conversation with him, representing himself as a French officer. This secretary was the
Abbé

Abbé Foë, almoner to the Cardinal. He presented Collet to his Eminence, who received him well, and begged him to repeat his visit frequently. Hardly had he thus gained the *entrée* to the Cardinal's house, when he pilfered from his Eminence's private drawer some copies of clerical diplomas, in order to serve as occasion might require. The Cardinal, having departed for France, sent orders for two Monks and an Almoner to follow him, under the guidance of Abbé Foë. They accordingly set out, and Collet along with them. At Turin, however, he was informed by his friend the Abbé, that there was a proscription and pursuit out against him as a deserter; on hearing which he accepted a passport, signed *Fisch*, and twelve sequins, from his reverence; and, leaving the main road, retired to the neighbourhood of Coni. We will let Collet continue the recital in his own words:—

‘After having spent part of my money, and not knowing how to live, I bought a cassock, and, aided by this disguise, borrowed some money of an ecclesiastic.

‘A refugee in the mountains of Piedmont, and hardened by my first success, I procured a violet-coloured cassock, which, with the assistance of two females, *invested* me as Bishop, surrounded by the homage of the pious souls in the vicinity, all eager to meet and supply my wants and wishes. I then hired a tolerably splendid equipage, and proceeded to Nice, where I was very affectionately received by the Lord Bishop. I showed him the bull of my appointment, which, by the way, was the work of my own hands. He begged me to celebrate mass, but I, pretending excessive humility, declined to do so. He, however, being on the point of ordaining a great number of priests, proposed, from respect to my rank, that I should officiate in his stead. He would accept of no excuse; and, to avoid any unpleasant explanation, I consented to ordain thirty-three priests, with as many deacons and sub-deacons. At first, indeed, I had some scruples of conscience in thus usurping the episcopal functions; but they soon became tranquillized, by the reflection, that, sooner or later, the affair must be discovered, and that the priests of my creation would be re-ordained. I represented this ordination to myself as a piece of false coin, the baseness of which cannot long fail of being discovered, and is then withdrawn from circulation. After the ceremony I delivered an appropriate discourse (one of Bourdaloue's), for which I was lauded to the skies. But, with all this, my bishopric brought me no returns, and I was obliged to think of some other means of living. To crown my perplexity, I was denounced, and obliged immediately to post off with all imaginable speed. On the road two gendarmes, who had a description of my person, approached the carriage; I gave them my blessing, and they religiously withdrew. I assumed the name of Don Passerali, and was received and entertained by a Grand Vicar, he believing me to be a Bishop *de bonne*

bonne étoffe. On approaching the first city on our route, I caused the carriage to be perforated with pistol-balls, and then circulated a report of my having been robbed. A collection was made for my Lord Bishop, which brought his Lordship 8000 francs ; and I thought of employing this so as to procure some tranquil occupation. Here my clerical career was closed, and I probably should have had no more adventures to relate, but for a combination of fatalities which prevented me from accomplishing my project of retirement. I was seized with a mania for military dignities. This was in 1810 ; and I appointed myself to an Inspector-Generalship, and called on the War Commissary, telling him that I was deputed to examine his register. His astonishment was extreme on finding that I was not announced by any official letter. I answered, that my mission required the greatest secrecy ; and, assuming a dictatorial tone, brought the Commissary to the gentle bearing of a lamb. Taking advantage of this change, I directed him to send an express before me to Nimes, announcing my near approach ; and at the same time to dispatch an order for considerable disbursements to be made to me for the use of the army in Catalonia, which Catalanian army consisted of—myself. All was done as I desired ; my appearance was certainly imposing ; I was covered with orders and crosses, for taking many or one was equal trouble. The Commissary and I parted mutually pleased with each other.

‘In our conversation, as may be readily supposed, I attributed to myself all conceivable influence, and promised him the Cordon of the Legion of Honour, for which he overwhelmed me with acknowledgments.

‘At Nimes, I lightened the coffers of the Receiver-General of from 2 to 300,000 francs. I obtained also some additional sums, the amount of which I do not now remember. In fine, I arrived at Montpellier, and dipped again into the Government treasury ; but the Minister, apprized of the frauds committed by the self-styled Inspector-General, had issued orders for my apprehension.

‘One morning, after having reviewed the troops at six, I proceeded to call on the Prefect. I expressed to him my satisfaction at the excellent administration of his department, and promised to procure for him the rank of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. He was transported with joy ; but, unhappily for him, he soon saw that I could realize no such golden promise, for an hour after I left him I was arrested, with twenty-two officers whom I had deceived, who were zealous in my service, and formed my staff. These officers, who were undoubtedly innocent, could not obtain, under two months, their release from a prison into which they ought never to have been plunged.

‘A few days subsequent to my arrest, the Prefect having a numerous company to dinner, wished to afford them the gratification of seeing the man who had so well played his part of Inspector-General, and had so skilfully abused the magisterial credulity. He sent for me, and placed me in a sort of spacious larder, with no outlet

outlet but the entrance door, at which two gendarmes were stationed. There I was left to my own reflections, and these were not slow in suggesting a plan of escape. I put off my clothes, and arrayed myself in the jacket, cotton cap, and apron of a cook. I then took up two dishes, ready for the table, and kicked against the door, which was opened by the gendarmes, who let me pass without question. I traversed the dining-hall, and, without meeting any interruption, saved myself *en marmite*. The cook soon afterwards arrived at the pantry, and, finding his clothes and dishes gone, was loud in his complaints, and thus the mystery of my escape became manifest.

'The Prefect caused me to be pursued, and offered a reward of 10,000 francs to any one who would deliver me up, dead or alive; whilst I was quietly remaining in a house near the Prefecture, and saw his worship every morning at his toilette. Flight, however, became necessary, and I fled. I went to Saumur, where I became assistant-surgeon-major, a post which I obtained by my Treatise on Osteology: I could not, however, avoid killing those whom it was past my skill to cure. I successively overran the provinces on the French confines, but at length thought it best to quit it altogether. I returned, however, very shortly, and wandered through the department of Dordogne. I met the Collet, who was just returned from his five years' hard labour, and feeling the necessity of repose, I changed my papers for his in July, 1818, and passed for Collet, the liberated galley-slave.'

The tribunal of Toulouse sentenced him to two years' imprisonment, in case of his apprehension for a fraud practised, with all his peculiar ingenuity and tact, on a religious order. While thus menaced by the arm of the law, he took refuge at Blessac, and lodged at the inn. Of the landlord Collet says, that

'He was an honest fellow, and believed whatever I told him. My stay at his inn made a great noise throughout the canton. The mayor thought me a political exile, and even suspected that I might be the Ex-Emperor Napoleon; all supposed me a person of great importance, and offered me more money than I could desire. The mayor charitably warned me of the risk I must run of assassination, and begged of me to use more precaution when going abroad. I left this place in order to avoid the necessity of giving unpleasant explanations.

'On my arrival at Roche Beaucourt, I took an apartment in the house of the Commissary of Police, concluding that no one would come there to seek me. I was right. The worthy Commissary himself had received a description of my person, but it never once entered his head that it could be me whom he had to arrest, and I remained with him in perfect safety.'

The fortunate star of Collet is now about to decline. Under the

the assumed name of Gallot he purchased at Marenil the farm of Roche-Beaucourt; he paid for a horse and cabriolet by a bill bearing the same fictitious name; and a servant having announced to the mayor that Gallot was the very Collet of whom the officers of justice were everywhere in pursuit, he was arrested and taken to Mans, where he heard with unshaken firmness the verdict that shut him from society for twenty years. Collet has since been at the bagnes of Toulon, Brest, Rochefort, &c. The vigilant eye of the Commissaries have not hitherto been able to penetrate what he calls the mystery of his economy, or rather of his reservation. It is generally thought that he is the holder of considerable sums; and it is said that at Brest a remittance of 10,000 francs which had been forwarded to him, was seized on the instant of its arrival.

ART. IX.—*Storia Critica de' Teatri di Pietro Napoli Signorelli*. Tom. 10. 8vo. Napoli.

IT has been often asserted that the Italian Drama is altogether unworthy of the consideration of foreigners. To endeavour to prove the folly and rashness of this assertion, or to doubt its truth, would not only be to raise against himself a general cry of anger, but would cause the poor advocate for Italian excellence to be considered as destitute of a cultivated understanding; nay, even ignorant of the first principles of the literary history of modern Europe. Amongst other reasons adduced, the most evident and convincing seems to be, that as the Italian Drama is only a servile imitation of the classic, it naturally wants that nerve and fire which original writers alone can infuse into their performances; and that thus, in its tame and languishing state, it is wholly destitute of the vigorous characteristics of nationality. These assertions have so long remained uncontroverted, that they have acquired a wide currency, and have been considered incontrovertible. No one has attempted to vindicate the honour and originality of the Italian Theatre—nor has any one, hitherto, come forward as the champion of the land of Ausonia. The advocate's task, however, would not have been very difficult of performance, should he have wished to adduce even negative proofs against the insulting charges—that the Italian Drama is an imitation of the classic—that it is cold, mawkish, and uninteresting, being entirely devoid of that creative fire which can be inspired only by the Genius of original Conception and Design. It

It grieves us much to observe that those libellous charges have been more prevalent in this than in any other country—a truth which reflects ridicule upon Englishmen. To what purpose are yearly published so many volumes, of all shapes and sizes, on the Manners, Customs, Languages, Laws, Policy, and Morals of Foreign Nations? To what purpose issue forth from their native hive such locust swarms of English travellers, to spread their numbers from the frozen Lapland to the Mediterranean shores—from the Pillars of Hercules to the extreme confines of the Orient? The books are, with a solitary exception or two, the shallowest of their kind : and, of the travellers, some return in their wonted state of besotted ignorance, others with hasty smatches of local information ; and the numbers of those who have really improved are lamentably scanty indeed—‘ few, and far between.’ Rather than such a melancholy consummation, better would it have been for the landholder to have kept among his tenantry, and studied their comfort and happiness—better had it been for the man of fashion to have continued satisfied with the comparatively innocent amusements of St. James’s-street and a London winter, than to have squandered, with reckless extravagance, the money acquired by the brow-sweat of an honest English peasantry, in the hunt for empty pleasures and foreign amusements, unappreciated because so directly contrary to the current of their insular thoughts, feelings, and prejudices ; or to have wasted their untainted health whilst plunged in the Sybarite dissoluteness of an Austrian, a Pontifical, or a Sicilian capital.

Erroneous opinions quickly obtain currency, especially when offered with a hardihood commensurate with the biassed views of the opinionist. Students of critical discrimination and sound judgment are few ; and, even of these, some will not, from their indolence, others cannot, from their occupations, consume their leisure in controverting and exposing to public contempt the empty conclusions of foolhardy critics. Writers of vulgar taste and common minds copy from each other ; whilst an affectation of wit, and light, pungent criticism, usurps the place of profound research, which is, now-a-days, discarded as the property of pedants only : and national, perhaps, more than individual vanity, added especially to that secret and malignant pleasure derived by an invidious nature from the propagation of falsehood, induces us to lend a ready ear to all scandalous and sweeping sentences which would exalt our own wisdom and efficiency at the expense of other countries. No wonder, then, that the number of declaimers against foreign talent and excellence increases daily, and that the terms of
censure

censure and vituperation which they employ become more and more insolent. Foreigners there exist, who are fully competent to fight a critical battle for the demonstration of their own merits and claims to excellence, but circumstances deny them every opportunity for this exertion—living as they do, for the most part, in countries where the free canvass of opinions is interdicted,—where the importation of strange books is scantily allowed, particularly of those published in England, the pages of which are supposed, as a matter of course, to be surcharged with brimstone opinions and treasonable passages. But, should they by possibility be admitted, the very absurdities with which the volumes are filled would ensure their impunity—for individuals who are aware of the gross falsehoods contained in their leaves, do not dream of their gaining credit amongst enlightened readers. Besides, the confutation of every absurdity would not only be a long and tiresome task, but would, in many instances, be attended with danger—for the very labour incidental to a conclusive defence would, with some uninformed minds, be supposed a partial concession of weakness; whereas, say they, obvious truths require no advocacy, for they seldom fail to strike conviction home to the honest heart.

To guard our countrymen against the blind opinions of all ignorant pseudo-critics, it will be sufficient if we expose a few of their errors, whence all may take fair warning of the degree of credit due to them, not only on the present, but on every future occasion. And this we do the more readily, as, besides devoting our pages to a full and clear exposition of the beauties of foreign literature, we consider it as a particular branch of our duty to remove all those prejudices which darken the understanding, and render it, in that diseased state, wholly unfit for the reception and right appreciation of truth.

There was a time when it was the fashion in France, not only to despise whatever was Italian, but to stigmatize that country as the luckless *Bœotia* of more modern times. Some Italians thought themselves called upon to take the field, and avenge the insulted honour of their native country: and hence it was that several of the most distinguished amongst the men of letters in France—and in this number *Voltaire*—exclaimed against such acts of injustice; the philosopher of *Ferney*, indeed, further adding, that to vilify the Italians was to imitate the cruelty of him who should bite his own mother's breast. But of all the extravagant charges against Italy, we never expected to have heard it denied that she had been the mother of the Fine Arts
after

after Rome had fallen from her throne of domination. But here follows an extract to that effect :—

‘ In Italy, the nurse rather than the mother of the fine arts, literature has never been of spontaneous growth. The orators and the poets—lyric, epic and dramatic—of ancient Rome, were the disciples and copyists of the conquered Greeks ; and at the epoch of the revival of letters the younger sons of the fair and then flourishing Ausonian Peninsula became, in like manner, disciples and copyists of their renowned elder brethren *.’

This, we must confess, is a somewhat startling assertion. We do not, however, at the present moment, intend to say one syllable respecting ancient music, or painting, or sculpture, or architecture, for the discussion would require more space than we could possibly afford. Our intention, therefore, is to confine ourselves to the subject of poetry. That Italy cannot be called the mother of the fine arts, inasmuch as she cannot be said to have *created* poetry, but only to have cherished it—we will not attempt to deny ; but it is certain that no other nation, either of ancient or modern times, as far as historical records extend, can boast of the like distinguished honour ; therefore the assertion is ridiculous. But if it be intended, as it appears to be, that the Italians have only copied servilely the poetical specimens left them by the Romans, as these had done from the Greeks, without having manifested any power of invention in departments utterly unexplored by the one and the other, should we not smile at such an assertion from any public writer ?

We will agree with the critic just quoted, that there are three kinds of poetry—narrative, lyric, and dramatic. Now it requires but a slight acquaintance with Italian literature to know that the poets and master-spirits of the Peninsula not only, in those three branches, did not follow, in servile imitation, the example so gloriously afforded by their Latin and Greek predecessors, but that, by a noble spirit of emulation, they actually struck into paths of invention wholly unexplored, because unknown both to the one and the other. Trissino, and, with far greater success, Torquato Tasso, imitated Virgil and Homer, in the plan of a narrative or epic poem ; but who, let us ask, gave to the mighty Dante the faintest idea of his marvellous performance, wherein he so frequently vies with the bards of Mæonia and Mantua ? Is not his a narrative poem entirely *sui generis*, whether we regard the singularity or novelty of argument, or its amplitude, and the wondrous vigour with which the design has been achieved ? Homer invokes his Muse in order to sing the anger of Achilles, and the verses flow from

* This passage is from a Number of a contemporary Journal.

his lips as though from the fountain of celestial inspiration; for the poet, neither directly nor indirectly, once appears. In the 'Divina Commedia,' Dante is his own prototype and hero. He it is, who wholly engrosses the reader's attention, and on and from whom all the figures of the immense gallery which he traverses reflect or draw, in alternation, the light which illumines their unearthly features. His name, indeed, is never pronounced, save once, from necessity, in order to be reproached and blamed. For this, however, the reader's pardon is demanded, as though he considered himself an intruder. But without Dante's presence the poem would be barren of interest. May not, therefore, the Divina Commedia boast, in the most unqualified terms, of novelty? Tasso imitated the works of Virgil and Homer, with an adherence to the rules of Aristotle, as the Stagyrice was then understood, not only by pedants, but even by men of genius. But whence did Bojardo, Pulci, Ariosto, Bernardo Tasso, Fortiguerra, and many others, who would be more known if Ariosto had not caused them to be forgotten, derive their inspiration? What Greek or Latin poet served Ariosto as a model whereon to weave the tissues of his marvellous and varied stories, in which every kind of character is developed, each tending to form a whole? What Greek or Latin poet suggested to him the machinery so peculiar to his poem, and the manner of employing his allegorical deities and passions? No one, certainly, will deny but that Discord, so dexterously found in a monastery, does more in favour of the Christians, than any or all the deities of Homer or Virgil, in favour of the Greeks or Trojans, or all the enchanters and witches of Tasso, against the besiegers of Jerusalem. And he who does this, does it by means wholly different from those employed by these poets. While some of the gods are protecting one, and some the other party of the combatants; while they are warmed in the dispute, and mingling with the opponents in the mêlée, Discord assists the Christians by placing herself in the midst of their enemies. And who among the Greeks and Latins first showed the example of such gentle satire against fated arms and enchantments? Perhaps the ancients could not do it, and the Dialogues of Lucian do not compose a narrative poem. But this detracts not from the merits of Ariosto's invention. Besides, with respect to the ridiculous, the Italian Poets invented the Heroi-comical style, of which neither Greeks nor Romans had left an example—the slight effusion of Homer being rather a Fable than a Mock Heroic Poem; inasmuch as animals, not men played the characters. We may assert, without fear of contradiction,

contradiction, that with respect to his Mock Epic, Homer was excelled by Casti in his '*Animali Parlanti*,' which exhibited a species of composition wholly new and entirely of Italian origin; for although another may have, anteriorly, described beasts as speech-making and battling, still no one, before Casti's time, knew the secret art of giving such life and substance to a plot (however lengthened and varied, yet united in all its parts) which is enacted by beasts, where at every moment the finest touches of satire and cutting irony against courtly foibles and vices break forth from a style which, if not always correct, is always easy and lively. To leave, however, every other writer unmentioned, Tassoni is an example of original, unborrowed power, and neither Greek nor Latin can dispute his title to this distinguished honour.

Thus much for Narrative Poetry. As to the Lyrical effusions of Italy, if it only boasted the name of Petrarch, could it be asserted, with any show of justice, that the Southern Genius of more modern times had servilely aped its Roman and Greek predecessors? Petrarch, it is true, sang almost exclusively of love—this was the secret charm which inspired all his numbers; but were not these of a character distinct and separate from the dreams of ethnic enthusiasts? He cast a veil of the whitest and purest texture over that image of love, which had sported in free and unredeemed nakedness before the Greek and Roman fancy. He so wrought his descriptions that human imagination winged away its flight from sublunary objects to bask in motionless rapture before the presence of Divinity;—whilst his assumed prototypes and masters loved to revel amidst the vile passions and brute indulgencies of flickering and impure Desire. Throughout the whole course of his writings—turning on one theme, and that the most perilous for poetic delineation—not one offensive or objectionable passage is found; nor does his invention ever descend from that high and heavenly sphere, which seems so congenial to its nature. It is true that the same thoughts and images are repeated more than once in his compositions—still in each repetition there is observable an added grace, or more exquisite delineation, so that the conception comes forth in fresh attire and unknown embellishments; and thus possesses all the winning graces of novelty. And whilst his Latin effusions remain a closed book to all, save a few learned admirers, who have the patience to yield to their great master an effectual worship; his compositions in the native Italian will never fail to perpetuate the name of Petrarch, so long as there is heart to feel or lip to pay reverence to the super-excellence

of human genius. Such was Petrarch, and such were his followers, of whom the numbers are extensive; but amongst whom both the Tassos, Casa, Coppetta, Maggi, Lemene and Costanzo principally distinguished themselves, to say nothing of those anterior to his age, especially Dante, Cino da Pistoja, and Guido Cavalcanti,—all writers of original poetry. And, without recurring to any other kinds of composition, we would only make mention of that lyrical style, of which the Italians are the exclusive founders—the Berniesque. That style was employed principally by Berni, Fagiuoli, and Lasca. This is not a fitting opportunity for descanting on its merits—suffice, then, to say, it is original, and that its inventor is worthy of high commendation.

As to Dramatic composition, which is our immediate object in this paper, we boldly assert, that no nation has exceeded the Italian in variety and power. It is most incorrect to alledge that it has, in this, copied the Roman and Grecian examples. The Italians, it is true, have had a theatre in imitation of the Classics, but the ‘*Commedie a Soggetto*’ were entirely national—not borrowed from the Greeks, and older than the Latin Classic Comedy itself. Besides these there are other kinds, of which the ancients were ignorant. Whence took Torquato Tasso the idea of his *Aminta*? a kind of writing unknown to former times, and of which it is so perfect an example, as to rank in undisputed excellence, and make every approach at rivalry ridiculous; in spite of the *Pastor Fido* and the *Alceo*, (which has, not inaptly, been called the ‘*Aminta Bagnato*’) and of many less worthy copies. This Poem of Tasso has gained for its author the most distinguished title which poet can ever enjoy—that of the ‘*Inimitable*,’ the truth of the title being confirmed by the general ratification of posterity. The Italians, therefore, are the undisputed inventors of the Pastoral Drama; they stand, moreover, in the same distinguished situation with regard to the Musical.

The idea of the Musical Drama is essentially the most exalted which a nation could entertain on the subject of theatrical show. It is necessary, indeed, to regard more the intrinsic capacities of the Musical Opera than its existing condition. As audiences make theatres, so in proportion to their depraved taste, will the drama fall from its natural pre-eminence. In its origin, the Opera was a concentration of all the ‘*Fine Arts*,’ of which poetry was the nucleus or vivifying principle. Its present degradation is neither attributable to deficiency in the first inventors, nor to the perverted fancies of the present race of Italians alone, but chiefly to the abominable taste of foreigners, to whom

whom the language is indifferent, because seldom or never understood ; on which account little attention is given to the poetical composition ; whilst foolish and extravagant sums are squandered on singers, less on account of their musical proficiency than of their personal and exquisitely moulded beauty. Hence, in order to have the best artists, who can always and easily, either in this country or abroad, win the 'golden applauses' of the fashionable multitude—the poor 'Impresarij' are constrained to submit to all their wanton caprices, and the first of these naturally leads the singer to make poetry subordinate to music, and music subordinate to the compass of his voice. Hence come the pathetic airs in the midst of triumphs—hence are introduced loud noisy brayings in moments of affecting tenderness, and many other absurdities, without mentioning the '*si sis*' and the '*no nos*,' with a hundred monosyllabic articulations which overload the sense as resting places for the trillings and quavers ; and the glancing '*willades*' shot by the eyes of despairing *virtuose* on their energetic and impassioned lovers, who return a smile whilst they ought to look like Nero commanding the assassination of his own mother. In addition to this, the Ballets, which should be integral parts of the opera are now converted into separate entertainments, wherein tricks little better than those of Punch's show, and other '*morceaux*' of low buffoonery, seem to be the prevailing feature, more especially in England, where the foplings and men of fashion go to the exhibition, merely to behold the shape, tournure, and swimming luxuriance of a Brocard's or an Anatole's movements, without caring one tittle whether the Ballet be capable of exciting worthier or better feelings, and awakening the nobler passions and impulses in the same manner as Tragedy. For, the serious Pantomime of Italy is worthy of all attention ; there it was first revived after the Fall of the Roman Empire, and there it yet exists in its unabated and original dignity—however emulated by foreigners, still unmatched and incomparable. To those among our readers, who have never witnessed a Ballet by Viganò, it were useless even to endeavour to prove that our praises are not exaggerated ; but those who have seen and felt the beauties of the '*Prometeo*' and the '*Vestale*' will be sensible that the Italians have sufficient reason to be proud of Viganò, and to rank him amongst the most illustrious of their compatriots.

Did the Musical Drama take a right direction, it would be the most powerful of scenic representations. Metastasio and Zeno (the latter would be more considered had the former never existed) have abundantly proved (as Casti, Calsabigi and Goldoni

Goldoni have done for the comic and 'buffo' dramas) that an utter destitution of common sense is not the necessary characteristic of the Opera 'seria.' If this species of representation, with its multitudinous faults and verbal nothingnesses, be so captivating, would it not be more so, in a tenfold measure, were it carried to the perfection of which it is capable, and were all its means and appliances directed to the wished for consummation? The scenes in Metastasio are beautiful: they take full possession of our hearts, and move them to tenderness, bringing involuntary tears into our eyes, and fixing themselves lastingly in our memories; but would not these scenes give increased pleasure if they were accompanied with appropriate music and fitting accessories; if they were recited and sung by singers, who, avoiding those superabundant ornaments and meretricious tones of voice and action, which are too frequently employed to win the applauses of an empty auditory, felt what they uttered,—their tones and gesticulations sufficiently proving to the judicious listener that the fancy of the artist was glowing with the graces of the writer? The assertion that the opera is incapable of scenic illusion on account of the music, which is its very essence, is laughable and unworthy of reply. If it be said, with any justice, that it is absurd to fall in love, to converse, and to die by music, we would ask, *how can these things take place in poetry?* Who, in order to bring them nearer to the character of passing transactions, would reduce to prose Othello's address to the senate, and the garden dialogue in Romeo and Juliet, on the plea, that neither the Moor nor the Italian lovers thought or spoke in verse? The true point of inquiry is—can music excite and inflame us more than mere declamation? if the answer be affirmative, then the question is decided in favour of the opera. An admirable actress has demonstrated how powerfully, by correspondent action and feeling, a good singer can excite the sympathies of her auditory. We allude to Madame Pasta in her famous scene in the Medea. If this opera, in all its other parts, answered to that passage; if the argument had been handled and sustained by Metastasio, or any genuine poet, free from the tyranny of singers, and at liberty to do the best with his argument, who can doubt that Madame Pasta would make even a stronger impression? The success of this lady, in this very scene, is a powerful testimony that the accompaniment of suitable action and the scenic accessories with the voice, is of infinite use, and that the bare music is insufficient for success, for it has been repeated by Madame Pasta in many provincial towns, and in concert-rooms, without any considerable effect. The fault lay neither with

with the singer, nor with the hearers—but to see a statue in the happiest position, we should behold it in the niche for which it was sculptured and proportioned.

We have placed Metastasio amongst the first poets of Italy, because in his department he has been unrivalled, and, in our opinion, to him also the title of '*inimitable*' is, in all justice, applicable. For, his constant propriety of expression, and delicacy of thought—the pure flow of strict morality everywhere observable throughout his poetry—the lyrical flights of his fancy—the exquisite harmony and rhythm of his numbers—the nobleness and evidence of his luxuriant and original comparisons, are all really astonishing, when we consider how his genius was cramped and fettered, and how excellently well he overcame all the obstacles to its progress. He had first to struggle with the difficulties of the most circumscribed Dictionary that poet ever employed; for, according to Baretti, a critic ever more ready to reprehend than praise, of the fifty thousand words constituting the Italian language, Metastasio could only use seven or eight thousand—so many only being available for musical accompaniment. Strangers—speaking of the Italian language, as one in which it is an easy task to enclothe the impassioned feelings in simple and smooth language—have not the most distant idea of the great difficulties which Metastasio had, in this respect, to overcome; and how infinite; therefore, must have been the merit of that man, who could thus, in appearance, reduce objects, the most difficult of attainment, to the level of matters of ordinary and easy accomplishment. This is, however, excusable, as Italians are themselves not unfrequently led into the self-same error; in reading his ariettas, they are tempted to regard them as any thing but extraordinary; but the proof is the 'sticking point;' and when they attempt to reduce their floating fancies to paper, they then are convinced, to their astonishment, that the power of composing such versification is not to be reckoned amongst the every-day gifts of their common life. And we assure the reader, that, as far as regards the simplicity of style and expression, and the mellifluous rhythm and cadence of measure, it is more difficult to forge an arietta after the manner of Metastasio, than a rugged *terzina* in imitation of Dante.

We have yet, however, to enumerate other difficulties which Metastasio had to encounter. Independently of those, common to all writers of the drama, especially the operatic drama—let us not forget that he was the court poet. He was obliged to select subjects which must be controlled by the strictest rules of the unities, though somewhat contrary to his own inclination; then

then was he compelled to restrict the action to the compass of three short acts—to introduce into the plot two couple of lovers, at least—to bring forward, in the first instance, the inferior personages only of the drama; to give at stated periods duets and terzets, &c.; to lead on, at certain times, all his characters on the stage—to write melancholy, lively, joyful airs—but to guard against two of a similar character following each other immediately; then to work up the scenes and situations in such manner as to give full scope to the labours of the painters and machinists; and, lastly, to select such plots as should give satisfaction to the taste of the fastidious court of Austria. Let the reader consider these multitudinous difficulties and shackles to invention, and then he may form a juster appreciation of the merits of Metastasio. He was undoubtedly a flatterer, a courtier, and a devotee; still he was, as undoubtedly, a poet. A spirit of effeminacy certainly breathes throughout his productions; but no man has possessed all the requisites for a poet in an abstract sense: he has the above fault in common with Petrarch, but with that poet he also shares the meed of immaculate morality.

We have the more readily yielded to our pleasure in speaking of Metastasio, as it appears that his merits are, both by some Italians and foreigners, underrated. A foreigner, who lately was admired in the French capital, and very justly too, for the impartiality, learning, and eloquence with which he reviewed many English and Italian authors, ranks among those who have severely attacked Metastasio. We are sorry to be obliged to dissent from M. Villemain;—the more so as (due allowance being made for that national vanity, which leads him to suppose an influence of the French over the literature of other nations during the last century, which they certainly had not, to the extent, at least, which he pretends) he appears to us a very fair critic and good judge. He tells us that Metastasio imitated the French, “*enlevant à Racine des graces de langage qu’il effémine;*” and concludes, “*L’opéra de Métastase est une distraction, la tragédie grecque était une passion.*” To these two assertions we shall reply in an inverted order: to the last that it is a pun—an epigram worth nothing till we understand well the words *passion* and *distraction*. If M. Villemain knew anything of Italy he would know that, unhappily, the Opera is *une passion* in that country, as far as we understand the word *passion*. As for the first, we must say that general assertions and oracles are disgraceful to a learned critic. Let M. Villemain compare the *Athalie* of Racine, or his *Iphigénie*, with Metastasio’s *Gioas*, or his *Achille in Sciro*, and

and then make out by a fair review of the two, that Metastasio *effémine* Racine's language. Let him find in Metastasio any thing more effeminate than Achilles listening quietly to the news that his *Iphigénie* goes to be sacrificed, and answering *Clitemnestre*, who throws herself at his feet, imploring him to save her daughter and his lady, with an "*Ah Madame!*" and then we shall agree with him. But, till then, we must take the liberty to doubt the justice of his observation, or rather assertion.

We are, however, inclined to think, that M. Villemain himself would alter his opinion of Metastasio after perusing his works dispassionately. He has not done so till now, as we shall presently see, after having quoted a passage of his, which first attracted our attention:—

"Je rapporterai d'après son (Voltaire's) choix un passage qui lui paraît digne de Corneille quand il n'est pas déclamateur, et de Racine quand il n'est pas faible. C'est la strophe que, dans l'opéra d'*Artaxerce*, chante le jeune Arbace, accusé de meurtre et innocent, Arbace dans la main du quel on vient de saisir une épée teinte du sang royal qu'il n'a pas versé. Certes, voilà une situation assez forte, assez dramatique, assez menaçante pour élever un peu le personnage au-dessus de la simple émotion musicale. Cependant Arbace chante la strophe suivante: 'Je vais sillonnant une mer cruelle, sans voile et sans navire. L'onde frémit, le ciel s'obscurcit, le vent s'accroît, l'art est vaincu; et je suis forcé de suivre les caprices de la fortune. Malheureux! dans cet état je suis abandonné de tous. Je n'ai avec moi que l'innocence, qui me conduit au naufrage.' Figurez vous ce langage paisiblement allégorique dans une situation si vive, cette *cantilena* artistement mélodieuse au milieu du sang et du meurtre*."

We shall not remark that the circumstances in which Arbaces is placed are not *fully* stated by the lecturer; that Metastasio never said that this was to be sung in a manner *artistement mélodieuse*; that certainly no Italian would call this a *cantilena*; and that it is not fair to judge of a most beautiful lyrical piece by a wretched and faulty translation; for the word *sarte* does not mean *navire*, nor does here *voler della fortuna* mean *caprice de la fortune*. But we shall affirm that Voltaire did not say what M. Villemain assumes, but said quite the contrary, speaking of that passage; whilst M. Villemain has taken good care not to mention the passages in reference to which Voltaire so highly praises Metastasio. Voltaire's words are to be found in his "Dissertation sur la tragédie ancienne et moderne." He quotes in the original, praising it highly as a lyrical piece, the very passage of which M. Ville-

* Villemain, Cours de Littérature française, Leçon II^{me}.

main has given us a ludicrous translation, with another besides, and then adds:—

“Mais que sont des beautés hors de place? Et qu'aurait-on dit dans Athènes si Oedipe et Oreste avaient, au moment de la reconnaissance, chanté des petits airs fredonnés, et débité des comparaisons à Jocaste et à Electre? Il faut donc avouer que l'opéra, en séduisant les Italiens par les agréments de la musique, a détruit d'un côté la véritable tragédie grecque qu'il faisait renaître de l'autre.”

We do not agree with Voltaire more than with M. Villemain, but we quote this to show that he is unjustly accused of praising a passage which he condemns. Then he goes on:—

“Que ceux qui sont au fait de la vraie littérature des autres nations, et qui ne bornent pas leur science aux airs de nos ballets,—(we wish critics would learn these words by heart, and repeat them whenever they sit down to write on Italian literature)—songent à cette admirable scène dans *La Clemenza di Tito* entre Titus et son favori qui a conspiré contre lui, je veux parler de cette scène où Titus dit à Sextus ces paroles—

‘Siam soli; il tuo Sovrano
Non è presente; apri il tuo core a Tito,
Confidati all' amico; io ti prometto
Che Augusto nol saprà.

‘Qu'ils relisent le monologue suivant où Titus dit ces autres paroles, qui doivent être l'éternelle leçon de tous les rois, et le charme de tous les hommes.

‘. Il torre altrui la vita
E' facoltà comune
Al più vil della terra; il darla, è solo
De' numi e de' regnanti.

‘Ces deux scènes, comparables à tout ce que la Grèce a eu de plus beau, si elles ne sont pas supérieures; ces deux scènes, dignes de CORNEILLE QUAND IL N'EST PAS DECLAMATEUR, ET DE RACINE QUAND IL N'EST PAS FAIBLE; ces deux scènes, qui ne sont pas fondées sur un amour d'opéra, mais sur le plus noble sentiment du cœur humain, ont une durée trois fois plus longue au moins que les scènes plus étendues de nos tragédies en musique. De pareils morceaux ne seraient pas supportés sur notre théâtre lyrique, qui ne se soutient guère que par des maximes de galanterie, et par des passions manquées.’

We shall not add one word more: we appeal to M. Villemain's candour whether we are not right in advising him to be more careful in his quotations. Now we revert to our inquiry.

We have observed that the Dance is also capable of increasing the attractions of the opera. It is not long since that ‘Coreografia’ was successfully cultivated in Italy. They who have seen the ‘Prometeo,’ and the ‘Vestale,’ can easily credit the

the wondrous praises which have been bestowed on Pylades and Batillus, and the tragic effects sometimes consequent to witnessing the tragedy of the Eumenides in Athens. The ballet, however, should not be separated from the opera, but be a component part of it. Nor would this be a matter of any difficulty, for, as most frequently between the acts some incidents are supposed to take place, these might be converted into the subject of the ballet. The preparations of the army of Xerxes, when assembling to be passed in review before the king, and ready to depart, as soon as Themistocles has sworn the extermination of the Grecians—together with the altar rites—games and military evolutions—might, with great propriety, be an interscenic ballet in Metastasio's opera of Themistocles.

Let us now see what the Italians have, in common with other nations, past and co-existing: and first with respect to Comedy.

On the revival of letters in the sixteenth century, two kinds of poetry occupied the comic Italian theatre; one altogether national and original, the other imitated from the classic examples left by the Greeks and Romans. The latter comedies have long been the admiration of the Italians, and with reason. To these pieces the civilized world is indebted for beautiful theatres—for scenic displays—for all the regularity of plot, incident and action, afterwards introduced into the theatrical performance of other nations. Before strangers laugh at these imitated comedies of the olden time, let them look at what their own country boasted at the same period, and we are confident that their mirth will give way to feelings of shame and conscious inferiority. We should consider, that what appears so cold and inanimate to our modern vision was not so to the Italians of the sixteenth century; for, as their dramatic compositions were recited at the courts of princes, so were they witnessed by persons of the most cultivated understanding, who, full of ardour in the cause of Greek and Roman literature, were delighted with copies thus taken from their fixed models of perfection, and thus the more unqualified the imitation, the greater was their sense of pleasure. Nor was their composition, then, a matter of every-day attainment; for as proficiency in any knowledge begets a corresponding fastidiousness of taste, so the writer who emulated classical style and beauty, was compelled to exert his powers to the utmost, lest while exhibiting before spectators who knew full well the strength of his older antagonists, he should be regarded as inferior in vigour and unequal in skill. We must, moreover, not forget how closely the manners and customs of the spectators assimilated with those of the characters represented—how much
of

of the plot was taken from true occurrences in life—how frequently (as in the middle comedy of the Athenians) real characters were introduced on the stage. This fact is ascertained by what Jovius says of the *Mandragola* of Macchiavelli:—

‘Comiter æstimemus Ethruscos sales ad exemplar comediæ veteris Aristophanis in *Nicia* præsertim comœdia, in qua adeo fecundè vel in tristibus risum excitavit, ut illi ipsi ex persona tritè expressa, in scenam inducti cives, quamquam præacrè commorderentur, totam justæ notæ injuriam, civili lenitate pertulerint.’—*Elogia*, c. 33.

However reprehensible may be the obscenity of these early pieces (and this is observable in the early drama of every nation, for sufficient reasons), we must believe what the Italian critics say of their *Teatro Classico Antico*,—that whether the dialogue be lively, pure, familiar, gay,—the language is never out of nature. On questions of propriety of composition, and justness of language, we ought rather to listen to native critics than to strangers, whose spirit of censure and bitterness gives not always a fair specimen of their talents and sound judgment.

But whilst the educated orders attended this higher class of performances, the common people had possessed for their own amusement those half pious, half ludicrous representations, which, under the name of *Mysteries*, are known to have amused all the populace of Europe; and they had, moreover, preserved those ancient performances from which these very *Mysteries* were derived—performances, indeed, which existed amongst the old Italians before the Greek refinements were introduced on the Roman stage. It is notorious that these *Mysteries* were patronized by pious and zealous ecclesiastics, who, unable to stem the torrent of obscene and satirical scenic representations, determined, at least, to counteract their poison by the use of those sacred antidotes. Thus the above, which were the origin of modern comedy, were peculiarly and wholly of Italian origin, and, like the musical opera, at a subsequent date, it spread from the cities of Italy to the principal parts of Europe. The comedies thus described were denominated *commedie dell' arte*, and also *commedie a soggetto*, for the subject only was given, the dialogue and witticisms being left to the ready talent of the performers. These were marked characters, and among them stood conspicuous *Arlecchino*, *Brighella*, *il Dottore*, and *Pantalone*.

The learned Salmasius was the first to observe this fact, and in a note to the c. v. of *Solinus*, speaks thus: ‘Et sane quas agunt hodie et vocant Itali *comedias*, mimi sunt et planipedes verius quam comedie.’ The *Atellanian* comedies, which were partially the sources of the *commedia a soggetto*,

soggetto, were, indeed, partly in prose, and *their* dialogue was left to the unrestrained fancies of the performers, who, nevertheless, were persons of name and education, and lost not their right of citizenship by what was before considered an employment of degradation. Not to the Greeks, then, but to the Italians is due that kind of comedy in prose, which was preserved till our own days in Italy, but which unknown to the Greeks, or to the Romans, who imitated the Greeks, was different altogether from that composition which the learned Italian wrote after classic models. The mimes, on the other hand, were members of the lowest classes, and always invented their own dialogues. Their jests were obscene—their insolence had no regard for parties or persons, though from time to time they were accustomed to utter moral maxims.

As to what regards the modern in comparison with the more ancient times of Italy, it seems to be forgotten that there were two distinct classes of people who (as in every other part, indeed, of the world) had their peculiar idiom, manners, habits, sports and pastimes. The character of the auditory affects the character of the drama. The sallies of Plautus were relished by the Romans, according to Cicero, and repugnant to the taste of the Augustan courtiers, according to Horace. But those *Romans* must have been of the higher classes, since the Carthaginian dialect could not possibly have been common amongst the lower classes of the community; the former only could relish those Plautian sallies of wit, which are the despair of modern commentators. The low classes, however, had their diversions and histrionic entertainments, which, though of a grosser character, were yet sometimes witnessed by distinguished personages, as Cato did the Floral games, being doubtless drawn there by that powerful curiosity which is the never-failing characteristic of original and lofty minds. Amongst the principal agents for the amusements of the populace were the Mimes, of whose fallen fate Duclos has well observed :

“Les mimes qui ont été les fondateurs de tous les théâtres, ont toujours conservé leur genre au milieu des progrès de l'art dramatique : ils ont même survécu partout à la destruction des théâtres qu'ils avaient fait naître, pour aller ensuite ailleurs donner naissance à d'autres.”—*Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscrit.* t. xvii. p. 206.

Besides that their sallies and habits were more suited to the populace, who in their amusements, as in everything else, are opposed to change or innovation, the Mimes were acceptable, inasmuch as the habits and vices of their hearers were the subjects adduced for their pleasure; and the attention was constantly kept on the alert by the natural curiosity, to discover

discover, if not their own, at least their neighbours' faults. When Goldoni wished to conciliate the favour of the Gondoliers of Venice, who had been offended in losing their liberty of entrance into the theatre (in accordance with the law, which enacted that they should only be admitted if the pit were not sufficiently occupied by the citizens), he wrote *La Putta Onorata*. To this he contrived to have the Gondoliers the first admitted, for it was a representation of their manners and habits; and their reconciliation with the poet was the immediate consequence. That the *Mimi* and *Planipedes*, for the most part, directed their efforts to the amusement of the populace, we know not only from the love which the populace had for their entertainers, but from the following etymological deduction :

'Planipedia dicuntur, quod non ea negotia continent quae personarum in turribus aut in coenaculis habitantium sunt, sed in plano et humili loco.'—*De Fab. et Lud. Scenic. Prol. ad Terent.* p. m. 61.

When barbarism had overspread the face of Europe, the higher comedy fell, very naturally, and was for a season lost. It, however, fared differently with the representations of the Mimes. As the nobles decreased, the populace in the same ratio enlarged its numbers and authority, and their entertainers the Mimes acquired a daily-increasing favour and protection. The fall of the Roman Empire was one main cause of enlarging the multitude of the Mimes and of their representations. This class increased in proportion as their masters sank into low, gross, and despicable habits; for the talents of the former became more and more requisite to pamper the degraded tastes of the latter—their filthy desires, and disgraceful cravings for indulgence, and more fevered pruriency for pleasure. To give the reader an idea of the marvellous ascendancy of this body, we need only mention the following fact, attested by Ammianus Marcellinus: that in the year 353, a famine being dreaded, it was resolved to drive all supernumerary subjects from the city; and that, while the sentence involved some professors of the liberal arts, the thousands of mimes, dancers and buffoons, with their real and reputed followers and attendants, were suffered to remain in security.—This instance will suffice to show the ascendancy of this class over the populace.*

During the middle ages, when high comedy was effectually

* Postremo ad id indignitatis est ventum, ut cum peregrini ob formidatam haud ita dudum alimentorum inopiam pellerentur ab urbe præcipientes: sectatoribus disciplinarum liberalium impendio paucis sine respiratione ulla extrusis, tenerentur mimarum adseclæ veri, quique id simularunt ad tempus, et tria millia saltatricum ne interpellata quidem, eam choris totidemque remanerent magistris.—*A. Marcellin.* l. xiv. § 8, *sub fin.*

lost,

lost, and when the mimes had thus multiplied, their appellations, too, multiplied, for we see '*histriones*,' '*mimi*,' '*joculatores*,' indifferently put for their designation; sometimes, indeed, the whole body was designated by '*joculatorum scena*;' and thence *mimus*, as *Ducange* observes, came to signify 'player on an instrument,' '*suonatore*.' Hence, also, came the distich by Donizzone, in the Life of the Countess Matilda (l. i. c. 9. v. 36).

'*Timpana cum citharis, stivisque, lyrisque sonant heic,
At dedit insignis Dux præmia maxima nimis.*'

Where we must substitute *mimis* for *nimis*—as that writer makes the first syllable of *nimis* short; as in v. 43.

'*Mox nimium crescit gemitus, dolor, ac juvenescit.*'

And in c. 11. v. 27.

'*Se nimis exaltant, spaciando per arva relaxant.*'

The *mimi* are mentioned more frequently than any others during the middle ages, particularly by the Fathers and Councils in their pious invectives against the immoralities, obscenities, and scandalous behaviour of the order. And certain *mimi*, distinguished from the actors, are recorded by Procopius (de Bell. Goth. ap. Muratori, Rer. I. S. vol. i. p. 264), who, if we may believe Vitige, who is there made to speak, came into Italy from Greece. This passage, indeed, is a comment on the Festival of the Ass, which, says Voltaire, was introduced first at Constantinople, and was thence transplanted into Italy (Warton, v. ii. p. 369). The gross and beastly nature of this festival is sufficiently known not to need any remark at this particular moment. The race of mimes, indeed, swarmed, like a cloud of locusts, over Italy, and more particularly over the rich fields of Lombardy. A buffoon, who boasted the additional titles of poet, dancer and singer, is recorded to have presented himself to Charlemagne, on the Alps, and to have directed his descent into Italy. And from this class of the histrionic profession sprang the *ciarlatani* (from *ciarlare*, to chatter), the *saltimbanchi* (from *saltanti in banchi*, dancers on scaffolds), and *cantimbanchi* (from *cantanti in banchi*, singers on scaffolds).

A strong argument in favour of the descent of the *Commedie a soggetto*, from the later mimes, is presented in the person of '*Arlecchino*.' The learned Heraldus says (Animad. ad Arnol. lib. 7):—

'*In γελοποιοῖς quidam stupidorum partes agebant; atque hi tarditatem simulabant in rebus omnibus: erantque proinde simillimi*
scurris

scurris secundarum partium Comœdiarum nostri temporis qui rusticos quosdam Bergomenses referunt, insulsos, tardos, atque ad omnia stupidos.

If, instead of saying '*simillimus*,' he had said at once, that it was the same person with the Bergamasque, he would have been perfectly right. The name of '*Arlecchino*' is '*Zanni*,' which is undoubtedly derived from the Latin, *Sannio*,* a low buffoon; and who, by Terence†, is twice introduced as a servant. In fact, '*Sannio*' is one who makes grimaces (from *Sanna*—*grimace*). The dress of *Arlecchino*, is, as every one knows, of various colours and patches, and, in fact, is the dress of a poor wretch, who, collecting shreds and odd pieces of cloth, sticks them together, and fashions them into a garment. This mixture and variety of colouring are now in use among certain of the lower classes in Italy, if not in their habits, at least for coverings to their beds, and are vulgarly called '*schiavine*,' and hence directly proved to have been peculiar to the slaves (*schiavi*). They are now called '*centoni*,' which, indeed, is their Latin name; Apuleius (Apolog. § 442) speaks of this buffoon habit by a degrading and diminutive term—'*Mimi centunculo*:' and Donatus (Frag. Proleg. ad Teren. p. m. 69) says, unequivocally, '*Leno pallio varii coloris utitur*,‡ and we have seen that '*Sannio*' was '*Leno*.' The Italian word '*Divisa*' (*livery*) evidently comes from the Latin word '*Dividere*,' from the *division* of colours in that kind of dress.

The word *Buffone*, which has passed into every modern language, is derived from a favourite trick of the ancient '*Zanni*.' It was a great amusement for the low-minded mob to see the mimes bestow on each other loud boxes on the ear, and the louder the blow the more highly delighted were the audience.§ In order, however, to break the force of the stroke, the recipient puffed out his cheeks; and thus, from *buccas flare*, came, by contraction and corruption, *buffone*. This word is certainly not marked down in the Italian Dictionary in its primitive meaning; but *buffare* still retains the meaning of its root, namely, to puff out the cheeks and breathe at long intervals.

* *Sanniones dicuntur a sannis, qui sunt in dictis fatui et in motibus et in scœnis.—Non. Marcellus.*

† He is *Servus athiensis* in the *Eunuchus*, and never speaks, but his name is mentioned rather scornfully, IV. 7. 10. In the *Adelphi* he is like *Ballio* in the *Pseudolus* of Plautus, where allusion is made to his dress. IV. 2. 23. Both *Lenones*.

‡ *Martial. Epig.* II. 72. III. 86. V. 62. and elsewhere *Sannio* is called *Panniculus*. A certain *Aurelius Panniculus* raised an inscription to a despicable fellow of Memphis. called *Agrippa*. *Cassiodorus. ad Capitol. in Ver.* § 8.

§ This old custom is still preserved even in our Christmas Pantomimes.

Ariosto,

Ariosto, c. 39. st. 56, says of Astolfo, who was going to cure Orlando of his madness—

Poi con cert' erbe a quest' effetto colte
La bocca chiuder fa che soffia e buffa.

Although it be received in its secondary sense of '*far il buffone*,' in some dialects it is still in use in the original acceptation, and then *boffetto* is also used for *soffietto*—as well as for *schiaffo*. From the circumstance of the mimes being so base and degraded a class, and from the *schiaffo* (the *open-handed* blow, that it should sound the more loudly, to cause laughter among the multitude) being the sign of slavery (for the etymology of the word is immediately traced to '*schiavo*' and '*schiavitù*'), and from these being the usual blows bestowed upon the *mimi*, comes the horror which the Italians at the present day have of receiving such a blow. A blow *à poing fermé* may be forgiven—may be passed over and forgotten, on a proper apology being made; but no apology can wipe away the pollution of a *schiaffo*, which remains indelible, resisting every application, by way of ablution, save the insulter's blood. The '*soufflet*,' with the French, is also the heaviest mark of degradation of honour, if left unavenged, and is derived from the *subflare*—*sufflare*, the characteristic action of the mimes.*

To deaden the weight of these blows, perhaps, was first introduced (after slavery had ceased) the ridiculous mask used by *Arlecchino*. The ancient *mimi* certainly did not wear masks, and those worn by the comedians were of a totally different kind from those which covered the faces of the buffoons. Besides serving as a safeguard against blows, the mask also shielded the face of the performer, during his degrading service, from public recognition, and this very feeling failed not to give stimulus to his insolence. It must not, moreover, be for-

* The following anecdote will show the relation which there is between *schiaffo* and *schiavo*. The *joculator* who proposed to lead, as is asserted, Charles into Italy, had been promised whatever he wished if he succeeded. After the Alps had been crossed, "accedens jam dictus *Joculator* ad regem petiit, ut sibi promissum daretur, quod ante illi pollicitus fuit. Tunc ait illi Rex: *Postula quod vis?* Cui ille: *Ego ascendem in unum ex his montium. et tubam fortiter personabo corneam, et quantum longe audiri poterat, dabis mihi in merito et munere cum viris et feminis.* Et Rex: *Fiat tibi iuxta verba tua.* Qui protinus adorans Regem, abiit; ascendensque in uno monticulo fecit, sicut dixerat. Descendensque illico ibat per viculos, et arva, interrogans quos inveniebat. *Audiisti, inquit, sonitum tubae?* Cui si dixisset: *etiam audivi,* DABAT ILLI MOX COLAPHUM, dicens: *Tu, inquit, es meus servus.* Ista ergo dedit illi Carolus quantum sonitu tubae audiri potuit; atque ita dum vixit tenuit, sui que filii post eum; qui usque in presentem diem servi ipsi *Transcornati* vocantur." *Chronic. Novalic. apud MURATORI Rer. J. Script. Vol. II. Part II. col. 719.* Without now entering into the question, whether all this be quite correct, it is, however, enough to show, that to give a slap (*schiaffo*) was the manner of asserting that a person was a slave (*schiavo*) to the person who so treated him. The *Chronicler* wrote about the year 1050.

gotten that the mimes never appeared save with shorn heads; and, therefore, Arlecchino's mask served the additional purpose of concealing his hair, and thus obviating the degrading necessity of losing his honour-bearing locks. This mark of degradation and infamy is still common in Italy with the galley-slaves, who are shaved the moment after condemnation. Before the French Revolution, an Italian gentleman would have considered his loss of hair as the last dishonour; and thus it was that the fashion of wearing short hair was so late in being introduced into Italy. The Capucins, who in so many matters, as, for instance, in the form of their hoods, imitated the slaves, are also obliged to have their heads shaven. But in order to give the populace some substitution for the echoing open-handed blows which they so much affected, *Arlecchino*, the modern *Zanni*, took to himself a certain flat instrument in lieu of sword, which we call a wand, and which, in buffoon-like ridicule, he wore on the right side. The original wand of *Arlecchino*, however, was cloven in the middle, that it might make the greater noise and create the greater diversion whenever the back of the buffoon was belaboured with his own offensive weapon; and, perhaps, this instrument was first adopted by *Arlecchino* in contempt and ridicule of the cavaliers and sword-swashers of Lombardy, his native province, where the early-born republics entertained peculiar dislike for these gentlemen.

The office of the '*Mimo*,' the '*Zanni*,' and the '*Arlecchino*' are one and the same. Each is a servant who is of the lowest of the people, who speaks their dialect, uses low, vulgar, obscene phrases, and jests, if the audience will suffer them; which sufferance is in most cases accorded: yet who interlards these effusions with scraps of sentimental morality, worthy of being handed down to latest posterity, even after the manner of their prototypes, Syrus and Laberius.

That '*Arlecchino*' should be the identical personage with the old Italian; that he should have increased in celebrity during the middle ages in proportion as the people were vilified by barbarity, can be proved from the circumstance of the jesters being in great repute during the long period of darkened civilization. The power of these buffoons gradually extended itself, inasmuch as they became necessary appendages to the houses of the great. But their origin, like that of *Arlecchino*, may be traced to old Italy, and they came, in fact, under the name of *Mimi* in a larger sense, as may be seen in Juvenal, *Sat.* 13, v. 110. Capitolinus (*in ver.* c. 8, *sub fin.*) mentions *scurras mimarios*. Salmasius also mentions the *scurras mimicos*; they

they were parasites, and obliged to give way to the caprices of their patrons. (Plautus, *Mos.* i. i. 14. *Poen.* iii. ii. 35 *Trin.* i. ii. 165.) When infamy was rendered illustrious by imperial example, and adulation became the incense daily offered at the footstool of power, the soldiers, especially the body guards, received the name of *Scurræ*. (Lamprid. in *Alex. Sever.* § 61. *A.* 62.—in *Heliog.* § 16, 17. *A.* 33.) So that what was the term of infamy, became, strange to say in aftertime, a name for honourable distinction. (Murat. *Thesau.* No. *Ins.* p. 843. n. 2.)

We would now ask, if there be any theatre which can trace its origin to a higher antiquity than the Italian, whether the matter of discussion be originality in invention, or nationality in character. The *Zanni* or *Arlecchino* (or his copies or contrasts, as *Brighella*) is not the only original and national creation. The two other principal masks, the '*Pantalone*' and the '*Dottore*' are other emanations from the same conceptive power. The '*Pantalone*' is the portrait of the Venetian Merchants of the old times, (after, indeed, Venice was the Empress of the Seas,) when so high was their character for honesty, that it became proverbial—'*eamus ad bonos Venetos.*' The '*Pantalone*' is a good father, a good husband, a good talker—a '*laudator temporis æti*'—full and proud of his affairs, and ever watchful to turn the penny, but honest where-withal and honourable; generous indeed sometimes, and seldom avaricious or miserly. As for the '*Dottore*,' what is he, unless he be the very emblem of the University of Bologna? He is, in sooth, a sad chatterer, and hashes up his phrases with a plentiful seasoning of Latin; he ever strives to find a reason for every thing; and this comes from his talking on all subjects—good, bad, or indifferent: he gives it as his opinion, that man must remain an eternal blockhead unless he study at his darling Bolognese school: he firmly believes, that a lawyer can talk on all subjects, understand all subjects, and that his word will always be taken as an axiom. Besides, the dresses of this ancient couple are the caricatures of the habits worn by the Venetian Merchant and the Bolognese Counsellor. The black vest and the cap of wool, the waistcoat, the stockings, and the red slippers, have all been worn by the merchants of the Adriatic lagunes, time out of mind. The beard flowing from Signor '*Pantalone*'s' chin, which is rendered ridiculous by being sharpened into a long and fine point, seems to show forth his antiquity. The habit of the worthy lawyer is the identical suit of the Doctors and Curials of Bologna down to the end of the last century. And as to the singular mask worn

by the man of Latin and universal knowledge, the tradition is, that it was intended as a caricature of an old Bolognese Jurisconsult, whose face was ornamented by a large and remarkable red spot, the fatal consequence of wine-bibbing. *Arlecchino* and *Brighella* are supposed to be Bergamasques, since there, particularly, are found men of their peculiarities of mind and disposition. Certain it is, that the blackish mask of *Brighella* is a caricature of the dark complexion of the mountain inhabitants of that district, as is the 'gozzo,' (neck-swelling) which is there common; and the hare's tail, which adorns the hat of *Arlecchino*, is to the present time in fashion among the Bergamasque country people (See Goldoni, Mem. t. iii. p. 174.)

These were the principal masks of the Italian theatre. There were many others, in name, but the number can easily be reduced to those which we have been at some pains to enumerate and describe. '*Truffaldino*,' '*Meneghino*,' and others, were only '*Arlecchino*' typifying other districts, and speaking their peculiar dialects. This variety of dialects, added to the circumstance that the '*Florindi*,' the '*Leli*,' the '*Ottavi*,' as well as the '*Rosaure*,' the '*Beatrici*,' the '*Colombine*,' altogether speak Italian proper, certainly casts a strong light of nationality and veri-similitude over the theatre of Italy; for here are not only the particular dresses, habits, idioms, foibles, and characteristic traits of the inhabitants, but names and manners, recollections and traditions, handed down from times remote and distant, when the rest of Europe could not boast of stage-scene or histrionic art.

From Italy,—not from the Italian imitations of the Classical Comedy, but from the '*Commedie dell' arte*,' the rest of Europe obtained their ideas of the Drama, as early as the sixteenth century, although the Calandra of Bibbiena was performed at Lyons in 1548. (Napione, dell' uso e dei pregi della L. Ital. vol. i. p. 220.) In France the '*Commedie dell' arte*' only were performed. A Comedy called the '*Fiammella*' was printed at Paris in 1584, in four dialects, Italian, Venetian, Bolognese, and Bergamasque, (Zeno, note al Fontanini, c. iv. Drammatici, cl. i. commed. in pr.) In 1577, the Italian Comedies made such noise in the French metropolis, that more people attended their performances than were to be found as an auditory to the four most celebrated preachers of the day; (ib.) and besides, it is known, that about 1560 the '*Commedie a soggetto*' had been introduced into Bavaria. (Napione dell' uso, &c., t. ii. p. 77.) Goldoni (Memor. t. ii. c. 77.) mentions a MS. of the fifteenth century, containing twenty-five of these '*Commedie a soggetto*,' with the '*Dottore*,'

'Dottore,' 'Arlecchino,' and 'Brighella,' which goes to show that this species of performance was in vogue even before the subjects and actions imitated from the classics, which took effect only in the following century. When we reflect on the nature of these comedies, as they were entirely the creatures of memory, we need not be surprised that so few should have come down to our own period; there is even every appearance of reason to think, from what we can collect about their existence, that their number was very great, and that the number of comedies, both after the classic system, and this popular plan which the Italians invented, is greater than the number of comedies which perhaps other nations can boast of. Zeno bequeathed to the library of the Dominicans at Venice above 4000 theatrical productions of the sixteenth century, which being designated under the name of ancient comedies, are, doubtless, after the classical model (*Baretti, The Italians*, ch. 6). We must not, moreover, forget to mention that a multitude of dramatic compositions were written for the consumption of Italian theatres in other countries—for a taste for such an amusement had spread widely—to which we must add the numbers of pieces produced in Italy, where all classes had an extravagant rage for the drama, more particularly the lower orders, for whom the literati condescended to write. They are, unfortunately, for the most part, lost; but their existence is matter of sufficient record. Francesco Maria Molza and Claudio Tolomei, being at the court of Cardinal Hypolito de' Medici, composed a comedy, which was performed by the cooks, the grooms and lacqueys of their patron; and these enacted their parts so admirably, and the attendant crowds were so immense, that guards were stationed at the doors of the theatre to repress tumults and prevent accidents.—(*Tiraboschi, Stor. della Lett. Ital.* vol. vii. l. 3, § 77.)

Such was the nature and progress of the Italian Theatre, and such were the comedies which, for the most part, occupied the stage to the time of Goldoni, whose object was to establish the drama on fixed and determined rules. We had, indeed, resolved to speak of him at some length, and afterwards to give an account of the actual state and condition of the comic theatre of Italy. But we have scarcely room now left to do justice to such matters; these being too momentous subjects to be lightly dealt with. But we cannot refrain from noticing an insult levelled at the memory of a man of undoubted genius. It was offered in the same journal, and in the same article, containing the observations which first forced our attention to the matter under our present consideration. Goldoni, in the journal in question,

tion, is accused of having 'too little force and wit for a successful innovator.' We pledge ourselves to prove hereafter that he had *very great wit and power, every way adapted for a successful innovator.* But what need, indeed, for many words?—he was a successful innovator. Either, then, the writer must be too rash in making such an observation, or else he must consider the Italians as a nation of idiots or children, who allow show, glitter, and parade to conceal inefficiency of talent! Goldoni banished the masked comedies from the stage—to him, and him only, is due the praise of the innovation.

We warn the reader against believing one word contained in that article against the literary character of Goldoni. And we will tell the reader wherefore he should not believe a single word—because the writer could never have read Goldoni, or, having read him, could not have understood him; and our reason for this conclusion is simply the following:—that the words purporting to be taken from the Memoirs of Goldoni are a literary forgery, and not to be found in any part of the *Memoirs*.

So far from speaking in the fashion the Journalist in question would make his readers believe, GOLDONI SAYS DIRECTLY THE OPPOSITE. We first give the paragraph from our contemporary, as we mean to make good our words, by exposing his false reasoning and mistakes.

'Goldoni had too little force or wit for a successful innovator. He worked for bread, as the hireling writer of a theatrical company, whom he was bound to supply with a certain number of new plays annually. So far were his productions from being the overflowings of a full mind, that he tells us, in his autobiography, of one season, when, the muse being coy, the day fixed for delivering a new comedy had liked to have dawned, whilst even the subject was unthought of. Impelled by necessity, and recollecting probably that "faint heart never won fair lady," he resolutely snatched his pen, and saying "The new comedy must have a name," wrote down, "The Incognita."—"Somebody must open the play."—Enter Incognita: "To be unknown she must be in a strange place; thereupon shall she soliloquize." And thus he actually began to indite a play, by no means one of his worst, without a notion of the story he was about to dramatize.'

Even had it been true that Goldoni had written for bread, and not from the impulse of irresistible inclination, why should that circumstance detract from genius? The writer of the paragraph may perhaps be pardoned the maxim, that genius and want are never found in companionship. We, however, assert, that Goldoni, spite of his necessities, has written *well*—
and

and is not that individual more commendable who can write well whenever called upon, than he whose fancy is sterile, unless fostered by ease and indolent repose? Ease and repose, indeed, so far from fostering genius, or giving a freer scope to the flights of fancy, have generally the opposite tendency. Man is too much a creature of habit, and the sleep of sloth is more binding to his mental energies than ten thousand fatters could be to his writhing limbs.* Besides, was not Shakspeare compelled to write for the stage for his daily bread — was not Metastasio forced to anticipate the approaching want by the timely labours of his brain or of his fancy? His case, indeed, is worse than that of Goldoni, inasmuch as he had to write specified dramas, with specified plots, for specified occasions.

So much for the absurdity in reasoning; now for the misstatement in fact. The '*Incognita*' was not written by Goldoni 'when his muse was coy,' nor 'when the day fixed for delivering a new comedy had like to have dawned, whilst even the subject was unthought of,' but was written, as he informs us himself, in c. lxiii. vol. ii. of his Memoirs, when the muse was most benignant to the poet! He says that his friends instigated him to write a Comedy, the subject of which should be taken from some Novel, and he replied that he would rather write a Comedy which should be the subject for a Novel; and that he immediately began to compose, without plot or forethought, and marked down '*L'Incognita*.' The author then proceeds to say,—

'This Lady (*The Incognita*) must, however, have a name; oh, yes, certainly: very well, let us give her the name of Rosaura; most excellent; but is she to come quite alone before the audience to give the first hint of the plot? No, decidedly not; for that would be a fault peculiar to the old comedies. Let us, therefore, bring her forward with.... Yes.... with Florindo..... Rosaura then and Florindo.....'

And this is the commencement of '*L'Incognita*.' From this it will be evident that the journalist had not read the '*Incognita*' more than the Memoirs, of which he quotes words which never existed there, with inverted commas, although he delivers an '*ex cathedra*' opinion upon it: since, had he read it,

* We do not know how many verses Horace wrote before the battle of Philippi: we only know, because he tells us himself,

Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi,
Decisis humilem penois, inopemque paterni
Et laris et fundi, PAUPERAS IMPULIT AUDAX
UT VERSUS FACEREM.

Epist. 2. 2. 49.

he could not have avoided stumbling against the fact, that the lady has a name—that she comes forward with this name of Rosaura—that she is not alone—nor is unattended—for she is in the company of Florindo, and addresses herself to Florindo.

If Goldoni could thus venture to sit down to the composition of a Comedy (Sheridan, it appears, did the same for the last part of Pizarro; but the first part *had* been written, and the plot *had been completely formed*, yet it was thought a wonderful achievement in him, and equally wonderful in Fielding)—if Goldoni trusted entirely to his ready powers of improvisation, and if the effort were successful—if he did not on this occasion play the rhetorician by pruning his sentences and altering his language, but gave utterance to the full tide of sentiment flowing from his exuberant fancy, we are fully of opinion that he has earned his title to the distinction of a man of genius. To this subject we will hereafter return; for the present our anxiety has been to expose the injustice done to Goldoni by our contemporary. We think we have succeeded, and thus we are satisfied.

ART. X.—*Constantinople et le Bosphore de Thrace. Pendant les Années 1812, 1813, et 1814, et pendant l'Année 1826. Avec un Atlas, &c. Par M. Le Comte Andreossy, Lieut.-Général d'Artillerie, &c. &c. Paris. Barrois. 1828.*

THE work which we have placed at the head of this article is the production of a man who is remarkable amongst many who have figured in the most remarkable Revolution of Europe. Political struggles and commotions bring to light the powerful energies of genius, in the same manner as extraordinary tempests will cast up rocks from the bosom of the sea, which else might for ages have reposed in their gloomy caverns. Cromwell was the creation of our civil war—Pinto of the Braganza plot—Richelieu of the seignorial factions of France—Wellington of the memorable war of the Peninsula—and Buonaparte of the mighty revolution of modern times. The last, as it was the bloodiest contest in which man was ever pitted against man, so was it most instrumental in this manifestation and proof of genius; and thus it was that so many illustrious men came to figure on the arena of politics. Our ideas have been led into this channel from the circumstance of having witnessed, in some recent French Journals, frequent and invidious observations, relative to the dearth of able public men in this country. A word or two, therefore, on the matter may not perhaps be misplaced.

In

In seasons of tranquillity, the stream of public life is not likely to be disturbed by any, or at least, many sudden currents or side winds of action; its flow, consequently, is easy, smooth, and continuous, for the daily labours are apportioned, and are simple and definite, and may be mentally anticipated. Each month, therefore, lapses like its predecessor—years roll on calmly and consecutively to the ocean of eternity, and individuals very naturally, in their deep feeling of safety, sink into somnolent inactivity. Not so in times of confusion or uncertainty, whether we consider individual or general cases. When a youth has to struggle with the adversities of early life—his passions get roused—his mind becomes agitated, like the lashed waters of the ocean. Then pour forth, in such moments of phrenzy, thoughts worthy of latest remembrance; intellectual treasures, to be, by a grateful posterity, enshrined like the holiest of relics, in the sacred depository of their heart of hearts. Had Shakspeare been born to indolent repose, would he have been capable of those complicated achievements which gained for him the ultimate rewards of an apotheosis? Had a Southey, or a Wordsworth, or a Coleridge, or a Byron, a Lesage, or a Moliere been born to extreme affluence and comfort, would they have produced those varied and admirable specimens of human imagination which must be as durable as language,—which must last as long as human hearts can feel or understand? Whatever the reader may suppose, we are of opinion, that if *our questionnaire positions* had been *positive cases*, the world would have been a considerable loser in intellectual riches. If mind, then, so work with private individuals, how much more must it work with public men, in times of public difficulty and revolutionary commotion! At such times, trades, professions, pursuits, and avocations get confounded: the diplomatist must turn from his desk to harangue a mob, and the regular demagogue must run to the desk to pen political papers, or wo to his power! if his masters, the ‘foul-breathed mob,’ entertain a shadow of a doubt as to his powers of general efficiency. The conscientious priest must, for the moment, leave the holy functions of his office to do his best in upholding the throne which sinful-minded men would wish to overturn; for he is sensible how nearly the throne stands allied with the sacred altar of his God. The Burgher must buckle on mail of proof, and turn soldier; whilst the hardy soldier must oftentimes become the casuist, and trust to the execution of the tongue, when his stout right arm becomes disabled in the struggle. Such are the complicated duties incumbent on all public men, in times of revolution and anarchy.

To

To say nothing of the cheaper rate of education in France, which was particularly so thirty or forty years since, their civil commotions brought into notice the phalanx of high-minded talent which moved on the arena of public affairs. It has been asserted, that men of talent were, during the late long war, more numerous in France and on the continent than in this country. This we do not altogether deny; but on this matter we have to make two simple observations. First, France and the continent *were the arena of contest*; there was the gladiatorial combat, the swordsmen, therefore, were trained for the particular theatre, and for the peculiar exigencies of the times and places. Thank God, whilst the vials of revolutionary wrath and vengeance were pouring out on the devoted heads of the continentalists, the fields and vales of our happy islands were basking in the sunshine, and in the smiles of a benignant heaven. We had enough of husbandmen for the cultivation of our fields; plenty was produced by a partial employment of their time in labour, the remainder being devoted to home pastimes and to thankfulness.—Our second observation is, that *we had enough of men of talent and more than enough to vindicate insulted national honour*; to retrieve the trampled on rights of humanity, and to abase the fellest, the ablest, and the most powerful enemy which Europe had ever witnessed.—And we would say, in conclusion, that whenever times of trouble or commotion may again fall on this country, which, may Providence long avert! *enough of public talent will always show itself to stem the torrent, and to lay the danger*; for Englishmen are *not* notorious for their want of the choicest and most precious possessions of intellect.

So these words may suffice for all noisy critical barkers of Paris, who have of late been indulging themselves in idle taunts against our palpable want of public men and public talents.

M. le Comte Andreossy, general of artillery, was the thirty-fourth Ambassador from France at the Sublime Porte. The Treaty of Bucharest, of May, 1812, terminated the war between Russia and Turkey, and was ratified in June by Sultan Mahmoud, at Constantinople; and a few days after by Alexander, at Wilna. The exchange of ratifications was effected by the plenipotentiaries on the 14th of July following, accompanied by a refusal on the part of Mahmoud to conclude a treaty of alliance against France; and this was the date of Andreossy's arrival at Constantinople.

The first thing effected by the newly elected ambassador, was the

the banishment from the conferences with the Reis Effendi of the Fanariot Prince Mourousi, the Interpreter. Andreossy remained at Constantinople until November 1814, when he was recalled and succeeded by M. Ruffin, as chargé d'affaires. We have particular pleasure in mentioning the name of this individual, whom M. Andreossy surnames the Nestor of the Levant. 'No one,' continues he, "had more deeply reflected than this venerable old man, on the language of the Turks, their constitution, manners, and usages. M. Ruffin was, perhaps, the only Christian, since the establishment of the empire of the Osmanlies, whose moral worth, disinterestedness, intelligence, and conciliating character, commanded the confidence and esteem of the Ottomans, who bestowed on him the extreme measure of affection which they are capable of according to a Yaoor." He was French interpreter at the Porte, and was born at Salonica in August, 1742, and died at Pera in January, 1814. Another individual, extremely learned in all that relates to Turkey, is M. Caurroy, the late head of the institution for languages at Constantinople.

To these individuals, M. Andreossy stands most materially indebted for information. His work, however, would have been much more valuable, had it been more systematic in its plan and execution, or had it dealt more largely on the character of the Turks. We have, indeed, Dr. Walsh's late journey; and we have Anastasius—a book worth its weight in gold, and the production of a master mind. But we have nothing on recent politics—no positive account of the present state of intellect in Turkey, or the resources of the energetic Mahmoud. What a chapter might not M. Andreossy have disclosed, had he so pleased, of manners and customs—of barbarity and refinement—of ignorance and learning—of superstition and generous virtue? The Turkish character possesses all these contradictory ingredients in the most oddly assorted quantities.

M. Von Hammer's History of Turkey will be a valuable acquisition to the literature of Europe. He was for many years Austrian secretary at the Porte, and is therefore competent to describe the by-gone transactions of the empire;—those, indeed, which are matters of record—exceedingly well;—those, however, which have passed in our own days, he will not—cannot give, in a manner equal to that of the Comte Andreossy, had he been pleased to undertake the task of historian. M. Von Hammer was in a subordinate situation. M. Andreossy filled the highest;—the first could only gain his information mediately; the latter, immediately; what would be secret to the one, would be communicated to the other by virtue of his office.—The words of inspiration

inspiration flow from the lips of the ministering Priest, whilst the attendant Acolyte shapes his functions according to the directions of the Rubric.

We wish not to offend M. Von Hammer, or his friends, by these observations. He is, doubtless, one of the first of oriental scholars amongst Europeans: he is full of erudition, of science, and a justly celebrated philologist. But is he not an Austrian? and as such, is he a practical politician? and without practical politics can modern history be written to good purpose?

Of Count Andreossy's work, one half is occupied with a description of the Turks, their Sultan, their Janissaries, their officers, public and private, and governors, their mosques, their slaves, their Dervishes, the Wehhabies, &c. &c. Much of the information herein contained is curious, though short, and therefore unsatisfactory. A portion of the remainder of this work is devoted to a geographical, geologicistic, and philosophical account of the Bosphorus; whilst the concluding fraction describes the aqueducts of the delta of Thrace. The last includes some valuable observations, but, from their exclusive nature, they fail of general interest. We will, however, act in better faith towards our readers, and as we wish to give something of a popular character relative to the Turks, and we have not much space for our Paper, and are therefore compelled, from a wish to deliver the fullest information, to limit ourselves to one subject—we shall direct our readers' attention to the interior of the Seraglio of the Sublime Porte.

In order to enjoy the fine season at the commencement of the month of May, the sultans used to go to one of their pleasure houses, situated near the "Eaux Douces," called by the Turks *Kiaghid Hauc**. They took with them their cadines and favourite slaves; and during their stay in this country they made what the Turks call *halvat*, or retreat. The females in the suite of the Sultan roamed at will in this valley, and bathed in the river that flows through it; but to protect them from the intrusion of strangers, from two to three thousand armed *Bostandars* guarded the avenues and environs of the retreat, and permitted no one to approach within two miles. The seraglio, the abode of ignorance, despotism, terror, and absurdity, is divided into two separate compartments, and subdivided into a number of chambers, comparatively small. The first compartment, *Selamlık* †, contains men, but no women; the

* This charming valley, which takes its name from a paper manufactory formerly established there by the Turks, is situated on the banks of the Ceratan gulf.

† Place of salutation, from *Salam* (good morrow.)

second,

second, appropriated exclusively to females, is called the harem*. A death-like silence reigns among this solitary population, which is under the sole dominion of one being, who, in the *Selamlık*, gives his orders by writing or by signs, orders which often resound to the utmost limits of his empire; and in the harem by motions invites the selected fair one to approach his mute Sublimity. Between the *Selamlık* and the *harem* is the apartment of the eunuchs, whose office is to guard unnumbered sweets for one who tastes without enjoying them.

There are various orders and gradations among the functionaries of the *selamlık*. First are the *Endéroun Agalaxi*, or officers of the interior, who have four departments called *oda*, or chamber; namely, the *Hasse-oda*, the *Hazini*, the *Kiler*, and the *Seferly*. The *Hasse-oda* has forty *Agas*, or officers, at the head of whom is the *Silih-dar*, or sword-bearer. This individual is the chief personage of the *Selamlık* after the Sultan. He never approaches his Sublimity but when sent for, or when having something of consequence to communicate, on which occasions all the *Mabeindzys*, or private guard of the Sultan, retire, and leave the *Silih-dar* alone with his master, who commands him to be seated. Of the forty officers in the *hasse-oda*, besides the *Silih-dar*, ten bear the title of *Yedikly*, or dignitaries. The first of rank after the *Silih-dar* is the *Zouka dar Aga*, who puts on and takes off the Sultan's boots; the second is the *Rikiab dar Aga*, who holds the stirrup of the Sultan when he mounts or dismounts his horse; the third, *Dubbend† Agassi*, is guardian of the Sultan's turbans; the fourth, *Sariktzy Bachi*, arranges the imperial turbans; the fifth, *Pickekir Agassi*, carries the napkin when the Sultan drinks coffee or sherbet, and is also the bearer of his Sublimity's immense writing apparatus; the sixth is the *Sir-Kiatiby*, or private secretary; the seventh is the *Tzouka-dar*, or chief of the pages; the eighth is the *Lahrredzi-bachi*, who presents the cup of coffee; the ninth, *Tirnaktzy*, is cutter of his highness's nails; the tenth is *Berber-bachi*, or first barber; and the eleventh, *Anahter Agassi*, keeper of the wardrobe. The remaining twenty-eight officers of the *hasse-oda* are unemployed, and wait their turn for promotion. Many of the above-mentioned dignitaries leave the seraglio with the title of chamberlain, or with the superior rank of the clergy, or of *Hadge Ghianlik‡*, on which occasions the promotions take place in

* The inviolable place.

† A Turkish word, from which turban is a corruption.

‡ This title is given to all the civil functionaries of the Porte, from the minister of the interior down to the different public officers.

the

the *hasse-oda*. Eight of the officers in this department are in the service of the *Silih-dar*, and are called *Takhir-Challagom*, or those who brandish a sort of caduceus while preceding the *Silih-dar* when he visits the Sultan, and traverses the vast halls between the *Mabein** of his highness and his own apartment. These precursors, as they pass along, exclaim, *Kiche! kiche!* that is, beware! beware! a warning to all in the saloons to make way, failing which they are knocked down. The Sultan chooses three or four of the eleven *Yedikly* above-mentioned, and calls them *Mabeindy*. These four are generally the *Sir-Kiatiby*, the *Pachatzoukadar*, and the *Catrouedzi backi*. An equal number of officers are chosen among the eunuchs, and similarly denominated; their duty is to attend his highness from his leaving the harem till his return, and they have the sole privilege of self-presentation to the Sultan, before whom they stand with their arms crossed, and relieve each other alternately. The privilege of the *entrée* extends to the *Silih-dar*, the chief of the eunuchs, and the *Hazini-kehayassi*, or treasurer of the seraglio, which latter is required to obtain the previous permission of the *Silih-dar*. Each *oda* has an apartment destined for the reception of the Sultan on the occasion of his visits, which are paid three or four times a year to the *hasse-oda*, and more frequently to that of *hazini*†, but never to the two other *odas*. The *Silih-dar* is inspector and guardian of an imperial treasure called *itz hazinó*, or *interior treasure*, in which are preserved all the diamonds and other precious effects belonging to the crown, which are at the Sultan's disposal. In this treasury only golden coins are deposited, those of silver being deemed unworthy of the imperial coffers.

The second *oda*, or department, called *Hazini Odassi*, is the public treasury of the empire, the intendant of which is styled *Hazini-kehayassi*, or guardian of the treasury. The number of officers attached to this department is unlimited, and generally

* An Arabian word, signifying *between two*,—the Sultan's apartment being between the harem and selamlík.

The Sultan chooses from among the officers of the four departments, some who have a talent for singing, or playing particularly well on any instrument. He admits at his concerts Mussulmen not belonging to the court, as also Christian and Jewish musicians, who are his subjects; but it is only the Mahometans who are permitted to sing before his Highness, and hence they bear the title of *Musahib*, that is, persons who amuse themselves with the Sultan, and converse with him, or, in other words, sing to him.

† The Sultan *Selim* had a Greek drawing-master named Constantine, who one day waited on his highness in the department of *Hazini*, in order to submit a landscape to his inspection. *Selim*, who was in one of the galleries of the treasury, came forth, holding a Greek manuscript of the New Testament with an Arabic translation in his hand. Addressing himself to Constantine, the monarch said, 'Apropos, Maslid Constantine, take this book, and carry it from me to the Patriarch of Jerusalem. It belong to him—tell him to read it and to pray for me.'

exceeds

exceeds two hundred, among whom *Trouba-dars*, or pages of the Sultan, who have two chiefs, the *Zoka-dar aga* and the *Hazini-kehayassi*. Their duty consists in counting and laying by the money which is daily sent to the treasury. Besides the money thus preserved, the *Hazini Odassi* is the depository of much of the crown effects, the magnificent equipages of the state horses, the imperial library, consisting of manuscripts in Arabian, Turkish, Persian, and ancient Greek *; and the head, with one of the hands, of John the Baptist, who is revered as a prophet by the Mahometans. The money hoarded in these coffers is never used but in time of war, or to defray the expenses of the imperial buildings †. The sultan in his station as *kalif*, and head of the empire, is absolute director of these funds, both private and public, and the inspector of them is the financial minister. The Imperial Exchequer meets all the current expenses of the state; such as the pay of the janissaries and other troops, the salaries of the public functionaries, the national debts, the expense of building and repairing fortresses, purchase of provisions, ammunition, &c. &c. &c.

The third *Oda* is called *Kiter-odassi* or *Store-room*, and the superintendant is styled *Kiler-agassi*. The number of officers attached to this department is indeterminate. Furniture, porcelain, China vases, the ornaments of the imperial table, with all sorts of confectionery and preserves, are here kept, but nothing more.

The fourth *Oda* is called the *Chamber of Travellers*, and the chief is called *Seferioular-kehayassi*. At present, the officers have no function, which was, formerly, to attend the sultan when he placed himself at the head of a military expedition, on which account they still wear, instead of the muslin turbans, a sort of stuff, interwoven with silk, and of a red colour. Besides these four orders of officers, there is a fifth, that of the deaf mutes, who are eighty in number, and wear embroidered robes and hats, with gold lace trimmings. Their only duty is to attend the sultan in turn, in his apartment of *Mabein*. When the grand vizier alone, or accompanied by a mufti, approaches the

* In the library of the seraglio there are now but very few manuscripts, and those chiefly on ecclesiastical subjects.

† The immense sums of money accumulated in the *Hazini* between the reign of Mahomed I. to that of Mustaph III., were consumed during the first war against the Empress Catharine. Mustaph assisted in person at the bringing out the sacks of gold, in order to send them to the army, and sighing, said to his *Küh-Dar* and his *Hazini-kehayassi*, 'No! I am not avaricious; I have amassed these sums solely to defray the expenses of war against the infidels; but how shall I avoid lamenting the loss of this money, which will now avail to nothing, or it may be, fall into the hands of the Muscovites!'

sultan,

sultan, all the *Mabeindzy* quit the chamber, and leave the deaf mutes to attend his highness during the audience. Next to the five orders of superior officers and dignitaries of the *Selamlık*, are those of the *Bostandzys*, the simple *Baltadzys*, the *Zouloufty Baltadzys*, the *Hassequis*, the *Achedzy*, the *Capoudzy*, the *Peik*, and the *Solak*. We will now explain the functions of each of these orders.

The *Bostandzy* are a sort of body-guard to the Sultan. Their barrack is situated in the centre of the seraglio, and is called *Bostandzy-odzaghi*, or *hearth of the Bostandzys* *. Their chief is denominated *Bostandzy Bachy* †. He is prefect of the police on both shores of the Bosphorus, of the Ceratian Gulf, and on the Privean Isles ‡. When the Sultan goes by sea to any of his houses of pleasure, pavilions, or promenades, the *Bostandzy-Bachy* is at the helm of the imperial gondola, the rowers of which are all *Bostandzy*. These officers have charge not only of the seraglio, but also of all the pavilions and kiosks of the Sultan, and of all the villages of the Bosphorus and the environs of Constantinople. They are under the direction of a Master Usta, who is dependent on the *Bostandzy-Bachy*. The simple *Baltadzy* generally attend on the harem with black eunuchs, the chief of whom is also the ruler of the officers. All the cadines or wives of the Sultan, with the mothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins of his highness, have a great number of *Baltadzy* and black eunuchs at their command. Among the different officers attached to the service of the chief of the eunuchs, the principal is, the *Yasidzy-Efendy*, paymaster of the black eunuchs. These functionaries often leave the seraglio with the rank of *Ridgal*, or minister of the Porte, and some have been promoted to the grand viziership; as, for instance, *Dzyn-Aly-Pacha*, *Ibrahim-Pacha*, *Baltadzy-Mehmed-Pacha*, and the two *Jusef Pachas* were *Baltadzy Yasidzy*. The *Zouloufton Baltadzy* are so called, from their having their hair twisted and hanging to the heel; they are all attached to the officers of the *Endéroun*.

The *Hassequi* are, properly speaking, the body-guard. They

* This hearth or barrack is also used as a prison for state criminals, and there every species of torture is inflicted on the unfortunate prisoners. During the first months of the Greek revolution, this place was daily filled and emptied, and the roofs resounded with the moans of innocent victims.

† All the monasteries of Mount Athos, commonly called the Holy Mount, were, previous to the Greek insurrection, under the superintendence of this chief of the *Bostandzys*. The monks paid him a settled sum annually; and, in return, obtained his protection, on which account the Turks, in derision, called the *Bostandzy-Bachys*, papas or priests.

‡ In one of these delightful little islands the first English ambassador at Constantinople, in the reign of Elizabeth, was interred,

are

are taken from the legion of the *Bostandzy*, and their chief is the *Bostandzy Pacha*. Among these, also, there are various gradations; from simple *Hassequi* they become *Tebdil Hassequi*, with the duty of accompanying the Sultan in his incognito. Four of these attendants are always at his side, wait on him at table, and each girt with a broad sword, and bearing a white baton, precede him when he rides in state. A *Tebdil Hassequi* becomes in time *Hassequi Aga*, or chief of the *Hassequi*, from which office he passes to that of *Bostandzy-Bachy*.

The *Helvradzy*, who are very numerous, are distinguished by a sort of head-dress of white felt. They clean the halls and apartments of the seraglio, cut and carry wood, and perform other similar services.

The *Achatzy* are also considerable in number. They are the cooks and scullions of the seraglio. The *Peiks* and *Solaks* are the Sultan's satellites; and when he rides out in state, the *Peiks* surround him in great numbers dressed in robes of embroidered cloth, with a girdle also embroidered, and wearing a gilded helmet: they carry a sort of halberd. The *Solaks* march at the side of the Sultan; and as they wear a sort of helmet called *kouka*, on the top of which is placed a large and waving plume, they so surround the Sultan that he cannot be seen except in front.

The *Capoudzi* are the porters of the seraglio. When the sultan inhabits the seraglio at Byzantium, none of his dignitaries are allowed to wear the *caouk* or *turban*, with the exception of the *Silih-dar*, the *Bostandzy Bachy*, and the black eunuchs; but when he passes the summer in his houses of pleasure, or rides abroad in state, all his suite keep on their *caouks*. In the seraglio two persons only wear their beards—the Sultan and the *Bostandzy Bachy*; all others, even the sons of the Sultan and heir to the throne, are obliged to shave. The latter have the title of *Effendi* or Lords, but not that of Sultan. Before we pass to the harem we have to traverse the intervening apartment of the black eunuchs, and will therefore say a few words concerning these sable slaves of the seraglio. The chief of the black eunuchs is called *Kislar-Agassi*, or Ruler of the Maids; and he also bears the title of *Darou-s-saade agassi*, or Master of the palace of Felicity. As he has the superintendence and administration of all the revenues of the *kiabe*, his rank is equal to that of the Grand Vizier, and when he waits on the Sultan he is allowed to be seated. He makes the official announcement of the birth of the Sultan's eldest son to the Grand Vizier. All the black eunuchs of the seraglio, amounting to more than two thousand, and all those attached to the service of the Sultan's

sisters,

sisters, aunts, or cousins, whose palaces are in different parts of the capital, or in the villages on the shores of the Bosphorus, are under the command of the *Kislar-Agassi*. He is the administrator of the entire harem, and treated with deference by the cadines, or wives of the Sultan. His vast apartments, separated from the *selamlık*, are never entered by the eunuchs unless by express permission, and the *Kislar Aga* himself is not allowed to enter but when the Sultan is there, or when he assembles all the wives of his highness. Every Mahometan is allowed four wives by the *nikiah*, or civil contract, and a number of slaves, according to his desires and pecuniary possessions. These slaves are not regarded as concubines, because they are the sole property of the man who purchases them, and their children are consequently as legitimate as those by wives wedded by *nikiah*. Nevertheless, there is a distinction made between the mothers: the husband can repudiate the *nikiah* wives, even though they have borne him children, but not so with the slave, who, if she have borne a child, is entitled to her freedom before her master can part with her; but if she be barren, the master may sell her at the bazaar. If a Mahometan love his slave he grants her the *nikiah*, and from that moment she gains her liberty. The Sultan is forbidden to unite even with slaves by *nikiah*, as he might in that case take free women, and form parental relations with a subject, which is forbidden by the constitution. The Sultan chooses from among his slaves those who please him most, and gives them the title of Cadines, or Ladies; but, though his wives, they are not allowed the title of Sultana; that of Cadine is conferred upon them by the ceremony of robing—when the Sultan invests them with a pelisse, which can only be worn in the *harem* by the Cadines. The number of Cadines was formerly four or five. *Abdul-Hamid* had seven, and Mahmoud, the reigning Sultan, is the son of the seventh. Each Cadine has her separate apartment, as have their eunuchs and female slaves. They never meet except on the occasion of an *accouchement*, when the mother receives a congratulatory visit from the other Cadines. The directress of the harem, Kehaya-Cadine, conducts each night one of the Cadines to the Sultan's chamber, and when his highness is displeased with either of them, either for barrenness or any other cause, he marries her to one of his subjects and takes a fresh one in her place; but the Cadine who has been delivered of a child, whether it be dead or living, cannot be dismissed from the seraglio. The Sultan cannot take any of the Cadines left by his predecessor, but on his accession lodges them, with their jewels, &c. in the *Esqui Serai*, or old seraglio. This immense building is situated in the
centre

centre of the city, and surrounded by lofty walls, and destined for the perpetual abode of *Cadines* surviving the Sultan. They have there every convenience, and are attended by their eunuchs and slaves. Their children, if male, are, with the other heirs of the crown, shut up in the *Cafesse*; but, if female, they are kept in the Sultan's harem, under the inspection of the *Kehaya-Cadina*, till they marry, when they take their mothers from the old seraglio to live with them. The same happens with regard to the mother of a male infant; as soon as her son is raised to the throne, she is by him taken from the old seraglio, receives the title of *Validi Sultana*, and is accommodated with apartments in the imperial seraglio.

The Sultan must personally inspect the efforts employed by the civil and military authorities to extinguish the fires which break out either in the city or the suburbs, or the villages on the shores of the Bosphorus*. If a fire break out in the night, the *Silih-dar* is informed of it, and he instantly acquaints the *Aukislar-Aga*, who enters the harem, goes straight to the bed-chamber of the Sultan, and announces the event to the five maids who keep watch alternately during the night. One of these maids then puts on a red turban (the sign of fire), enters the Sultan's bed-chamber, and if he be asleep, approaches the bed, and begins to chafe his feet very gently. The Sultan, awaking, perceives the red turban, and immediately demands in what quarter is the fire†, on learning which he rises, dresses himself, goes to the *selamlik*, and with his whole retinue proceeds to the place where the fire has broken out.

Besides the *Cadines*, the Sultan can also dispose of the slaves in his harem, he being absolute master of them. His mother, sisters, aunts, and relatives, as also several rich mussulmen, purchase useful slaves of the rarest beauty, and present them to the Sultan, who also frequently receives from the Sultana-Mother and his other relatives their most beautiful and best educated young slaves, who have been chosen when children, and instructed for this purpose in dancing, singing, music, and every accomplishment necessary to please the voluptuous sovereign. Many of these unfortunate maidens, before their introduction to the seraglio, have through the grates of their splendid prison formed some tender attachment with some one of the *Baltadzy*, or other officers in the service of the Sultana, their original mis-

* The Chief of the Janissaries, the High Admiral, with all the officers of the marine, the Grand Vizier, and all the ministers but the Minister of the Interior, meet at the place where the fire has just broke out.

† The inhabitants of Constantinople and the suburbs are forbidden to build their houses of stone; this having been a sort of precaution on the part of the Sultans against the janissaries, in case of revolt, having any solid building wherein to intrench themselves.

tress. In illustration of this we will here cite two anecdotes, which do honour to the characters of Mustapha III. and of his son Selim.

The Sultana *Asma*, sister of Mustapha III., presented to him one of her young slaves, who, besides her rare personal beauty, was possessed of great natural talents, improved by careful cultivation. She was called *Rouchen*, or 'the brilliant.' Immediately on beholding her, Mustapha became deeply enamoured of her, and, laying aside the sultan, approached her as a respectful lover. For the first time in his life, the monarch felt his heart palpitate with the hopes and fears of genuine love, as, in soft and broken accents, he addressed the beautiful *Rouchen*. The maiden repulsed him with coldness, but at the same time with respect, her eyes revealing a mingled sentiment of fear and sorrow. Mustapha, attributing this to an excessive timidity and reserve, was only the more impressed with the maiden's excellence. He left her with regret; and the following day repeated his visit, redoubling his tender expressions and entreaties, but with the same effect. The third day was not more fortunate: and Mustapha, at length becoming impatient, demanded a frank explanation of such extraordinary conduct. 'Dearest *Rouchen*,' said he, 'I love thee; I am not thy Sultan, but thy most impassioned adorer; I will use no other power with thee than that of love; for my only wish is to inspire thee with some portion of that which consumes my heart with a flame unknown till now. Why dost thou not return my passion? Explain the cause of thy repugnance without fear, and I swear that I will sacrifice my wishes to thy happiness.' He entreated and encouraged her so much, that at length she confessed her love for the Intendant of the Sultana, her former mistress, adding that they had mutually vowed an unalterable love. 'Compose thyself,' said Mustapha, 'thou shalt be happy, and I wretched!' On the following day the Sultan went to his sister, and said to her, 'Sister, you have done wrong, very wrong.' *Asma*, overwhelmed with terror, replied, 'What have I done to merit your highness's displeasure?' 'Why,' returned the Sultan, 'did you yield to me the right of another, in presenting to me *Rouchen*, who belongs to your Intendant?' Mustapha then related the whole affair; and having sent for the Intendant, thus addressed him: 'I appoint you Pacha of *Ghiouzel-Hissar*, and I give you my slave *Rouchen* to wife.' The Sultan, in order to soothe his sorrow, employed himself in composing a *gazel*, or epistle in Turkish verses, lamenting the fruitless love he bore to the beautiful slave. This *gazel*, which is very popular among the Turks, begins thus: '*Rouchen*! I have given you my heart, and you have refused it. I take it back with sorrow!'

Beihau,

Bēihan, the Sultana, sister of Selim, had a very beautiful slave, called *Pembe-Haré*, or ‘rose-coloured satin.’ She had been taught singing and music by a Mussulman musician, called *Saadoullah*. This musician was young and handsome, with a melodious voice, and inspired his fair pupil with an affection which he was not slow in returning. When *Pembe-Haré* had completed her education, she was sent to the Sultan Selim, leaving her former lover inconsolable. As he was an excellent musician, he often went to the seraglio, and sung Persian and Turkish airs to the Sultan, who was a musical amateur. *Saadoullah*, tormented by his passion, expressed it in the languishing tones of his voice, so much so, that Selim at length remarked it, and one day addressed him as follows: ‘*Saadoullah*, thy manner of singing convinces me that thou hast some secret sorrow. I pity thee. Disclose to me thy cause of grief, and I swear by the God of *Kiabe*, that I will do everything for thy happiness.’ A passionate lover is easily persuaded to reveal his love at every hazard, and *Saadoullah*, prepared to be the martyr of the confession, boldly avowed his attachment for *Pembe-Haré*. ‘I love your slave,’ said he to Selim. ‘Cut off my head, and deliver me from a miserable existence. I love *Pembe-Haré*, whom I can never possess.’ ‘Thou shalt have her,’ answered Selim; and, in effect, he gave the lovely slave in marriage to *Saadoullah*, from whose own lips we have heard the anecdote.

There is no instance in the Ottoman annals of a prince taking by force the wives or daughters of his Christian subjects. If a Mahometan free maiden happen to please the Sultan, she is not taken to his palace, but to that of one of his sisters or cousins, where he goes to seek his beloved.

Besides the black eunuchs, there are the *Ak-Agalar*, or white lords, also eunuchs, who were formerly directors of the harem, but by some misconduct they lost the confidence of the Sultan, and were replaced by the blacks. Their chief has the rank of a *Pacha* with three tails, and is styled *Kapou-Agassi* and *Babous-saadé-agassi*, or master of the door of bliss. He is moreover chief of the chamberlains.

The harem is situated in the centre of a large garden, surrounded by high walls, and near it is an isolated palace divided into several apartments, which is the abode, or rather the prison of the heirs of the Empire. The only persons whom they there see are the eunuchs, female slaves, and the tutors appointed by the reigning *Sultan*, and who are generally decrepit old eunuchs attached to the seraglio. The heirs of the empire have an agent out of the palace, who is called *Aga-Baba*, or ‘old lord,’ with whom they correspond when they wish to make any

any purchases, but this correspondence must pass under the inspection of the chief of the white eunuchs. They receive a very moderate income from the exchequer (*Zarb-harré*), and in case of sickness are attended by his highness's private physician. Though their female slaves are chosen from among the aged, in order to prevent consequences, still cases of pregnancy occasionally occur. On these occasions, the *Kehaya-Cadina*, or directress of the harem, accompanied by the midwife and the *Kislar Aga*, assist at the delivery, and the midwife instantly seizes the new-born infant, male or female, and strangles it. The reigning Sultan is sometimes induced to spare the females, but the males never; and the females so saved are not allowed the title of *Sultanas*, even after their fathers ascend the throne, but are called *Hanoum-Sultanes*, or *Lady Sultanas*.

Mustapha III., father of Selim, had a brother named *Bajazet*, heir apparent to the throne, whom he loved and esteemed on account of his talents, wit, and extraordinary personal strength. He often sent for him to his harem, and detained him during three or four days, consulting him on the affairs of the empire; and when *Bajazet* was indisposed, Mustapha attended him in his chamber, and often sent the father of the *Hospodar*, John of Caradza, pupil of Boerhaave, to attend him. One of *Bajazet's* female slaves was delivered of a male child, and during the accouchement, the *Kislar-aga*, and the *Kehaya-Cadina*, were shut out of the apartment by the prince, who was aware of the infanticide law. The only person admitted was the midwife, and *Bajazet* stood beside her with a poniard in his hand, declaring that if she dared to strangle the child, her instant death was certain. He received the living infant from the midwife, gave it in charge to his other female slaves, and leaving the apartment, thus addressed the *Kislar-aga*—‘Go, announce on my part to the Sultan that a son is born to me,’ and from that moment kept the child constantly at his side to preserve it from assassination. On hearing this circumstance Mustapha became distracted, and employed every possible argument to persuade his brother to deliver up the child, and for this purpose sent to him a deputation consisting of the Grand Vizier and the Mufti; but *Bajazet* was immovable in his determination to spare the boy. The Sultan, in despair, went himself to his brother, and threatened to give orders for the child's assassination if it were not yielded willingly. *Bajazet* in a fury drew forth his poniard, and exclaimed—‘First I will plunge this dagger in thy breast, and will do the same to every one who shall attack my infant's life.’ The Sultan, terrified by this menace, retired, and instantly began to devise means for his brother's assassination. He employed a thousand attempts to poison him, but *Bajazet* was on his

his guard, though dragging a miserable existence in continual fear for his own life and that of his child; he was obliged to cook his own food, and in his illness he refused to take any medicine till his physician had tasted it. Notwithstanding all these precautions he fell a victim to his brother's artifices, who had him poisoned by a *lavement*. During the whole of his illness the unhappy prince held his child in his arms, and seemed to have no other painful sensation than that arising from the fear of losing the object of his paternal love.

Mustapha, being attacked by dropsy in the stomach, and feeling the approach of death, sent for the Grand Vizier and the Mufti, and alleging the incapacity of his brother *Abdoul-Hamid*, communicated to them that he wished to abdicate in favour of Selim his son, then aged twelve years. He enjoined them to make this proposition to the members of the high clergy, in order that the abdication might receive their full assent; but the *Ulemas* answered, that they could not infringe the fundamental laws of the empire by taking away the succession from the oldest heir, and that it would be unjust that *Abdoul-Hamid*, after having waited forty years in the *Cafesse*, should be deprived of the throne in favour of a boy of twelve. This forcible reply was dictated less by loyalty than by the influence which *Abdoul-Hamid's* party had already acquired among the ulemas, the ministers, and janissaries. *Asma Sultana*, sister of Mustapha, an intriguing woman, supported the cause of her brother *Abdoul-Hamid*, who accordingly ascended the throne on the death of Mustapha, which happened soon after. The new Sultan was a weak voluptuary, entirely guided by his favourites, who advised him to rid himself of Selim. Accordingly he attempted several times to poison the young prince, and forbade him any sort of correspondence or instruction, so that when Selim ascended the throne he was guilty of endless buffooneries, and the first two years of his reign were a series of extravagance and folly. His natural talents were not developed for a long time after.

On the death of *Abdoul-Hamid* the war between Russia and the Porte was still carried on, and Selim, instead of thinking how he might best prosecute the war or obtain peace, abandoned himself to every dissolute excess, surrounded by thoughtless favourites, at the head of whom was *Mahmoud-Bey*, his tutor. He traversed the streets of the capital from morning till night, disguised in the dress of a Mahometan sailor with his legs and arms bare. The lower orders of the Mussulmen had conceived so great a contempt for him that they hissed him whenever he passed their shops in this unseemly costume, and when they

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saw him approaching were wont to say, ‘O, yonder comes Mahmed the fool.*’

Amidst all his debaucheries, Selim had not lost his filial love for the Sultana, his mother, who was a Georgian by birth, and endowed with rare qualities of heart and mind. Afflicted at beholding her son’s disgraceful conduct, she endeavoured, by threats and entreaties, to dissuade him from his dissolute course of life; but Selim, as soon as he left his mother, always forgot her prayers and remonstrances, and went to the *Selamlık*, where he joined the partners of his pleasures. His restless habits at length caused ulcers on his feet, of so very serious a nature, that he could neither walk nor stand; but, in fulfilling his indispensable duty of attending the mosque on Fridays, was obliged to be lifted on horseback, and there supported by his satellites. The *Caïmakan* and the *Mufti*, by order of the Sultana-mother, waited on him during his illness, and entreated him to change his conduct on recovery; adding, that they were obliged to announce officially that his subjects had lost all respect for his august person; that they openly murmured and complained of his conduct; and that if, on his restoration to health, the former courses were resumed, they could not answer for the consequences. The Sultana-mother did more; she sent a verbal order by the *Caïmakan* to the patriarch of the Greeks, named Procopius, commanding him to assemble round him the patriarch of Jerusalem, with all the members of the synod, and to make them swear secrecy with regard to what the interpreter of the Porte should confide to them. The patriarchs of Constantinople and Jerusalem, with all the members of the synod, accordingly assembled on the same day, with closed doors, and were sworn to keep the secret. The interpreter then acquainted them that officers from the seraglio would come at midnight, and take the patriarch of Jerusalem to recite prayers by the bed-side of a person dangerously ill, and a friend of the Sultana. Accordingly, two hours before midnight, four *Baltadzy*, with two great *Canteries* and two caparisoned horses arrived at the residence of the patriarch; announced to him the order with which they were charged; told him to bring with him the necessary prayer-books, pontifical robes, and a deacon of his order. The patriarch obeyed, and, thus accompanied, went to the seraglio, where a number of eunuchs bearing tapers waited him at the foot of the staircase leading to the apartment of the *Kislar-aga*. They helped him to ascend the stairs, and introduced him into an ante-chamber, where he was requested to

* As the Grand Vizier was at the head of the main army against the Russians and Austrians, a pacha with three tails filled his place as substitute at Constantinople.

repose

repose while the Sultana was made acquainted with his arrival. While he was thus sitting, several eunuchs stood before him with their arms crossed in the oriental manner, out of respect. A pipe and coffee were presented to him, which the patriarch refused, saying, that he would take them after his function had been completed. Shortly after two black officers took him without his deacon, and led him to the door of the harem, where the *Kislar-aga* was waiting for him. He then, preceded by the *Kislar-aga*, and followed by the two eunuchs, one carrying his pontifical robes, and the other his Testament, went forward into a vast saloon filled with female slaves. As they drew near to the Sultan's apartment, the patriarch demanded permission to invest himself with his pontifical robes, when the *Kislar-aga* proposed that they should assist him in robing; and on the patriarch replying in the affirmative, the female slaves untied his bundle, took out the vestments, and attired the patriarch. Four of them then, with tapers in their hands, preceded him into the chamber of the Sultan, where he entered, holding the gospel in his hand. The Sultana-mother standing to receive him, said, 'You are welcome, my lord patriarch;' and Selim, reclining on a sofa covered with cashmere, saluted him with a slight motion of the head. The patriarch, after having recited passages from the gospel during a half hour, retired, making a profound reverence; and as he left the room the Sultan said aloud to his mother, 'Let honour be done to the patriarch.' He was then reconducted with the same ceremony to the chamber of the *Kislar-aga*, and reposed in the same apartment, where sherbet, coffee, and a pipe were offered to him. Soon after an officer entered, and presented the patriarch with a bag of sequins, which were declined, on the plea that the Christian religion forbade the acceptance of money for performing a pious function. The same escort of *Baltadzy* that had conducted the patriarch, attended him on his return; and the following day the Sultana sent him a packet of gold-embroidered cloth for vestments, and fifty pounds of wax tapers. But to return to Selim. Whether by the counsels of his mother, or the energetic representations of the *caimakan* and the mufti, or the impression made on him by the patriarch's presence, he certainly changed conduct on his recovery, and became the mildest and most humane of the Turks, but, at the same time, the most feeble among the predecessors of the reigning Sultan. Of Sultan Mahmoud and the principal and extraordinary circumstances of his reign, we shall shortly take an opportunity of laying a full account before our readers.

SHORT REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Angelsaksisk Sproglære tilligemed en kort Læsebog, ved R. K. Rask.
Stockholm.

Anglo-Saxon Grammar, together with a short Practice, by R. K. Rask.
Stockholm.

THE author of this excellent work, Professor Rask, is already very well known to the British literary public.* His name has been mentioned [with deserved commendations in more than one of our periodical publications. That he is a linguist—in all probability, the most eminent of his day—is known to every one who knows his name; that he travelled over Russia and the Great Tartary to Persia, and from thence to India, and remained for some time in the island of Ceylon, where he acquired a better knowledge of the Pali language and literature than most of his predecessors, and whence he brought a very considerable, and, in Europe, unrivalled, collection of Pali MSS., are also facts of notoriety: for while he was on this long and toilsome literary journey, his progress was reported from time to time in the leading journals of Europe.

We apprehend that some ampler information concerning the life of such a man would be highly acceptable to the readers of the Foreign Review, though we lament that want of room does not allow us to gratify their wish at present;—this must be reserved for a future occasion, when it will appear that this gentleman is as amiable in private life, as he is distinguished in that world of letters of which he is so great an ornament.

The work before us is one of six grammars which Mr. Rask has already published. His first work was an Icelandic Grammar, of which he gave an improved edition in Swedish, Stockholm, 1817. The same year he published this Anglo-Saxon Grammar, and since then he has, at different periods, given to the world a Frisian, a Spanish, and Italian Grammar. Beside these, we have by him three several works and tracts, relative to Northern and Oriental philology: of these comprehensive and philosophical views, deep research, love of truth, exemption from partiality, and systematical arrangement are the leading characteristics.

What renders Mr. Rask so peculiarly fitted to write a grammar well, is his systematic knowledge of so many tongues. This extensive and, as we think, unparalleled knowledge of what we will term *philological facts*, which he, for his own use, has so well arranged in his memory, has given Mr. Rask such a clear insight into the *natural laws of language and speech* in general, that scarcely any man before him has enjoyed it in an equal degree. For even our own Sir William Jones, though the most eminent linguist of his day, was not master of so many tongues as Mr. Rask. Now, it is the professed end of Mr. Rask's endeavours to impart this knowledge, which he has thus acquired, to every philological student, and to bring them upon an easier method of acquiring knowledge of tongues than hitherto has been practised. In this we think he has been successful.

The Anglo-Saxon Grammar has the same principal divisions which Mr. Rask follows in all his works of a similar nature—1st, on Letters; 2d, on Forms; 3d, Laws for the Formation of Words; 4th, on Composition, (or

* We have already spoken of this gentleman in another page of this number of our journal.

Syntax;) 5th, on Metre. Here is likewise an Appendix on Dialects. The first and second divisions comprise what most unphilosophically has been termed the etymological part of grammar, and which is treated after a very original and yet very perspicuous plan; the third division is highly useful, showing how words are formed by *præformative* or *afformative* particles, or by composition. This chapter is peculiar to Mr. Rask, and of very great moment to the learner; for, glancing here over a few pages, he gets the key to a vast number of words, and is enabled to use the Dictionary with better success. The fourth division only points out the peculiarities of Anglo-Saxon composition. This chapter, though not the least elaborate, is of course least perfect in the book, for the Demostheneses, Ciceros, Gibbons, and Addisons are rather scarce in the Anglo-Saxon literature. If we are to judge from what has been preserved of it, the most eminent individual in Anglo-Saxon composition was King Alfred.

Mr. Rask has, for the inelegant Anglo-Saxon characters, substituted the plain Latin, and for this he has the following very satisfactory apology. 'While only some of the Anglo-Saxon characters in their form deviate from the Latin, of which they as well as the Gothic (or Danish) are a variation, or what we may call a peculiar writing hand of the Anglo-Saxon; I have not scrupled to exchange them for those now in use in the following work, D and b have I only retained, as they have a peculiar sound, for which the Latin alphabet has no appropriate character. The orthography I have in no manner altered, but only, from among many vague and inconstant spellings, I have taken the liberty to chuse the one which appeared most congenial to the language, or other cognate dialects.' p. l.

We wish that every editor of an Anglo-Saxon book would follow Mr. Rask's example in this instance: not because the Anglo-Saxon character creates any difficulty for the learner—a quarter of an hour's application will render any man perfect master of the letters—but on account of their inelegance and affected appearance. The Latin character, with the exception of Germany, Sweden, Denmark and Russia, is now used in all European countries, and ought never to be exchanged, without absolute necessity, for whimsical monkish characters from the middle ages. The monks were the copiers of every old book we now have, and were unquestionably glad of this occupation to lessen the tedium of an otherwise idle life; and that their mind might not be totally without employment in this somewhat too uniform occupation—particularly when they copied what they did not understand, as no doubt sometimes was the case—they amused themselves by disfiguring the Latin letters; and in this caricaturing of the Roman alphabet, the leading fashions were as many as there were countries where this was practised by churchmen: thus what has been called the Anglo-Saxon character, is the English fashion, or the manner of English friars, of writing Latin letters affectedly, and was not only employed by them in vernacular writings, but whatever they wrote or copied in Latin was written in the same character; nay more, even Greek has been found written after the same fashion; moreover, the printed Anglo-Saxon character now in use does not completely resemble any Anglo-Saxon MS. we have seen, and is an invention hardly two centuries old.

A question which many would think both an unprofitable and hopeless one is that of the Anglo-Saxon pronunciation. It is a pedantical cant, that men may become quite perfect scholars in a language without knowing its pronunciation: we shall not pretend to deny that enough may be acquired for the superficial pedant's use without it, but it will not be satisfactory for the philosopher, to whom accent and pronunciations appear highly characteristic. Rousseau said, that the accent was the soul of the language, &c.

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at least its better half, to which we must subscribe: we, therefore, think it meritorious of Mr. Rask to have settled even this point; this he has effected by means of his intimate knowledge of the Icelandic. The pronunciation of this tongue has ostensibly remained unaltered in all essentials for upwards of one thousand years; and in Icelandic authors, Anglo-Saxon names and other words occur, which sufficiently show the pronunciation of single letters, from which we can gather the pronunciation of the whole alphabet.

Mr. Rask has also introduced another and more scientific arrangement of the cases than hitherto has been used in European grammars, though with the learned in Asia it is quite common; instead of

Nominative,	he has	Nominative,
Genitive,		Vocative,
Dative,		Accusative,
Accusative,		Dative,
Vocative,		Genitive.
Ablative,		

This arrangement he prefers, because it places together those cases which are nearest related both in the notion which they convey, and also in form and sound. He also finds that, both in European and Asiatic tongues, the succession of derivation follows this arrangement. This is an improvement, for it assists the memory, as memory more easily retains what is reasonable than what is arbitrary and capricious.

Even this order would be the most natural in Greek and Latin. Declining thus:

S. N. Mensa	and	S. N. Τίση.
V. Mensa		V. Τίση.
A. Mensam		A. Τίσην.
D. Mensæ		D. Τίσην.
G. Mensæ		G. Τίσην.
Pl. N. Mensæ		Pl. N. Τίσην.
V. Mensæ		V. Τίσην.
A. Mensas		A. Τίσην.
D. Mensis		D. Τίσην.
G. Mensarum		G. Τίσην.

is certainly more analogous to nature, more logical, and more grammatical, than the usual mode which, by blind deference to the ancients, has been received in our schools: the same applies to German, Danish, Slavonic, and all other languages. In German, this, no doubt, is the right way of declining:

S. N. Mann.	Pl. N. Männer.	In logical respect the rule is constant, certain, and unalterable; and that is the weightiest point in this matter; and in respect of the form of the terminations we shall at least find that the genitive commonly is the most deviating from the original form of the word.
V. Mann.	V. Männer.	
A. Mann.	A. Männer.	
D. Manne.	D. Männern.	
G. Mannes.	G. Männer.	

From Mr. Rask's preface, which contains his views of the relationship of the Anglo-Saxon with other tongues, and likewise a short sketch of its history, we give the following extracts:—

Whether we consider the language itself, or its literature, the Anglo-Saxon tongue ranks far below the language of Scandinavia, as much in internal perfection, as in interest and importance, at least as far as Scandinavians are concerned. Although of kindred origin, it belongs to a distinct family of languages, viz. the Germanic; its structure is simpler, it has fewer inflexions, and thus appears to be a more modern, or at least more mixed and less

less primitive language, by which its philological interest is considerably lowered. In the Anglo-Saxon literature, we would also look in vain for an *Edda*, a *Njála*, a *Heimskringla*, and a *Kóngrs Skuggsió*;* instead of these we chiefly find translations from the Latin Chronicles, Catholic Sermons, and Tracts on subjects which, in our age, have lost their interest. Neither is the style of these works very attractive, as almost all of them appear to be as deficient in point of taste as in peculiar character.

Notwithstanding this, the language, probably of all Germanic tongues, is the most important for us (Danes); partly, because some of our ancestors considered it as the source of the modern Scandinavian tongues, at least of modern Danish; of which, however, it would be a necessary consequence that it also were the parent to modern Norse, which is the same, and to Swedish, which resembles it so very much, that, both written and spoken, it is easily understood by Danes as well as by Norwegians. A language which, by men of great learning, has been considered as the root of our mother-tongue, ought not to be indifferent to any Dane, or Swede, who aspires to a solid knowledge of his own tongue: it is also, of all Germanic languages, nearest to us, as it is evident from history that the Angles lived in the southern part of Sleswic and in Holstein; and the Saxons, who with them emigrated to England, were their nearest neighbours. Further, we have Anglo-Saxon literature from an earlier period, and part of it even from a much earlier, than the Icelandic.† We thus remount by several degrees into time past, and we reach here an agreeable diversory in our search after the origin of our nation and language. The Anglo-Saxon literature, too, though by no means to be compared to the ancient Danish, (Icelandic,) is for us of high importance: its copiousness enables us, at least, to acquire a thorough knowledge of the language, both in respect of its structure and store of words; and, as it is so very difficult to judge of, and make use of, what we merely know by halves, this must be considered as a great advantage which the Anglo-Saxon possesses over other old Germanic languages—the Frisian, the Lower Rhine language, the Frankish, the Allemannic, and Mœsogothic. All these we merely know from very small single volumes, or even from mere fragments; we can hardly, from any of them, form a complete grammar, and much less a dictionary; only by a very laborious research and comparison, and collection of small fragments, we are enabled to form some conclusions about their construction, their poetry, and so forth. The Anglo-Saxon is the only old Germanic tongue which we may say we possess entire; and thus it is of great moment to us for grammatical purposes, but particularly for lexicography. This circumstance, however, renders it still more indispensable to the Germans; for them the Anglo-Saxon is almost what Icelandic is to Scandinavians: yet we do not mean to say that Dutch or German, properly speaking, are descended from the Anglo-Saxon; but it is of great moment to the Germans, because the Frisian, and the other ancient, though extinct, languages, from which the German is derived, are only preserved in such small fragments, that they must, in a great measure, be illustrated and explained through the Anglo-Saxon: all information must be gathered from it, where the other ancient tongues entirely fail to satisfy the inquirer; for the Icelandic is more remote

* The *Edda* is now well known: *Njála* is a historical *Saga*, which gives an account of feuds between several families in Iceland; it is particularly admired for its classical elegance of style: *Heimskringla* is Snorri Sturluson's History of the Kings of Norway: and *Kóngrs Skuggsió*, or the King's Mirror, is a kind of an ethico-political work, attributed to king Sverrir, of Norway, who reigned near the close of the twelfth century.

† This, no doubt, is meant with exception of the old *Edda* songs.

from

from the Germans, though in every case of quite as great an importance to them as Anglo-Saxon is to Scandinavians. But for the English philologist, the Anglo-Saxon, being the ancient language of the country, is of the highest moment: to him it is completely what Icelandic is to us, and Latin to the Italian. No doubt, besides, there are many foreign elements in the English, particularly borrowed from the French and the Latin; but these tongues are well known, and the origin of the words derived from them is easily found: the main stock of the language takes its origin from the Anglo-Saxon; and a great part of it is, from that language alone, thoroughly and satisfactorily to be explained, although Icelandic and the German languages be also of some importance for the same purpose. This the celebrated English lexicographer, Samuel Johnson, perceived, and therefore attempted to trace the Anglo-Saxon, or, generally speaking, the Gothic origin of the Gothic branch of the language. Jacob Serenius has also, in the second edition of his English-Swedish Dictionary, in Latin notes, explained the derivation of some English words from the Gothic languages; but, as his own knowledge of these has been very limited, his explanations are borrowed at second or third hand, and therefore sometimes false, and seldom to be relied upon. Dr. Jamieson has also, in his great Dictionary of the Scottish language, acknowledged the usefulness of Gothic dialects in tracing the roots of the Scottish idiom; but as the Anglo-Saxon has hitherto been so little and so unsatisfactorily cultivated, it still promises a rich harvest both to Englishmen and Scotchmen. Still, even in respect to its contents, the Anglo-Saxon literature is of considerable interest on more than one account; its many old laws throw much light on the ancient laws of German and northern nations, as well as on their manners and civil institutions. The old annals and genealogies are sources of great moment to the history of the people of Lower Germany, as well as of that of the northern nations. The numerous deeds and documents explain many parts of English history. Nay, even the theological remains, as they show the customs and doctrines of the Old Church, are not devoid of interest for ecclesiastical history, or for the modern English and Scottish church; as also the Anglo-Saxon translations of the Bible may be useful for Biblical criticism. Still the poetical pieces excel all the rest in point of interest, particularly the great Anglo-Saxon Poem in forty-three cantos, which Mr. Councillor Thorkellin has edited, (Copenhagen, 1815,) which he very properly, after its commencement, has called *Scyldingis*, i. e. the Poem of the *Skjoldungs*. This, we should think, is the only piece of Anglo-Saxon literature which is of value, both on account of matter and form at once, especially for Scandinavians, as the hero is a Swede, or a Goth, and the scene of action lies in Denmark.

‘The language would, however, have the most valid claim on our attention, if it were the real source of our present language; it is therefore unavoidable here to inquire into this controversial point. In the first place, then, it is well known that nations bring their own language with them from those places whence they emigrate; thus, the Phœnicians brought their own tongue with them to Africa, the Greeks theirs to Lower Italy, and the Scandinavians the old Danish tongue to Iceland; but we find no trace of our ancestors having emigrated from England to our present habitations; on the contrary, it is quite certain that Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, were inhabited long before the Anglo-Saxon emigrated to Great Britain; and it was first, after this emigration, that they coalesced into one nation, speaking a peculiar language. It is, therefore, not easily conceived on what historical ground we could derive our language from the Anglo-Saxon, which never was spoken out of England.

land.* The Anglo-Saxons themselves, on the contrary, inform us that they removed from the southern parts of Jutland, and those parts of Germany which lie nearest that country, from which we might with better reason infer the converse of the former hypothesis, and say, that the Anglo-Saxon was derived from ancient Danish; which, however, nobody, as far as I know, ever asserted, and which, indeed, would be sufficiently absurd and incorrect; for those who emigrated were not Danes, but their neighbours, and the language which they carried with them was consequently not Danish, but their own Germanic tongue, which certainly bore a considerable affinity to the Danish. In the second place, it is certain that the emigrating Anglo-Saxons consisted of three different Gothic tribes—viz. Saxons, Angles, and Jutlanders. Whether the Saxons or the Angles were most numerous is uncertain; the Angles at last conquered a larger portion of the country, and the nation was named after them; and probably they were also first called into the country by the Britons; yet it is remarkable, that both by Welsh and Highland Britons (both in the Gaelic and Cumraic dialect of the Celtic) Englishmen are called Saxons, (*Sassenach*;) not Angles or Englishmen; the Saxons also founded their kingdoms in England. But whether the Saxons or the Angles were most numerous, certainly the Jutlanders were made the smallest number. This is evident from a remarkable passage in the Saxon Chronicles, where we read:—

“Of Jutum comon Cantvare and Vihtvare, þæt is seo mæib þe nu eardað on Viht, and þæt cynn on Vest-Sexun, ðe man-gyt hæst Jutnacynn. Of Eald-Seaxum comon East-Sexa and Sub-Sexa and Vest-Sexa. Of Angle comon (se á sibban stod vestig betwix Jutum and Seaxum) East-Angle, Middel-Angla, Mearca, and ealle Norðymbra.”

“From the Jutlanders are descended the men of Kent and of Wight—that is, that tribe which now is settled on Wight—likewise that tribe of the West-Saxons, which still is called the Jutland tribe. From the Old Saxons the East-Saxons take their origin, and the South-Saxons, and West-Saxons. From the Angles, (whose [original] country ever after was a desert between the Jutlanders and the Saxons,) came the East-Angles, Middle-Angles, Mercians, and all the Northumbrians.”

“Thus the Jutlanders made a very inconsiderable number of the emigrants, and even these lived dispersed in three distant quarters of the country; a new argument to show how small a part of the language we can ascribe to ourselves. But as to the Angles, whether we consider them as Scandinavians or as Germans, from them we would only infer, that Danish was imported into, and mingled with the Anglo-Saxon, and not the converse, as they never returned; nor could the Danes have any commerce, or live in any society, with any remaining tribes of them, after their emigration, for none remained. The Chronicle says, expressly, that they left the country so entirely, that, after their emigration, there was a waste between Jutlanders and Saxons. That the Saxons were Germans, and not Scandinavians, is, from their whole history, the situation of their territory, and the accounts of King Alfred and other Anglo-Saxons, an evident fact. Thus Danish can in no manner be derived from the language of the emigrated Saxons.”

* It might, perhaps, be doubtful whether Anglo-Saxon was not spoken by the Angles in their original native country before their emigration; even the author's own former assertion seems to favour this supposition; but we must confess, that whether it were so or not, his deduction is in nowise affected.

The author then proceeds to prove that Danish cannot either be derived from the old Saxon tongue prior to the emigration, as there exists no record, or even a vestige of a tradition, of any Saxon invasion in Denmark; then he very satisfactorily demonstrates, from the roots, form, and structure of the languages themselves, that Anglo-Saxon is a Germanic tongue, but that Danish is derived from the old Scandinavian tongue, which is identical with the Icelandic.

The following roots show clearly the affinity between all four, and at the same time the nearer relationship between German and Anglo-Saxon, as also between Danish and Icelandic, than that which exists between Danish and Anglo-Saxon:

GERMANIC.		SCANDINAVIAN.		ENGLISH.
<i>German.</i>	<i>Anglo-Saxon.</i>	<i>Danish.</i>	<i>Icelandic.</i>	
Fünf	Fif	Fem	Fimm	Five
Leben	Lybban	Leve	Lifa	Live
Trinken	Drincan	Drikke	Drecka	Drink
Fing	Feng	Fik	Féck	Got
Licht	Leoht	Lys	Liós (lumen)	Light
Leicht	Leoht	Let	Léttr (levis)	Light
Recht	Riht	Ret	Réttr	Right
Gefroren	Gefroren	Frossen	Frosinn	Frozen
(Gewesen)	Vesan	Være	Vera	Be
Wolte	Volde	Vilde	Vildi	Would

And where the Scandinavian and Germanic roots differ, the German resemble the Anglo-Saxon, as the Danish resemble the Icelandic.

GERMANIC.		SCANDINAVIAN.		ENGLISH.
<i>German.</i>	<i>Anglo-Saxon.</i>	<i>Danish.</i>	<i>Icelandic.</i>	
Geist	Gast	Aand	Andi	Spirit
Fleisch	Flesc	Kjød (huld)	Kiöt (hold)	Flesh
Alt	Eald	Gammel	Gamall	Old
Genug	Genoh	Nok	Nógr	Enough
Schlafen	Slapan	Sove	Sofa	Sleep
Grüssen	Gréfan	Hilse	Heilsa	Great
Machen	Macian	Giöre	Giöra	Make
Thun	Don	Id	Idja	Do
Gebührt	Gebyrab	Bór	Byrjar	Ought to do
Durch	Purh	I giennem	I gegnum	Through
Zwischen	Betvux	I mellom	I millum	Betwixt.

This part of Mr. Rask's deductions is certainly most conclusive, indeed, to our mind, entirely satisfactory. He shows, from several ancient monuments, and particularly from ancient Danish and Swedish laws, the identity between the old Danish, or the old Scandinavian tongue, and the Icelandic. He points out the gross mistakes of Mr. Rühls, of Berlin, respecting the Danish and the Icelandic, then returns to the Anglo-Saxon, and shows its close affinity to the other old Germanic dialects; the Frisian, the Lower Rhine language, the Frankish, the Allemannik, and Mœsogothic. The degree of relationship follows the order which we here have observed, so that, of the old Germanic languages, the Frisian is the nearest, and the Mœsogothic the most distantly related to the Anglo-Saxon.

Henrick Harpestræn Dænske Lægebog. Henry Harpenstreng's Danish Medical Manual from the 13th Century; translated by C. Molbech. Copenhagen. 1826.

PROFESSOR MOLBECH, principal secretary of the royal library of Copenhagen, had obtained the applause of all lovers of the northern literature of the middle ages by his edition of the Rhyme Chronicles, in 1825; and antiquarians are further indebted to him for the care with which he has edited the hitherto unknown manuscripts of the thirteenth century. We cannot, it is true, hope for any satisfactory account of the state of medical science in the middle ages, yet every attempt at its illustration must prove highly interesting; and the treatise, edited by Mr. Molbech, is almost the only relic of the ancient northern medicinal system preserved in the primitive language. The author is historically known as Henrik Harpestræng, canon of Roskild, and practising physician during the reigns of Canute and Valdemar the Second.

Medical knowledge seems to have increased very considerably when it was taken from the exclusive possession of the ecclesiastics by the foundation of universities in Europe. We must, however, acknowledge the merit of the monastic schools,—for instance, that of Salerno, where, down to the 14th century, physicians, corporal as well as spiritual, were almost exclusively formed. The most renowned among those of the northern countries who have reached posterity is Henrik Harpestræng. His work is divided into three parts, the first containing an alphabetical arrangement of the names of plants, with accounts of their official qualities, called 'Yrte Book, Herbal.' We will here give a curious specimen of the author's knowledge of the medical properties of the lily. 'Lilium is lily. Pound lily-root with oil of olive, then it will do good to that which is burnt by fire. Pound lily-leaves, then they are good against the bite of serpents, and for the liver. Pound lily-root and boil it in wine, and lay it on the bad nails of the foot three days, it will do well. Boil it in oil, or swine grease and butter, and lay it on that which is burnt, and where no hair grows, then it is good for that. Drink lily with wine, then it purifies the injured blood of the human body, and cures the spleen. Mix juice of lily-leaves with honey and vinegar, then it is good for the sinews which are injured; and then five ounces must be of the juice, and two of honey and vinegar. It cures also dry wounds and old scars,' &c. &c.

This curious herbal seems to be a translation, or at all events an amplification, of a poem of Emilius Macer, (who lived in the 10th century), 'De Herbarum Virtutibus,' of which we have an octavo edition by E. Pictor Villangan, Basil, 1558. The second division of the work consists of an extract from a Latin poem of the middle ages, 'Eracis carmen de gemmis,' and treats of the sorts, colours, and qualities of gems, arranged in alphabetical order.

The third division consists of receipts for the 'Ars culinaria,' which we think would not satisfy the calls of modern gastronomy.

The work will be found to interest the general reader, more by its peculiarities of language and style, than any practical information it contains. It affords an additional proof that the Danish language began to assume its present grammatical form as early as the 12th century, when it deviates from the Icelandic.

Sylloge Epigrammatum Græcorum ex Marmoribus et Libris collegit et illustravit F. Th. Welcker. Editio altera recognita et aucta. Adjuncta est tabula lithographica. Bonnae.

THIS sylloge contains the epigrammata, which were published by Prof. W. in two programmes some years ago, together with a considerable number of others, partly hitherto unpublished, partly scattered in travels, journals, and periodicals. In an *Epistola ad F. Jacobsium*, the editor states the principles which have guided him in the classification of the inscriptions; they are divided into three classes: 1. Epigrammata Sepulcralia. 2. Epig. *Λαμπρατικά*. 3. Epig. Promiscua. Each class is subdivided again into Insc. ex Marmoribus, and Insc. ex libris editis. Valuable critical remarks have been communicated to the editor by Niebuhr, who published himself, whilst at Rome, the Inscriptiones Nubienses; by Osann, and Letronne, who sent him two inedited inscriptions; and by E. Gerhard, who, besides recopying more correctly several inscriptions at Rome, communicated also various others which have never been published before. The greater number of the inscriptions of this sylloge, it is true, may be found among the inscriptions of Gruter, Reinesius, Gudius Hessel, in the Museum Veron., or Boeckh's Corp. Insc., but the critical notes and comments render this collection highly valuable. We refer particularly to epig. 23, 24, where the different opinions of the ancients are given concerning the places where the souls go after death; ep. 47 treats of the *μεταμέχην* in Greece; very good remarks are also added to ep. 101, on the symbolical meaning of animals on the cippi: thus, a dog was seen on the monument of Diogenes the Cynic, a lion on that of Leonidas, a lioness on that of Lesæna, a heifer on that of Damalis (*δάμαλις*), &c. In Ep. 165, Mercury *κρηφόρος*, is brought into connection with a custom at Tanagra, (Paus. IX. 22, 2), where the handsomest ephebus used to carry a lamb on his shoulders at a procession round the walls of the town. The epig. 183 treats of an unknown fable, viz. that Rhea brought Jupiter into the world on the Acropolis of Pergamus, in presence of the Cabiri, the sons of heaven; which explains how Pergamus was especially sacred to the Cabiri. Paus. I. 4, 6.

A number of archæological points are very ingeniously illustrated and commented upon by the editor, which gives an additional interest to his sylloge. His critical remarks deserve no less commendation. We beg, however, to make a few suggestions; instead of *οὕτως εἶμα σίνου* we read *σίνου*; the editor ought to have given instances where *ποῦς* is applied to *σῆμα*; epig. 46 *ἡμας τὸν πάσιν* is evidently a false reading. We will insert the two first lines of the epig. to let our readers judge:

*Σῆμα' ἱερῆς ἐκταφύβου, ἢ παρὰ τῷ
ἡμας τὸν πάσιν, οὐχὶ δ' ἱμαὶ δὲ μένον.*

Welcker translates thus: Horum quæ hic vides (sepulcri et mortis) unicuique venit dies. We do not see how *τῷ* can be referred to sepulcrum *et mors*, whilst the epig. speaks only of sepulcrum (*εἶμα*).^{*} The conjecture of Niebuhr, *ἡμας*, is not very plausible; how can people sin or do wrong by dying? We propose *ἡμας τῶν*, i. e. sepulcrum quod *assequitur* omnes. P. 63 W. says, that the Greeks had no amphitheatres; there are, however, ruins of one near Corinth. In noticing the authors who treat of the singular fable of Calchas and Mopsus, he has forgotten the Scholiast ad Dionys. Perieg.

* The tomb was visible enough, but where was death to be seen? The words *εἶμα* *ἱερῆς* do not admit of a metaphorical sense.

p. 261, ed. Bernhardt. The lithographic print gives a facsimile of a curious sepulchral monument, with a Greek inscription, found at Creveld, near Cologne, which is now in the library at Bonn.

Corpus Scriptorum historiae Byzantinae. Edit. Niebuhrii. Pars. XX.
Joannis Cantacuzeni Eximperatoris historiarum Libri IV. Graece et Latine. Cura L. Schopeni. Volumen I. Bonnae, 1828.

It may be seen from *Hammer's* excellent *History of the Ottoman Empire*, how important the work of the Emperor Cantacuzene is in illustrating the history of the Byzantine empire. The Paris edition of 1645, vol. iii. fol. was printed from a manuscript belonging to the celebrated chancellor Seguier, and the Jesuit Jacobus Pontanus made his Latin translation from a manuscript extant at that time in Bavaria. It was published, in 1603, at Ingolstadt. This translation has enabled the present editor to restore the true reading in several places. Gibbon says of the Emperor Cantacuzene, ch. 63: 'The name and situation of the Emperor John Cantacuzene might inspire the most lively curiosity. His memorials of forty years extend from the revolt of the younger Andronicus to his own abdication of the empire, and it is observed that, like Moses and Cæsar, he was the principal actor in the scenes which he describes. But in this eloquent work we should vainly seek the sincerity of an hero or a penitent. Retired in a cloister, from the vices and passions of the world, he presents not a confession, but an apology, of the life of an ambitious statesman.' A prince Cantacuzene, a descendant of this emperor, figured for a short time in Greece at the beginning of the revolution; he forced the Turks of Monembaria to surrender; but, jealous of Ypsilanti, and thwarted in his own ambitious views, he left Greece, and is now living at Dresden. The present volume contains the four first books of the history of the ex-emperor; two other volumes will contain the remainder.

Diodori Bibliothecæ Historicae L. VII.—X. et XXI.—XL. Excerpta Vaticana ex recensione Ludovici Dindorfii. Accedunt A. Maji Annotationes. Lipsiæ, 1828.

MR. LEWIS DINDORF has extracted from the second volume of 'Mai's Collection of Inedited Authors,' the new fragments of Diodorus, and published them in a separate pamphlet. We strongly recommend the perusal of it to those persons who deride the labours of verbal critics, and consider that the emendation of the text, the comparison of various readings, in short, *word-catching* (as they are pleased to term it), is of far less use and importance than an explanatory comment. Mai showed himself, in his edition of Cicero de Re Publica, a good Latin scholar; but his knowledge of Greek seems very limited, and the quiet way in which Mr. Dindorf corrects his mistakes, and supplies his omissions, is very amusing. The edition consists of a short extract from Mai's preface; the text of Diodorus, (or rather an abridgement and selection of passages from that writer,) with critical notes, explanatory of the changes in the text, chiefly by Mr. Dindorf; and, at the bottom of the page, Mai's historical illustrations and remarks, which are generally very heavy and useless, and written in the genuine *exhaustive* style. We will give one or two of these notes as specimens of the author's manner. In p. 4, l. 7, the following lines occur, in an oracle supposed to have been given to Perdicas, *Εἶσα δὲ ἀσθενέστατος τῶν χωριῶν αἰγῶν, Εὐφρόνας τῷ ἡμῶν, αἰὶνός ἑστις ἐν δακτύλοις, &c.* Mai is perfectly satisfied with the sense and metre of the last hexameter, and adds this note, '*De curvis vocabuli hęc significationibus lege, et*

placet, scholia a me edita ad odysseam, ii. 1, v. 1, viii. 1.' Mr. Dindorf very properly substitutes ΤΙΝΩΙ for ΤΙΗΗ. In p. 128, l. 6, is a very curious secret oath, to be taken by the partisans of Drusus; and it affords a good specimen of the violence and recklessness which distinguished the party-leaders of those days at Rome. We give a translation of it. 'I swear by the Capitoline Jupiter, and the Hearth of Rome, and Mars its protecting deity; and the Sun and the Earth; and the Demi-Gods who founded Rome; and the heroes who increased its empire; that I will consider the friends and enemies of Drusus as my friends and enemies, and will spare the life neither of children nor parents, unless it shall be expedient for Drusus and those who take this oath. And if I should become a Roman citizen by the law of Drusus, I will look upon Rome as my native country, and Drusus as my greatest benefactor. And I will administer this oath to as many citizens as I am able. And if I keep this oath may I have all good things, and if I break it the contrary.' Mr. Mai's note is very characteristic of the Roman ecclesiastic, '*Ergo sectarum et conjuratorum execrandae pactionum formulae, quae nostra quoque tempora conturbant, satis antiqui moris sunt.*' In p. 64 this sentence occurs, *οἷς δὲ ὑποχρώσεται τοὺς ἰδίους προκαλίνοντι ταυτοὺς ἐκτελέσσειαν*, i. e. (if there was such a word as *ὑποχρεῖ*) 'some having first most happily destroyed their relations slew themselves upon them.' Mr. Dindorf corrects *ὑποχρώσεται* (see Porson ad Med. 553) 'most bravely.' Mai says, '*Contradictum jure meritoque Polybius xxx. 7, et Cicero de rep. vi. 15, cum aliis auctoribus ibi a me laudatis.*' These, however, are hardly fair examples of Mai's general style of annotation; many indeed of his remarks are very learned and useful, but he seems utterly devoid of any thing like acuteness or ingenuity. In p. 138, l. 23, *Περσῖνας*, the right spelling, is preserved. See Niebuhr's Roman History, notes 858, 1039, 2nd ed. In p. 140 we have a translation of the inscription which Pompey the Great set up in the temple of Minerva, as a record of his services and victories. It is rather long; but we must run the risk of tiring some of our readers with translating that which may perhaps interest others. 'Pompey, the son of Cnæus, the great general, who freed the shores and all the islands of the Mediterranean from the pirates; who had formerly defended Galatia, the empire of Ariobarzanus, when besieged by the enemy; together with the provinces of Asia and Bithynia; who defended Paphlagonia and the Pontus, Armenia and Achaia, with Iberia, Colchis, Mesopotamia, Sophene, and Gordyene; who subjugated Darius king of the Medes, Artoces king of the Iberians, Aristobulus king of the Jews, Aretas king of the Nabataean Arabs, and Syria by Cilicia, Judea, Arabia, Cyrenaica, the Achæans, Zygians, Soanians, Heniochians, and the other maritime tribes between Colchis and the lake Mæotis, with their kings, nine in number, and all the nations which dwell on this side the Black and Red Seas; who advanced the boundaries of the Roman empire to the limits of the earth; who maintained and increased the revenues of Rome; and who took from the enemy the statues and the sacred ornaments and other valuables; consecrated to Minerva 12,060 pieces of gold, or 307 talents of silver,' (about 60,000*l.*) In p. 15, Diodorus gives the oracle of Apollo to Battus at much greater length than Herodotus. The 4th and 5th lines stand thus in the MS. *ἴδω τι βάρβαροι ἄνδρες, ἰσὺν Λιβύης πειθαίης, Βασσαφίους ἱσιούσι οὐδ' ὑχόμενοι κρονίονι, Παλλάδι σ' ἱγερμάχῃ*, &c. Mr. Dindorf reads, *ἴδω τι βάρβαροι ἄνδρες, ἰσὺν Λιβύης ἱσιβήης, Βασσαφίους ἱσλαρ οὐδ' ὑχόμενοι Κρονίονι*, &c. There is also, in p. 3, an important addition to the verses from the Eunomia of Tyrtæus, which contain the supposed mandate of Apollo for the establishment of the Spartan constitution. The line *ἄμμου τι πλάττω νόμον καὶ πόλιν* is an additional and strong confirmation of

of the principle of the *Sovereignty of the People*, (to use a modern cant phrase,) being recognised in the Spartan government, which is laid down in the Rhetra said to have been published by Lycurgus (Plutarch Lycurg. 6, and see Müller's *Dorier*, vol. ii. p. 85.) We have one more extract to make, and that shall be our last. The following passage occurs in p. 32, l. 14. 'Ὅτι Καλλίμαχος ὑπὶ Πυθαγόρου δίδει τῶν ἐν γραμματεῖα προβλημάτων τὰ μὲν ὡς τὰ διὰ τῆς Αἰγύπτου πρῶτος εἰς τοὺς Ἕλληνας ἤνεγκαν, ἐν οἷς ἔτ' ἱεῖρες Φρυγῆς Εὐφροβος, ἔστις ἀνθρώποις τριγῶνα καὶ σκαληνά καὶ κύκλον ἰσσταμένην δίδας νοστήειν τῶν ἱεραινόντων, οἱ δ' αὖτ' οὐκ ὑπέκουσαν πάντες.' Mr. Dindorf says, in the Addenda, '*Praeclare me monuit Niebuhrus esse haec choliamborum Callimachi reliquias ita fere digerendas*: ἐν οἷς λίγαι ὅτι Ἐξῆρς Φρυγῆς Εὐφροβος, ἔστις ἀνθρώποις | τριγῶνα καὶ σκαληνά . . . | καὶ κύκλον ἰσσταμένην . . . | δίδας . . . νοστήειν | τῶν ἱεραινόντων' οἱ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ὑπέκουσαν | πάντες.' On this arrangement we have only to observe, that, in the 3d line, granting the 1st syllable of κύκλος to be made long, the fourth foot will be a spondee. Mr. Dindorf, however, proceeds. '*Atque ex Jambis Callimachi haec petita esse testis est Diogenes L. i. 25.* θαλῆς προήγαγεν ἡπὶ πλείστον, ἃ φησι Καλλίμαχος ἐν τοῖς ἱάμβοις Εὐφροβον εἰρῆν τὸν Φρύγα, ὡς σκαληνά τριγῶνα καὶ ὅσα γραμματικῆς ἔχεται θεωρίας.' And he proposes the following correction, 'Εν οἷς ὁ Φρυγῆς Εὐφροβος, ἔστις ἀνθρώποις | τριγῶνά τε σκαληνά καὶ κύκλον ἰστα | ἱεῖρες μῆκην καὶ δίδας νοστήειν | τῶν ἱεραινόντων' οἱ δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ὑπέκουσαν | πάντες. Diodorus seems to use the words ἐν οἷς for 'in these lines.' Mr. Dindorf would probably make them mean 'Among whom;' but, upon the whole, this is one of the most ingenious restorations of a corrupt text that we ever remember to have met with. We have no intention of making any remarks of our own; but we will just mention that in p. 17, l. 15, the editor has forgot to write τὰ εἴδη for τὰ τι εἶδη.

Q. Horatii Flacci Opera Omnia. Ad optimorum librorum fidem recensuit et annotationibus intruxit Joa. Christianus Jahn. Editio secunda, emendata et aucta. Lipsig, 1827.

WE have not a very clear idea of the meaning which the word *emendata* in this title-page is intended to convey; for an edition of a standard Latin author in great request, disfigured by a greater number of misprints, we do not remember to have ever seen. It seems, indeed, that Mr. Jahn corrected the press by a deputy, whose good intentions were unluckily defeated by a *slow workman*. 'Correctoris (says the editor, p. 284,) qui plagarum emendandarum curam gessit, *diligentiam insignem* aliquot in locis opificis tardi negligentia pessum dedit, cujus incuriae menda, quae remanserunt, fere omnia debentur.' The *aliquot loca* which he enumerates, are, errors of punctuation included, no fewer than *twenty-four*—a tolerable number for a new edition of a printed book. To which we beg to add *terter* for *teter*, Carm. iii. 11, 19; *infamen* for *infamem*, Carm. iii. 27, 45; *retulit* for *rettulit*, Carm. iv. 15, 5; *moenibas* for *moenibus*, Epod. xvii. 13; *factus* for *factum*, Sat. i. 5, 95; *si* for *sil*, Sat. ii. 2, 1; *fides* for *fidet*, Sat. ii. 2, 108; *nocturna* for *nocturna*, Sat. ii. 4, 52; *iccirco* for *idcirco*, Epist. i. 1, 29; *lanas* for *lamas*, Epist. i. 13, 10; before *communia* insert *et*, Epist. i. 20, 4; *de* for *te*, Epist. ii. 1, 256. Carm. iii. 28. 16, read *dicetur merita*. Epod. xv. 5, read *arctius atque hedera*. Sat. i. 6, between 90 and 100, for 85 read 95. Although we do not profess to have made a complete collection of the errors of the press in this edition, we conceive that we have collected sufficient to show that it is an *incorrect*, and, as correctness is the chief merit in a school-book like the present, a *bad* edition. On questions of criticism it is not our intention to enter, but thus much we thought it right to say, as this Horace forms the only exception we have noticed to the accuracy and goodness of the Leipzig editions

editions of the Classics, now in course of publication, known under the title of Black, Young, and Young's Leipzig Classics. It is but justice to add, that these errors do not occur in the *first* edition, and on that account we recommend the students to be careful in procuring it; and it will afford the scholar no small gratification to hear, that the learned Professor Bekker of the University of Berlin, so highly esteemed for his editions of Plato, Thucydides, and other authors, has undertaken the editorship of this valuable collection, and that the new edition of those Classics already published, as well as those which from time to time will be added to the series, will undergo his careful revision.

Atlas zu der Reise im nördlichen Africa, von Eduard Rüppel. Erste Abtheilung—Zoologie. 1-8tes Heft.
Herausgegeben von der Senkenbergischen Gesellschaft.
Frankfurt. 1828.

THIS is the first section of a complete Atlas of Natural History, published at Frankfort by the Senkenberg Society, who have founded a Museum which has been opened to the public. Eight numbers have appeared containing the zoological part, and the whole atlas will be compiled from the specimens which Rüppel has sent to Frankfort. This gentleman has been travelling for several years in Africa: he went early in his life to Italy on commercial business, and had occasion to make a voyage to Egypt, where the wonders of nature and art struck him so powerfully, that he determined upon giving up every commercial pursuit, in order to devote his whole life and fortune to the improvement of his mind by travelling. But he soon discovered his deficiency in practical science, and returned to Italy, where the celebrated astronomer Baron v. Zach, advised him to go to the University of Padua, to acquire the knowledge which was necessary to travel with advantage in Africa. Rüppel remained two years at Padua, and astonished all the professors and students by the assiduity with which he devoted himself to study: he then returned to Genoa, where, under the guidance of Zach, he made great progress in astronomy; and, in the year 1822, he embarked again for Egypt. His knowledge of Oriental languages and of natural history soon proved useful to him. The viceroy, Mehemed Ali Pacha, sent him to Sinai and the Acaba, on the eastern shore of the Red Sea, for the purpose of examining the gold mines which were supposed to exist there. This journey, although the gold mines could no where be found, brought Rüppel to many parts of Arabia which no European traveller had previously visited, and as he was travelling under the protection of the viceroy, every facility was afforded for his researches on mineralogy or zoology. He also succeeded in rectifying the charts of the Red Sea on several important points. On his return, he passed the Lake of Menzala, and shortly afterwards prepared himself for a journey to Nubia, at the capital of which, New Dongola, he arrived at the end of 1822. There he determined astronomically the precise site of the ancient capital of Nubia, Meroe, a point on which all geographers have hitherto been mistaken. He penetrated in 1823 into the desert of Korti, situated to the N. W.; and from that important point he sent home to Frankfort, his native town, a rich zoological collection. At the end of the same year, he advanced as far as Kurgos, 17 deg. lat., with the armies of the viceroy, who carried on war against the rebellious inhabitants of these districts; and his companion, Hey, a medical gentleman, also a native of Frankfort, embarked on the Bahhar Abiad, and ascended the stream from Halfaya 60 leagues upwards. The vexations he suffered from the natives obliged him to return to the mouth

mouth of the Asrak, whence he went to the capital of Sennar. The two travellers went again to the desert of Korti; and after having made chase on the animals of the desert, they returned with a rich booty to New Dongola. In November, 1824, they went to Soucot, where they killed four hippopotamuses, and several large crocodiles. In December, Rüppel went alone to the Oasis of Kordofan, his companion, falling sick, was unable to accompany him. He passed the desert of Simrie, on his way to Haraza and Obeit, whence he went with the Arabs into the desert of Darfur in pursuit of giraffes, of which he procured some beautiful specimens, with a number of birds, amphibious animals, &c. Shortly after, departing from Ambukol, he penetrated into the deserts to the south. In July, 1825, he made a second journey from Cairo to the Red Sea, and sent his companion, who had recovered from his illness, into the Fayoum, and the desert of Libya. Meanwhile he has forwarded to the Senkenberg Society his collection of animals, to which the present atlas owes its origin. Rüppel has lately returned in safety to his native town, bringing with him very valuable information on that interesting part of the world which he has visited.

The atlas contains beautiful lithographic and coloured drawings of the zoological collection sent home by the traveller. Each number contains six plates, with text. The second section will contain the Geographical part, together with all the results of the researches which Rüppel has made in Geology, Mineralogy, and the Antiquities of Northern Africa. The editors of the atlas are Cretschmar, Dr. M. V. Heyden, and W. Sömmerring, M. D. These names are a sufficient guarantee to the public, that the work will be done with every possible care, and to the greatest benefit of the scientific world. The text gives, after the zoological name, the diagnosis, the measure, and the description of the animal.

Deutschland, oder Briefe eines in Deutschland reisenden Deutschen, 5 vols. Germany, or Letters by a German travelling in Germany.

GREAT candour, a correct spirit of unbiassed observation, rigorous veracity, and sound judgment, are the leading characteristics distinguishing these letters. The author unites, at the same time, with the experience of a mature age, which occasionally leads him to introduce the most striking reflections, a youthful enthusiasm for the beauties of nature; and contrives, by means of his lively humour, to adorn his sprightly letters with a fascinating charm, that never suffers the attention of his readers to relax. He has very successfully attempted to draw a correct picture of the life and manners of the people in their various colourings; and, at the same time, numerous important philological observations, eminently useful to the linguist. The opinion given in some of the most respectable critical journals of Germany fully authorises us to represent the writer as possessed of great originality, and to recommend this work as unique in its kind, to every one desirous of becoming properly acquainted with Germany; not only as to the numerical proportion of her inhabitants and square miles, but likewise as the people are distinguished by the spirit peculiar to the different tribes composing the great German body, and the mass of intelligence to be found among them.

In his introduction he says, 'The present time is not like that of our youth, and modesty is not one of the virtues distinguishing the nineteenth century. The courts and armies, the administration of justice, the police and finances, trade, manufactures and fabrics, the luxury and manners of our age, would afford ample materials to prove this assertion; but, above all, the *states* of our *representative governments*, which still are a kind of novelty among us.

If

If the liberty of the press was not restricted, the triennial convocation of our states might, perhaps, be dispensed with altogether, and our governors might learn of many an author, who is a true patriot, a reflecting observer, and no scribbling tool of booksellers or factions, many useful truths, which the representatives of the people either do not choose to utter, or cannot speak, and they would not have to pay a penny for information thus obtained. The princes and their ministers commonly know only the capital, whilst they are unacquainted with the actual state of the country, and the situation of the poor; and if they should happen to desire to learn some useful truth, no other expedient would be left them, but to go about in disguise, like the oriental monarchs of old. A man of sense, that knows what Germany was before the French revolution, and what it now is, cannot but acknowledge that an immense deal has been done since, for which we ought to be thankful to Providence. The rulers of our country have been reduced from 300, nay, if we count all those petty princes and barons that played at ruling, from 1500 to 38. *The fewer shepherds the better will the flock be tended.* Those enormous anomalies, the sovereign ecclesiastical princes and the reigning nobility, have disappeared, as well as a number of decayed free imperial towns, prelates, prebendaries, and knights; the Jesuits and ex-Jesuits have been rendered harmless, at least; intolerance and religious persecution may not lift up their heads any more; the abominable practice of recruiting by artful and violent means, to aid foreign powers in the subjugation of distant countries, has ceased; there are but few principalities in our country, in which villanage has not been abolished, and the oppressive game-laws are still in force, in virtue of which the subject was degraded beneath a deer or a hare. State-economy is better regulated; the administration of justice, the police, and the public roads are highly improved; fewer beggars and vagrants infest the towns and high-roads; and, in consequence, property has been rendered more secure; and travelling would be more pleasant if it were not for the frequency of those vexatious examinations of passports, putting you in mind of the toll the Jews formerly were compelled to pay at every turnpike. There is now hardly even a village to be found in which the houses are not numbered; for all which we are indebted to the consequences of the French revolution, as we owe the lighting of our streets to the seven years' war. Truly, we have considerably advanced towards Mercier's *an*: 2240. Our princes are now educated more carefully than about thirty years ago, whence their minds are imbued with more correct notions of the duties of their important calling and the ends of their existence. Our states have been considerably enlarged, whence there exists infinitely less arbitrary rule, whilst the views of our rulers have become more liberal, and themselves possessed of more energy with regard to their internal and external relations, &c.

Herbstreise durch Scandinavien; von Willibald Alexis.

Berlin. 1828.

An Autumn Ride in Scandinavia.—2 vols.

WHEN a Berlin author has left his sandy and prosaic plains to visit the awful and poetic grandeur of nature in the North, we may naturally expect that the contrast will either call into exercise all the powers of his genius, or that he will view the gigantic wonders in wordless admiration. With one part of this expectation we took up the present work, and as the two volumes sufficiently testified that the author was not of the class of silent wonderers, we were anxious to know how the sublime scenery of Scandinavia had affected him during his autumn ride.

Willibald Alexis, a name assumed, we know not wherefore, by Wilhelm Hering,

Hering, the celebrated author of 'Valladmor,' has not travelled to write—but writes because he has travelled—no small praise this, in our generation. The author sets out with a party, composed of natives of almost every nation in Europe, and arrives at Copenhagen without any very remarkable adventure. After a short stay in this capital, he proceeds to Norway and Thronthiem, and from thence to the province of Jutland. A pedestrian peregrination to Lapland is then undertaken, after which, and a short residence in Stockholm, the author returns to Berlin, and produces his book. In justice to the author we must admit, that he has committed fewer egregious errors in his description of the people, their manners and customs, than is usual with writers who do not understand the language, though he would have done well, had he abstained from writing Swedish words. The style of the work is easy, and somewhat florid—and upon the whole, it may be considered as no mean addition to the stores of what is termed light reading.

The author seems to indulge a strange idea, that his *forte* lies in the ironical style, at least all the attempts of the kind in the present work must be pronounced extremely tame and stingless. In detailing the wonders of his journey, he is uncommonly minute. How he encountered perils by land and wave—how he became most horribly sea-sick—how a few freshening gales to him were raging storms—how he forded securely northern streams—and climbed 'the steep ascent' of rocks and mountains high—how he found the travelling in an October night extremely cold—and, by way of climax, how the carriage was overset;—all these circumstances are so marvellously magnified into important narrative, that, upon such evidence alone, we might fairly convict the author of being one of those who possess a prescriptive right to give to nothing a local habitation and a name. He has, however, afforded far more gratifying proofs of this fact by his version of some old Scandinavian ballads, which does infinite credit to the taste and talent of the translator.

We close our notice of this little work with an extract describing the passage of the Kölen.

A thick drizzling mist saluted the company on the second morning, at setting out. Our party presented an appearance truly fantastic, consisting of various costumes, and cloaks, and rain caps, of all descriptions. Not only caps and coats, but also trousers of goat-skin, are used throughout Norway, and especially in the mountainous regions, where, for travellers in open carts, they form a necessary protection for the upper part of the person. To the sound of the drum, and that of the peculiar Norwegian instrument, the bugle, our motley train was set in motion. The industry and skill of the horses were now put to the test in climbing a swashy lime-path behind the house, and we shortly after reached the region of those primitive forests which hang impending from their steep declivities. Rarely, if ever, has the axe alighted there. Trees which, from their decaying roots, can stand no longer, fall of themselves, and lie at length, imbedded in the morass, till gradually lowered to the earth, where they rot beneath decennial rain and snow. Roots, branches, fallen leaves, and weeds, are found dissolved by water, yard high on the ground, while the surface is luxuriantly overgrown by moss and fern. Twenty and more horses climbing the acclivities together, disturbed the still morass, so that the last rider could not wade the deep abyss of mud, but was forced to seek untrodden ways. On one occasion a large fir lay before us—my horse stopped—snuffed some moments, and bent his head, as fearing to proceed—and neither goad nor spur could produce any effect upon him. At length he chose a spot for overstepping the obstacle—proceeded thither, and putting out one forefoot to feel his way, followed those in advance of him. In such places it is often necessary

necessary to halt, in order to collect the scattered company, and the stragglers are summoned, not by the bugle, but by the many-voiced halloo, resounding on from rock to rock. Our wild cavalcade, struggling variously through the thicket, would have presented a highly interesting spectacle to any beholder from the distance. Each was too fully occupied with his own necessity to attend to that of others. Would that Salvator Rosa had beheld us fording the broad and raging torrent. On a sudden, as I saw no outlet from the thicket, the horse immediately before me disappeared in a hole overspread with moss, and ere I could recover from the surprise thereby occasioned, my own animal sunk at the same place, slowly sliding down with me to the torrent's narrow, pebbly shore. This broad and rushing mountain stream, through which I was fain to gallop with my feet upon the horse's neck, was a delightful way, compared with the darksome marshes of the mountain path. Arrived on the opposite bank, we were amply repaid for our laborious ride by the retrospect afforded in viewing the various riders successively rushing from the dark defile down to the bright and foaming flood; and then five or six at one time in the water, with their many coloured military costumes, flashing from the clear back ground.'

*Rafaele, Trauerspiel, von Ernst Raupach. Hamburg.
Kaiser Friedrich der Zweite, Trauerspiel in fünf Aufzügen von Karl
Immermann. Hamburg. 1828.*

THE struggles of Greece for freedom and independence have waked in any a pleasing echo in the groves of German poetry. The Greek songs of Wilhelm Müller excited the emulation of Heinrich Steiglitz, Ernst Groose, and many others. One more delightful fruit of this general excitement has just made its appearance. It is a tragedy by Raupach, entitled *Rafaele*, and is founded on a Romaic tale. During the last year, it was repeatedly performed with great applause upon the royal stage at Berlin, and is now published.

We cannot but approve of the growing predilection of the German dramatists for historical subjects. We can scarcely assign any higher task to the stage than this, of exhibiting to the people grand images of its own past history; and from such a point of view we must heartily welcome a new production of Karl Immermann, representing, in a tragedy of five acts, the ruin of the family of the Suabian emperors.

*König Enzius, Beitrag zur Geschichte der Hohenstaufen, von Dr. E. Münch.
8vo. Ludwigsburg.*

CLOSELY connected with the fall of the Suabian emperors, is the fate of King Enzius, the natural son of Frederic the second. This has been accurately investigated by professor Münch of Lüttich. The life of King Enzius, written according to the results of these inquiries, has recently been published by Mr. Münch, and forms the first article of a series of biographies, in which the author intends to elucidate, as far as possible, the lives of those individuals who, though but slightly alluded to in the progress of general history, may yet, from their fortunes or their characters, be considered as true representatives of their age. In the first volume of this series, now before the public, we find, also, a life of Don Pedro, the son of King Alfonso XI. of Portugal, known, through Camoens' immortal episode, by his unhappy love for Ines de Castro; a translation of Petrarch's self-avowals to posterity, from the Latin: a life of Thrasca Pactus, taken chiefly from Tacitus; a history of the new platonic female philosopher, Hypatie of Alexandria, in the fourth century; and finally, that of the Scandinavian hero, Hakon

Hakon Jarl. In the second volume we have to expect, among others, a life of Cola Rienzi.—Professor Münch's style is bold and manly, though sometimes bearing marks of affectation. We perceive a noble and liberal mind in every page of his book. When history is written in this spirit, it can never fail to produce a powerful impression.

Geschichte der Deutschen, nach den Quellen. Von F. C. Pfister, forming a part of the Geschichte der Europäischen Stacaten, ausgegeben von A. H. L. Heeren and F. A. Ukert. Vol. i. Hamburg. 1829. 8vo.

ACCURATE inquiries into the history of their own country, have of late years occupied several German scholars. The two first volumes of Luden's extensive work has for two years been before the public. Another work upon the same subject has just made its appearance. The volume before us comprises the earlier part of German history, down to the termination of the Caroline dynasty.—We may observe, that, in the inquiry into the origin of the Germans, it would have been interesting to pay a more close attention to the results obtained by several linguists from the comparison of languages. After the deep researches of Schlegel, Bopp, Grimm, and others, Mr. Pfister touches the subject a little too slightly.—In the chapter on the migration of the Celts, Alexander's expedition beyond the Danube should have been referred to; the manner in which Arrian, upon this occasion, (*de Exped.* AL I. c. 3.) mentions the Quadi and Marcomani as belonging to the great denomination of Celtic people is very remarkable.

Die Etrusker. Vier Bücher von K. O. Müller. Eine von der Königlich Preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin gekronte Preisschrift. Breslau, 1828. 2 vols. 8vo.

To the prizes from time to time proposed by the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, the literature of Germany is indebted for many valuable works, which, whilst they present the results of accurate inquiries directed towards some particular object, or some question especially curious, throw not only a fresh light upon such particular points, but also upon the whole of those branches of science to which they belong, or with which they are connected. It was a prize of this kind which caused the composition of the work now before us, undoubtedly one of the most learned and interesting inquiries into the history of ancient Italy.

Since the year 1726, when Dempster's work, *De Etruria Regali*, first came before the public, though it had been printed as early as 1619, a considerable number of works concerning Etruria and its antiquities have been published. Most of these works, however, consist only of remarks on the relics of Etrurian art, or of inquiries into the scanty fragments of Etrurian language. The question proposed by the Academy had a more general purpose: 'to determine and to exhibit, by a critical examination of the true sources, the character and degree of cultivation attained by the Etrurians in general, as well as in all the different branches of exertion of a cultivated people.' Exceeding the limits marked out by this question, Professor Müller gives also, as an introduction to his work, a critical account of the external history of the Etrurians, and more especially of their relations to the neighbouring people of Italy. According to the wish expressed by the Academy, he has, in the main part of his work, abstained from observations founded upon etymology, or upon the analogy of languages, and from conclusions drawn from Etrurian works of art. As a chapter which falls under the head of etymology, however, we must mention the very accurate view

view which the author gives of the connection of the fragments preserved of the language of the *Osci* with the Latin and Greek. Another chapter, devoted to the names of Etrurian families mentioned in ancient sepulchral inscriptions, gives an eminent proof of the author's zeal for his subject, which could not be checked even by the most obstinate difficulties, where any new light was to be hoped for.

For further information we must refer our readers to the book itself. Among the recent productions of German literature in the field of ancient history, this has a particular claim on the attention of the English philologists. In order to give a clearer view of the many interesting subjects which it touches on, we give here a general outline of its contents.

Introduction. Fragments of the external history of the Etrurians—their relation to other people of Italy—their dominion in Upper Italy—their colonies in Campania, and upon the islands, &c.

First Book. On the agriculture, handicraft, and trade of the Etrurians—with an additament on the towns where Etrurian coins have been stamped.

Second Book. On the political and private life of the Etrurians.

Third Book. On the religion and divination of the Etrurians—their priests and divinities—on the relation between the Etruria disciplina and the doctrine of the Roman augurs, &c.

Fourth Book. On the arts and sciences of the Etrurians—their sacred plays—their architecture—their heroic mythology—their poetry and literature—their alphabet, and their notation of the numerals—their calendar and division of time, &c.

Correspondance et Opuscules inédites de Paul Louis Courier. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1828.

PAUL LOUIS COURIER was one of those writers of whom France has reason to be justly proud. Without influence, without partizans, and without laudatory journals to extol his merits, he has, by the originality of his mind, the frankness of his opinions, the whim and eccentricity of his language, secured a reputation which will not pass away, but will remain with those of Rabelais and of Montaigne.

From his earliest infancy Courier was distinguished by the singularity of his character. He was baptized under the name of Courier de Méry, but never would consent to bear the latter name, lest he might be suspected of belonging to a noble family. His education was superintended by his father, a man of vast erudition; and at fifteen years of age he was equally versed in Greek and in the mathematics. In 1792, he was appointed officer of artillery; and he continued in the army till 1809, serving in the campaigns of Italy and Germany, without, however, discontinuing his literary studies. Into the camp he carried the frankness of the schools, and the caustic spirit of satire. It is related of him, that the day after a pretty warm encounter, in which it appeared to him that Cæsar Berthier had not behaved with Roman bravery, Courier met the waggon of that general, on which his name was inscribed in large letters; and placing himself at the horses' heads, he erased with his sword the word Cæsar, at the same time exclaiming to the driver,—‘Go tell thy master, that he may continue to call himself *Berthier*, but as to *Cæsar*, I forbid it.’

While in the army, Courier always had with him twelve or fifteen select volumes; and in one of his letters to M. de Saint Croix, we find him bitterly lamenting the loss of a small edition of Homer, which had been carried off by some Austrian hussars. We will cite a single passage, which may serve to give an idea of the feeling entertained by our learned Hellenist towards the masterpiece of the king of poets.

‘I had

* I had saved from the pillage of my packages what I termed my breviary. It was an Iliad, of the royal edition, a very small volume, which you may have seen in the hands of the Abbé Barthelemy. The copy had come from him to me, (*quam dispari domino*.) and I know that he was in the habit of carrying it with him in his walks. I, for my part, carried it wherever I went. But the other day I confided it, why I know not, to a soldier who was leading a horse for me. This soldier was killed and plundered. What shall I say, my dear sir, on this occasion? I have lost eight horses, my clothes, my linen, my cloak, my pistols, and my money. Yet I only lament the loss of my Homer, and to recover it I would gladly give the only shirt remaining to me. It was my companion, and my only entertainment in haltings and in watchings. My comrades laugh at me for this: I would they had lost their last pack of cards, that I might see the face they would put on.

Courier, who at the commencement of the revolution had followed war as a duty, and who afterwards followed it, as he says himself, *par compagnie*, in order not to part from his comrades whom he loved, was always negligent of fortune. To succeed it was necessary to please the youthful conqueror of Italy, and to sing the praises of the soldier become a consul, and of the consul become a king. Courier would never submit to the restraint of truth concealed, which military life requires. He resolutely refused to comply with the army regulation of wearing mustachios, and he rode through an entire campaign without the use of saddle or stirrups. His republican ideas of equality sympathized but little with the designations of master and of emperor; and a letter, admirable in every point of view, which was known as his, would for ever have closed the door against his advancement, had not he himself tendered his resignation after the battle of Wagram.

On quitting the service, Courier went to Italy; and it was in one of his visits to the famous abbey of Mount Casino, at Florence, that he discovered the celebrated manuscript of Longus, containing the entire text of that Greek Romancist, all editions previously known having had a considerable *hiatus* in the first book. A part of Courier's correspondence is occupied with the details of this discovery, and of the persecutions which it cost its author. All the gazettes of Italy soon denounced him as a pilferer from the Greek: he was accused of having wished to sell this fragment of the pastorals to the English; and that he had destroyed the original text, in order to secure its exclusive possession. The public authorities became alarmed by these rumours. The printed copies of the work were seized, and Courier was on the point of being cast into prison. It was on the occasion of this outcry, that he published his Letter to M. Renouard, a true *chef-d'œuvre* of irony and polemic satire. He brought the laughers to his side, and, as it were, gained his cause with costs. In this affair, light as it may appear, Courier displayed that firmness of character of which, at a later period, he gave so many proofs, and also evinced that original talent for pleasantry which entitle him to rank with Rabelais and Beaumarchais.

After having long drank at the sources of knowledge and learning in Italy, he returned to France without a passport, and was arrested as an accomplice in the Mallet conspiracy; on which he says, 'Malheureusement on s'aperçut que j'étais un pauvre diable qui ne savait pas même qu'il y eut de conspiration, et on m'a laissé aller.'

In 1819, Courier was living quietly in one of the provinces when the political reactions caused universal alarm, and more than five hundred persons were incarcerated. He raised his voice in favour of humanity, and published his *petition to the two chambers*, which obtained the discontinuance of arbitrary arrests. On being refused his application for admission to the Royal Academy,

Academy, he revenged himself by a letter addressed to the members of that learned body, in which he displayed the raillery and *finesse* of a Pascal.

We will not attempt to analyze the pamphlets of Courier, they being too numerous; but they may be fearlessly recommended to the lovers of beautiful writing—combining as they do the excellencies of Montaigne, Rabelais, and La Fontaine—the wisdom of Franklin, and the logic of Pascal. Nor will our limits admit of following him throughout his correspondence. Above fifty of the letters in the second volume are addressed by Courier to his wife, whom he informs of his projects and misfortunes, recounting all matters in their smallest details, and loading her with marks of his affection. Yet Courier was assassinated a few steps from his own door, and the public voice accused his wife of this dreadful crime, which has deprived France of one of its most illustrious writers, and the country of a faithful, sincere, and disinterested patriot.

Mémoires de Fauche Borel. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

THESE memoirs are something more than the ordinary publications of the kind. We have here the political and historical confessions of a man, who has spent twenty-five years—the most precious of his life—in the cause of the French monarchy. Born a Prussian subject, he abandoned his country, his estate, his wife and children, shed his blood, and saw that of his kinsmen freely poured for the Bourbon cause—for which he watched in dungeons, dared every danger, and supported every risk and reverse of fortune. During more than twenty-five years the sovereigns of Europe, princes, ministers, ambassadors, and generals, courted, patronized, and honoured him; and during this long period he was intimately acquainted with all the ramifications of political intrigue, the dispositions of the several cabinets, and the agents whom they employed. When the most momentous missions were intrusted to his care, Lewis XVIII. was pleased to call him, *my dear Fauche, my dear Louis*. But matters have since changed sadly with Louis Fauche. The Bourbons are restored—that family, for which he had sacrificed country, family, fortune, and repose—and he finds himself despised, calumniated, and the object of persecution, and, consequently, is eager to enlighten the public on the treatment which he has experienced, and also, if possible, to make the truth resound in the ears of royalty.

‘I here’—exclaims he, in his Preface—‘most solemnly engage before the King of England, and my august sovereign the King of Prussia, before the King of France, and the French of all classes and opinions—in a word, before the great and noble French nation, to be invariably loyal, sincere, and true, in all my narrations, and never knowingly to alter or disguise the truth for the purposes of concealment or subterfuge.’

There is in this declaration an air of truth which secures our confidence. Though we must avow that we do not participate in the political opinions of M. Fauche Borel, yet we cannot but admire the devotedness which he has displayed; and when we meet, as has been the case, with some unimportant errors in detail, we suspect, not the good faith of the author, but consider that, to use his own words, ‘he is a man, and, consequently, liable to error.’

His memoirs, which will form four volumes, only two of which have as yet appeared, are too full of facts, and anecdotes of every kind, to be analyzed in a few pages. He throws on the most secret incidents of the revolution a light, which will powerfully assist such future historians as may wish to write the annals of that memorable event; and, though we

we may be unable to deduce from the recital of *Fauche Borel* those consequences which he himself has drawn—for example, when he maintains the purity of Pichegru's intentions—still we can recommend these memoirs as instructive and amusing.

The contents of the two volumes before us embrace the origin and the infancy of Fauche Borel. This part of his life is mixed up with the first scenes of the French revolution, the course and progress of which he traces. His devotedness having recommended him to the attention of the Duc de Condé, he became his secret agent; a station which he subsequently filled in the service of Louis XVIII., who charged him with counter-revolutionary proposals to Pichegru. He passes from London to Paris, from Berlin to Vienna, in the midst of the greatest dangers, lays a plot with Barras, the Director, in favour of the royal family of France, and at the close of the second volume comes to the events which induced the overthrow of the republic by Buonaparte, and the annihilation of all the plans for the reestablishment of the Bourbons. The whole is interspersed with incidents, anecdotes, and portraits, to which we shall return when the entire memoirs of M. Borel are before the public.

Napoléon en Egypte. Poème en huit Chants. Par MM. Barthelemy et Mery. 1 vol. 8vo. Dupont, Paris. 1828.

THE invasion of Egypt, that so brilliant episode in an eventful life, bearing an ancient character of oriental colouring, by which it might be compared to the poetic narratives of the thousand and one nights, were not the recollection of its reality still so fresh upon our minds—is surely an event every way calculated to excite in the highest degree the enthusiastic fancy of the poet. How rich a harvest is not presented by Egypt, with her crowd of illustrations and remembrances from all epochs; her gigantic architecture and colossal ruins—her bounteous river—her fiery heaven—her wastes of sand with verdant oases—her ruins of Thebes and Heliopolis—her pyramidal glories. On this theatre, thus rich in poetry and imagery—into the midst of a population, the miserable remnant of twenty nations, who once were rulers in the land—and opposed to the haughty Mamelukes who crush it now,—transport, as if by enchantment, a French army, with all the pride and pomp of war, and among the veteran troops, led on by their illustrious chieftains, imagine the banner of Arcola, and the youthful conqueror of Italy.

Doubtless, here is all the *matériel* for a poem, and the subject was likely to have long since awakened the enthusiasm of the national muse; yet up to the present day the hero who had conceived the daring enterprise, who had found soldiers to accomplish it, sages to preserve its memory, still wanted a poet to celebrate its wonders. Two youthful bards, rivals in talent and patriotism, have at length paid the tribute of admiration which this immortal expedition claimed. We do not, however, regard the poem as a perfect epic, nor have the authors proposed to furnish one. For such a purpose they have considered the subject to be ill adapted—since, rich as it is, it must be wanting in some of the elements necessary to a regular epical composition. Without stopping to inquire how far this view of the case may be the right one, we may say that the two authors have done well in leaving out of sight the scholastic regulations, and in presenting us with a poem unfettered by any other restrictions than those of the events which it proposes to describe.

The plan which they have pursued is that of a simple narrative, lively and animated, clothed in a style which, if it have a fault, is too luxuriant and abundant, yet without any far-fetched or meretricious ornament. They had,

had, in fact, a subject wherein the reality surpassed whatever imagination could have supplied. The action commences with the departure of Napoleon for Egypt, and terminates when his great designs or ambitious projects recalled him to Europe. The poem is divided into eight cantos, with the following titles: *Alexandria, Mourad Bey, The Pyramids, Cairo, The Desert, Ptolemais, the Pest, and Aboukir.*

The fleet sails onward to the sound of republican songs. The army is, however, still ignorant of its destination, when an order assembles the squadron round the general's ship.

' On the proud vessel's poop is standing one
Whose features show in rude, yet lofty pride,
The dark reflection of a southern sun.
Upon his thoughtful brow the locks divide,
And negligently fall on either side :
His glance, like fire, forth issuing from a cloud,
Explores whate'er the heart's deep mazes shroud.
By self-instinctive force he seems to grow,
Before his mind bright future visions glow !
With folded arms he gazes on the shore,
He speaks—and all the warriors crowd around,
And hear in silence the prophetic sound,
By tempest mingled with the surges' roar,
" Soldiers ! behold th' Egyptian strand ! " '

The secret of their destination being explained, Napoleon makes known to the army his projects and his will. The troops disembark, and the first canto is further occupied by the earliest engagement, the assault on Alexandria, and the subsequent surrender of that city. In the second canto the scene changes, and the warlike representations are succeeded by pictures alternately powerful and pleasing ; wherein we meet with the dark and mysterious form of *El Modhy*, an historical character, and at the same time an embodied representation of fanaticism and barbarity striving to stifle the germs of civilization.

' Sole remnant of the vanquish'd—veil'd in shade,
An Arab through the slumb'ring city strayed.
With gory emblems on his ample breast—
Behind an Abyssinian quiver slung,—
A jackall's skin, in turban-foldings, drest,
Its grinning horror o'er his forehead flung.
How name ye him ? his name, a word of fear,
Is whisper'd in the watchful Arab's ear :
And wheresoe'er his native spot of earth,
From woman's breast such being ne'er took birth.
Infernal spirits shield him—and 'tis said
From his bare breast rebounds the Christian lead.
He charms the jackalls, and his forceful breath
Arrests the bomb and ball that speed to death.
Mysterious being—and delusive prophet, he
Th' exterminating angel, *El Modhy*.'

We have no space to follow him to the Oasis, where his fanaticism awakes the slumbering energies of Mourad Bey, who is languishing in the voluptuous delights of his harem, the mysteries of which are glowingly described by the poet ; nor do our limits allow of a detailed notice of the remaining cantos, in which the authors portray, in the most striking colours, the field of battle, the occupation of Cairo, the sufferings endured and overcome by the

the army in the desert, and by the plague, which devoured at once the besiegers and besieged. These latter portions of the picture have a truth which is indeed terrible. The eighth canto concludes the poem with the triumph of Aboukir—the hero flies to fresh conquests; and in a magnificent epilogue we have a view of the whole of his subsequent career, until its final termination on the island of St. Helena.

After having bestowed the praise which we conceive to be due to this production, we now proceed to point out what to us appears to be an important defect in a poem, abounding in poetic beauties. We think, then, that, without confining the authors within slavish restrictions, we still have a right to require in a poem something more than a panoramic representation of successive events; an action and an object are necessary—or, in other words, a beginning, a middle, and an end. It may be urged that the beauty and variety of the scenes, and the always prominent dignity of the principal character, are sufficient to keep the reader's attention pleasingly and constantly on the alert: still this is no excuse or compensation for the absence of that consistent union necessary to form a perfect whole. Some other defects are also observable in these cantos: for instance, is it not strange, that, when enumerating the obstacles opposed to Napoleon, the writers should have made no mention of England—an enemy far more formidable than the barbarous hordes of Mamelukes, and which, by its efforts, frustrated the enterprise in question? On one point, however, all must agree in praising these young poets—for the richness of imagination, and beautiful and splendid colouring which overspread every page of their work, which, though imperfect as a poem, may still justify the public in forming the high expectations of the future labours of the authors, who have shown that they are capable of loftier efforts in the art than those political and other satires on passing subjects by which they had already become favourably distinguished among their contemporaries.

Un' Elezione di Membri del Parlamento in Inghilterra; del Sig. Giuseppe Pecchio. Lugano. Vanelli, 1828. 1 vol. 16mo.

L'Anno mille ottocento ventisei dell' Inghilterra colle osservazioni di Giuseppe Pecchio. Lugano. Vanelli, 1827. 1 vol. 8vo.

Di varie Società e Istituzioni di Beneficenza in Londra. Lugano. Ruggia, 1828. 1 vol. 12mo.

We regret exceedingly that we cannot do these little volumes the justice which they merit, in consequence of their having reached us too late. They do not, indeed, contain any thing new to an Englishman, being accounts of English customs, events, and institutions, but none of our countrymen could fail to be pleased with a more particular notice taken of these books than that which we are about to take, with respect to the candour and liberality with which the authors wrote their most interesting observations. We do not, indeed, agree with all the political opinions of Chevalier Pecchio, but as we are men who like facts, we very willingly overlook some of the author's reflections in which we cannot concur, for the invaluable information which his books contain, and which give a juster idea of England to a reader of good sense, than many thick volumes of speculative dissertations on the theory of the English constitution. The first of these books is an account of the last Nottingham election. We cannot descend to any particulars: we shall only call the attention of our readers to the following passage, in which, after having admitted, for argument sake, as it appears to us, all the one thousand and one reasons urged against our constitution, he adds: 'And what of that? On the eve of a bankruptcy, so

agitated, so divided into parties—this island knocks down the colossal power of Napoleon; conquers kingdoms in India; presents as a *douceur* four hundred millions of francs to an emperor;* lends so many more to the American republics; furnishes all markets through the world with the best manufactures, and enjoys the luxuries of the most distant regions; has the finest roads, as well as the most magnificent either stone, or iron, or suspension bridges; the finest carriages, horses, villas, gardens; her agriculture is in the most advanced state; her industry far above that of any other nation; her population amazingly increasing; her towns every year embellished and enlarged; its inhabitants are better clothed, have more comfortable houses, live better than any equal number of any other European nation; there are in England more schools, more books, more newspapers, more reviews, more benevolent institutions, than have ever existed in any other country. It boasts of the most eloquent men, of the profoundest historians, and of poets equal to the Italians What is the magical art which causes so many real and lasting blessings to arise from so many partial and ephemeral evils?—Liberty.'

The other book of Chevalier Pecchio would require longer extracts. We hope to have occasion to allude to it when we shall speak of this gentleman's 'History of Political Economy in Italy,' which we hear is printing, and which will, no doubt, afford instruction and interest to our readers.

We think we can guess who is the author of the last of the three volumes above mentioned. The epigraph 'We are born to do benefits' would enable us to discover the author, whose life has been spent in this noble occupation, and we should mention his name were we not afraid of offending his modesty. Moreover, we deem it uncourteous to mention the *maschera's* name. The book is divided into three sections, containing altogether twenty-nine paragraphs, each of which is dedicated to an account of a benevolent institution in London: beginning by stating its object; then by whom and when founded; how supported; the annual expense; the number of individuals who are therein supported, &c. The most useful and minute details are entered into; the effects which the institution has produced, or is likely to produce, enumerated; the improvements of which it appears capable modestly pointed out; the reasons urged for and against it very impartially and fairly stated.

The perusal of these volumes has excited in us a painful sensation, and caused us to make a very humiliating comparison. Very few Italians travel out of their own country, chiefly on account of the jealousy of their tyrannical governments, who have made, of every state of that unhappy country, a prison. Among the few who travel, the number of those who visit England is insignificant; and had it not been for the holy alliance, and the holy fathers who till lately governed in France, scarcely any of the Italian exiles, to whose number the authors of these volumes belong, would have visited this country. On the other hand, Englishmen visit Italy by thousands, and amongst others many who would always have the fear of the sheriff's officers before their eyes, did they not sell some scandalous *travel, tour, visit*, or so on, to some bookseller who helps them out of their difficulties. Yet among the innumerable works published on *Italy* by these *travellers*, there is not one in which there is as much real and useful information about the laws, the customs, the universities, the libraries, the state of sciences, literature, and arts, the commerce, the agriculture, the industry, the state of the public

* V. John Bull v. Francis of Austria, in the parliamentary reports of 1824. Mr. Robinson, now Lord Goderich, and the late Mr. Canning, were, on that occasion, retained as his imperial majesty's attorney and solicitor general; they argued the case very eloquently to prove that an emperor who pays half-a-crown in a pound is more honest than could be expected. And so he is; and Mr. Brougham himself, who appeared for the plaintiff, must admit that he had not expected even so much.

revenue,

revenue, the taxes, the customs, the religion, the establishments of public beneficence of that country, as there is in three pages of the volumes before us concerning these subjects in England. But we see very often not only impudent and silly stories related which disgrace the writer, and the reader who finds a pleasure in them, and what is still worse, we see the lady to whom these scribblers were introduced, the dinner which they ate, the house under which they were hospitably received, the gentleman who treated them with a hearty welcome, not only ridiculed, but slandered, abused, insulted. We recommend these *gentlemen travellers* to peruse these books before they favour us with their own lucubrations. Of what there is really important or interesting in Italy, of the tyranny, in spite of which that nation is not yet lowered (and it is wonderful) to the state of an African province, we know absolutely nothing.

Bondelmonte e gli Amedei; Tragedia di Carlo Marengo da Ceva. TORINO, Pomba, 1827.

BUNDELMONTE BONDELMONTI had promised to marry a young lady of the family Amedei, when a lady of the family Donati told him she was sorry for it, as she had destined to him her daughter. Buondelmonte having seen this young lady, immediately, *subsidio diabolici*, as Villani says, fell in love with her, forsook his betrothed Amedei, and married the young lady Donati. The Bondelmonti, Amedei, and Donati were the most powerful families in Florence. Buondelmonte was put to death by the Amedei, all the city was divided into two parties, and hence the Guelphs and Ghibellines arose. This is the subject of the tragedy now under our eyes. And a strange composition it is. It is not an historical play: history is quite forgotten in the main point; it is protracted beyond the time which history assigns to the transaction; the scene is removed from one house to another, and from Florence to the country, without there being any reason, either historical or poetical, for it. The characters are betrayed most sadly. Buondelmonte, for instance, is a coward who retires into the country for fear of the Amedei, and comes to town in disguise; whilst historically he was a gallant man, incapable of such baseness. The situations are most forced, unnatural, and detached from one another. For instance, the betrothed Amedei comes upon the stage (act iv. s. 1), to meet all her relations, to whom she says that she is dying, and begs them to pardon Buondelmonte. For this she utters more than ninety verses; and then ending in a vision, or magnetic convulsion, call it what we like, she keeps her word, and dies actually there and then. There are some expressions in this tragedy which have amused us exceedingly; for instance—

*Con gemiti INEFFABILI, te sempre
Te sol chiamavo. (iv. 1.)*

Speaking of the monks or friars, it is said, in some rambling lines called chorus, that they came out of their convents

*. Orridi
Diversamente in loi cocolla squallida.*

The drollest, however, is the phrase made use of by Amedei, the young lady's brother, who calls her (ii. 5.)

Di questa casa il più pregiato arnese.

We know that Dante, and after him Tasso, whimsically enough called a fortress an *arnesc*; but that a young lady should be called the most valuable *arnese* of the family, or of the house, is really droll. There are, moreover, such verses in this tragedy, of which the like are not easily to be met with in any tragedy worth mentioning; for instance—

L'idoma natio suonar sul labbro
Fuor che un' amara speme di vendetta

Sometimes the author attempts to become sublime: but we shall not say any thing of it, because we are sorry we do not always understand him. Amedei, speaking to himself, says (ii. 6.)—

Nei più cupi
Del cor recessi io scenderò; chè forse
Del primiero sentir quivi s' asconde
Pur qualche avanzo; e allor che più grand' uopo
Un cor mi fia d'ogni viltà digiuno,
Quei puo sorgere a un tratto, e di pietade
Muover assalto Io 'l svellerò se mai
Cotesto avanzo in me s'annida.

The chorus tells us—

Chè come in or torneamenti o' giostra,
Dilettava a que' di la fiorentina
Gioventù da l'aurora a lume spento
Far sanguigne le vie di loco in loco
Con sì gran pianto della patria nostra.

This is more than enough.

La Fidanziata Ligure; ossia usi, costumanze, e caratteri dei popoli della Riviera ai nostri tempi. MILANO, Stella, 1828. 2 vols.

A WIDOW, Marchioness of Claves, to prevent the marriage of Enrico Velasco to Ida Contarini, enters into a conspiracy against him with Garzia Abrantes, sworn enemy to Velasco's father; Abrantes bribes Padillo, Enrico's servant, who does not deliver certain letters from his master to Ida, who, therefore, thinks Velasco faithless. But Abrantes, attempting to assassinate his accomplice Padillo, at Genoa, discovers himself; Enrico arriving just in time from Spain to Genoa, clears up every doubt; the assassin is punished, and Miss Contarini becomes Mistress Velasco. This is the story of this novel: very meagre, as one may easily see. Our readers familiar with Italian names, will be astonished at finding in a work in which 'the manners, customs, and characters of the inhabitants of the Riviera in our days' are professed to be described, that of the principal persons, only one, that is Miss Ida Contarini (a very lovely creature to be sure), is from Italy. All the others are Spaniards. But we are bound to say that there is a dirty hostess, two or three vulgar and coarse women, a muleteer, a barber, and a spy, all natives of the Riviera, where the events pass. And these are the persons who are to give us an idea of a province! We never regret that Sir Walter Scott raised himself so high, except when we read these poor imitations of his novels. They are really pitiful things. When the author describes Pellegrina cleansing garlick, was he not disgusted with the smell of that odoriferous root? We should strongly recommend him to study his language for a couple of years before he venture to write it; because, as it is now, it is any thing but Italian.

Conveniencia de las asociaciones productivas para las obras de utilidad publico. Por Don Antonio Prat. Madrid. 1828.

THIS little work may be cited as evidence of that growing activity, which is restoring Spanish industry, despite of the heavy yoke of misgovernment under which the nation seems doomed to suffer. Left to its own resources, Spain might date from this period of her reawakening energies, the dawn of a prosperity and glory, more truly great than even those achieved by the sanguinary

sanguinary conquests of Cortes and Pizarro. The author of the work before us, shows the usefulness and necessity of establishing in Spain the system of joint-stock companies, which has so long existed in England;—and he is deserving of all praise, not only for the patriotic zeal which breathes in every page of his work, but also for the comprehensiveness and lucid exposition of his excellent principles, which lose nothing in clearness by the conciseness with which they are developed. After describing the situation of England at the revolt of her North American Colonies, he goes on to say—‘What did the British government, in order to execute in the shortest possible space of time so many canals and useful works of commerce?—Nothing. It left all to individual enterprise. It left those of large, of small, and of middling fortunes, to confer among themselves on the measures most for the interests of all—in fine, on the means for undertaking and completing for themselves those national works,—affording them nothing more than its countenance and protection.’ Sr. Prat then adverts to the happy effects which France has derived from her imitation of England in this respect,—and he enumerates the works and canals of *Orleans*, *Picardy*, *Beaucaire*, and the bridge over the *Garonne*, due to a private company sanctioned by the government. ‘If,’ says the author, ‘the only question were to be that of treating with *opulent* capitalists, very few companies could be formed in Spain, because the number of such capitalists is, with us, extremely small; but if the companies, now proposed, were to be open to persons of moderate fortunes, the most ardent promoters of Spanish industry would soon have cause to be satisfied with the number and wealth of such companies.’ He then details the plan upon which the companies of England are formed, and he strengthens his exhortations to his countrymen, by pointing out the superior advantages presented by the Peninsula in situation and climate, proving, that all which is requisite for the prosperity of the nation is a cheap, easy, and frequent means of internal communication. This, in other words, is saying that the only requisite is—Liberty;—for, till this is secured, government will never allow to the individual an unfettered agency. It is, however, well that opinions such as those put forth in the treatise of Don Prat, should be generally diffused among the Spaniards, at a time when they are beginning to feel the necessity and the means of acting. They will soon become convinced of the obstacle which prevents them—and, being so convinced, they will not delay to rid themselves of it.

Collección de muestras de letra Bastarda Española, escritas por Don José Francisco Iturracta presedidas de una breve metodo de hazer uso de ellas.
Madrid. 1827.

Arte de escribir la letra Bastarda Española por Don José Francisco de Iturracta.

CERVANTES has somewhere said, that the Biscayans, or Basques, are very fit persons for secretaries. By the word secretary, he here means amanuensis—ironically insinuating that the Biscayans are as deficient in mental ability, as they are remarkable for manual skill. The art of forming letters is certainly carried to greater perfection in the Basque provinces than in any other part of Spain, and, with reference to the present work, we may say, that, could the great novelist see it, he must admit the author's claims as a skilful penman, whilst the talent displayed in defining and philosophically expounding the principles of the caligraphic art, which hitherto has been regarded as unsusceptible of criticism, is equally evident. We will not detain our readers by any explanation of the views detailed in this short essay, but content ourselves by recommending the work to the consideration of the practisers and admirers of penmanship, as an art. The author displays

plays a zeal extremely laudable in a Spaniard, whilst endeavouring to prove, by ingenious and skilful arguments, that the Basque Spanish letters are superior to the English, which have long prevailed in the Peninsula. The typographical execution and engraving of the work gives a highly favourable idea of the present state of those arts in the Spanish capital.

No Me Olvides.—*Collecion de Producciones en Prosa i Verso originales, Imitadas i Traduzidas para* MDCCCXXXIX. Por D. Pablo de Mendibil. Ackermann, Mejico: asimismo en Colombia, Buenos Aires, Chile, Peru, i Guatemala.

DON PABLO de Mendibil, a Spanish emigrant in London, and a native of St. Sebastian, is one of the most talented and honourable of those individuals who are the children of the late revolution in Spain. Revolution and anarchy, in all ages and in all times, have had the same effect in brutalizing the mind, blinding the sense, and debasing the high intellect of man to the vile condition and depravity of brutes. It was so in Greece, it was so in Rome, it was so in ancient and modern Italy, it was so in England, it is so in the Morea and the Hellenic archipelago, and so in Portugal and in Spain. Revolutions in political systems are, generally speaking, what madness is in the corporal; no wonder, then, that those fatal effects to which allusion has been made, should be the inevitable and unhappy effects.

Don Pablo de Mendibil has been tried in the revolution of his country, and he has come out of the trial pure and unharmed. Honourable, erudite, cultivated in the lighter and more interesting branches of literature, diligent and indefatigable in the acquisition of knowledge; he is a pattern most worthy of the observation and consideration of his countrymen. He was an advocate by profession, and the originator and editor of the only excellent journal which Spain could ever boast; and he is at this moment, as we can testify, remembered in Spain as a man possessing stern integrity, uncompromising honour, the most enlightened views, and the most enthusiastic love of country. To such a man, then, exile must be a cup of bitterness; but he has borne it with lofty contentment and comparative happiness, since his days have been employed in doing good.

The 'No Me Olvides' is only a trifle amongst other of his performances; trifle though it be, however, it will yet serve purposes of utility; for the mind of man, so prone to sink into indolent repose, must first be amused, ere it can collect its powers to fix them on any deep inquiries, particularly philosophic investigations, and without these, little benefit can result to the human race.

The 'No Me Olvides' is a partial translation of the 'Forget me not,' but, in great part composed of original articles, among which we should wish to particularize several of peculiar merit. Suffice it to remark, that the lover of a well-drawn picture of Spanish manners will be highly gratified with 'El Remolón de la Escuela,' one of the most charming sketches which we remember to have read.

NECROLOGY.

VINCENZO MONTI.

MONTI, one of the most celebrated poets of Modern Italy, died at Milan, in October last, at the advanced age of 75 years.

Vincent

Vincent Monti was born at Fusiguagno, near Ferrara, in 1753. He studied with great applause at the university of Ferrara, and, under the poet Onufre Minzoni, he became celebrated on account of different practical productions. He was a passionate admirer of Dante, which he, no doubt, imbibed under the tuition of Minzoni, who was one of Dante's most ardent followers, and, like his pupil, formed many of his works on that celebrated model. Monti had the good fortune to meet with friends and protectors who could appreciate his talents, amongst whom are ranked Gondi a banker, and Nardini, one of the secretaries to Pope Pius VI.; but his superior talents, joined to a warm temperament, raised against him many enemies, with whom he ceased not to wage a continual warfare.

Finding the confined sphere of Ferrara too contracted for his young and aspiring genius, he repaired to Rome, and was so fortunate as quickly to gain an introduction to Sig. Luigi Braschi, a nephew of the Pope, with whom he was retained as secretary, and admitted into the Society of Arcadians, but was quickly involved in disputes with many of the most illustrious members, who accused him of being too free in his satires and epigrams upon some of their body. He soon, however, abandoned this unprofitable species of composition, when Count Alfieri's success had brought him to Rome to rehearse some of the most popular of his tragedies; Monti's mind was so inflamed with a noble emulation that he immediately brought forth his two celebrated tragedies of Galeotti Manfredi, and Aristodemo. The manners of Rome tended little towards the improvement of Alfieri, and he expressed his sentiments in a sonnet which was answered on the part of the Modern Romans by Monti, for which he received the thanks of the Pope and other members of the Holy Office.

The assassination of Basseville, the French ambassador, was the theme of his next tragedy, and some of his biographers assert, that the idea was suggested to him by some of the papal court, who had conceived an advantageous opinion of the talents of Monti, and wished to have a poem to preserve their political views of the subject.

With the complete change of affairs in the Italian states, the destiny of the poet was also altered; but it has been observed, that his mind was long before favourably disposed towards the views of the French republicans. Monti was not the only one who was caught with the flattering hopes offered to his country, and repaired to Milan, the seat of government of the new founded state; and here he stood foremost of those who tuned their lyres to the popular opinion of the day, and, ascending a step higher, sung no more of the church, but of triumph; it was here that he composed the ode which has been so much censured, on account of its defending the execution of Louis XVI. But to one possessed of such a brilliant imagination, and so susceptible of warm enthusiasm, it is not to be wondered that he celebrated the hero who had filled all the world with astonishment, and who, he fondly hoped, was to be the future liberator of Italy; some of his enemies have not the candour to allow such, and observe, that he ceased to be an Abbé for the purpose of becoming a citizen; but he had not taken holy orders before the revolution, and was too much a man of the world to do so after.

In a short time after he laid aside all thoughts of the church, he married a highly gifted young lady, distinguished alike for her beauty and talents; she was a daughter of Pikler, one of the most celebrated engravers of genius in modern times.

The duties of a father did not interfere with his public character, and when Buonaparte founded the Cisalpine republic, he was appointed secretary to the executive directory of that state. He filled his situation with honour during

during the short-existence of that republic, and published several works, amongst which is his first poem under an entirely new title.

Monti's literary talents had long been known in France, and, upon the invasion of Italy by Suwarrow, he sought an asylum there, where he was loaded with praise, and moved in the best society of Paris, until after the battle of Marengo, when he returned to Milan, where he published his celebrated poem upon the death of Mascheroni. He was successively named professor of belles lettres and eloquence, at the University of Padua, and, after the creation of the kingdom of Italy in 1805, he was appointed by Napoleon historiographer of that state. Amongst other productions, some of them unfinished, he published six cantos of *Bardo della Selva Nera*, but owing to the many changes in his political sphere, he found it dangerous, and nearly impossible, to continue it, without giving offence to parties that were continually changing, and it was abandoned. Monti was again attacked, and the Guelphs and Ghibelins united for this time in the contest against him. Monti replied with sharpness to his numerous adversaries, and published a defence of his *Bardo* in some letters addressed to the Abbé Xavier Battinelli. He was now, in a manner, poet laureate, and composed many complimentary odes to those in power and place. One of his larger works, published about this time, a translation of the *Iliad* of Homer, was severely attacked, principally by Ugo Foscolo, who was looked upon as a very distinguished rival, but who had been a long time an admirer and friend of Monti. The poet at once confessed that he knew nothing of Greek, and that he had been entirely guided by translations and numerous Latin commentators; yet the version is looked upon as the best in the Italian language. He was also warmly engaged with the poets Gianni and Lattanzi. After the destruction of the kingdom of Italy, Monti was enabled, by his skilful conduct, to hold his pension and place under the new government, and, renouncing all polemical discussion, he was by degrees allowed to enjoy literary peace for some time.

His reputation and talent had outlived the revolution; he lived at Milan esteemed and cherished by his fellow-citizens, and respected by strangers. The literary journal, *Bibliotheca Italiana*, has been enriched by many of his interesting contributions. He in the latter part of his life commenced a philological work, entitled *Proposta di alcune correzioni ad aggiuntia al Vocabularia della Crusca*, which was the signal for another contest, waged long and keenly by the Tuscan and Lombard philologists. Monti was knight of the Legion of Honour, of the Iron Crown, member of most of the distinguished societies in Europe, and had received during his life many other honours and pensions from the first potentates of Europe.

REMARK.

CHARLES REMARD was born at Chateau-Thierry in 1766, and studied at Paris. Upon leaving college, he established himself as a bookseller at Fontainebleau, but did not allow his commercial pursuits to hinder his taste for literature. He showed considerable talent in a didactic poem in four cantos, entitled 'La Chézomanie,' which appeared in 1806. It must have been a matter of regret by most of his readers, that the author, who manifested great felicity in versification, should not have chosen a subject more worthy of his abilities.

He was appointed librarian at the palace of Fontainebleau, and M. Barbier mentions an inedited work, entitled, 'Supplément nécessaire aux Œuvres de J. Delille,' in which M. Remard proves, by numberless examples, how much the author of 'Les Jardins' was indebted for many of his ideas to authors who had written on the same subject. In this work he has shown an extensive acquaintance with Latin, English, and Italian literature.

literature, and it deserves to be published. Besides the poem above mentioned, the only work he has given to the public is a 'Guide de Voyageurs à Fontainebleau, 1820.' He spent his time principally in bibliographical researches, in which he possessed considerable knowledge. He died in Paris, Sept. 20, 1828.

WALD.

ON the 22d of February died, at Königsberg, Dr. Samuel Gottlieb Wald, senior professor and president of the German Society in that city. He was born at Breslau in 1762, and studied at Halle, under Krause, Knapp, Semler, and Nüsselt. He entered upon his academical career in the university of Leipsig in 1783, and was distinguished by his critical dissertation in 'Cursus in historiam textus Vaticanii Danielis,' 'Spicilegium Var. Lect. Codd. IV. Vet. Test. Hebr. Vratislav,' and especially his larger work 'Geschichte der Literatur,' published in 1786. Shortly after his marriage with the daughter of Dr. Gräff, he accepted the Greek professorship at Königsberg. He received a diploma in theology from Erlangen, upon delivering his dissertation upon 'Das Leben, die Schriften und das mystische System von Frank,' and was appointed theological professor. Upon the death of Mangelsdorf he filled the professional chair of History and Eloquence, to which, upon the death of Hasse, was united the professorship of the Oriental languages. During the whole of this time he had the superintendence of the 'Collegium Fredericianum,' and in the discharge of his several duties he fully merited the honours which were bestowed upon him. As a theologian he had, during the forty-one years of his professorship, read lectures upon every doctrinal subject; his favourite study was scripture history and criticism, but in the latter years of his life he attached himself to the sect of the supra-naturalists. He devoted himself much to the study of languages and to church history. In 1821 he put forth his Programm 'de Heraesi abjuranda quid statuit ecclesia Romano-Catholica,' which involved him in a voluminous polemic controversy. From 1770 to 1788 he had the principal share in the editing of the Preussischen Archiv. As a man, his character was well known for integrity, kindness, and truth, and he was as much esteemed for the disinterestedness of his friendship, as for the affectionate encouragement he gave to every youth of promise who was under his charge, and many of our contemporaries bear the highest testimony to his well placed confidence.

WOISARD.

IN the 30th year of his age died at Metz, his native place, Jean Louis Woisard, professor of mathematics at the Royal College, and member of several philosophical societies.

He entered the polytechnic school in his seventeenth year, and added to the reputation of his tutor, Lesage, by his rapid progress in mathematics; but the academy, in 1816, forced him to return to his family without having enjoyed, as much as he could have desired, the lessons of Monge, Legendre, &c. Throughout the whole of his short life he had many obstacles to contend with; but, in his ambition to shine in geometrical science, he surmounted them all, and distinguished himself by various lectures on scientific subjects, some of which have been published.

His death was occasioned by an inflammation, caused by a too close attention to some improvements which he designed to introduce in artillery waggons.

CONTINENTAL LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Berlin.

A GEOGRAPHICAL society has been formed at Berlin, under the presidency of Professor Dr. Charles Ritter.

Professor Bopp is preparing a new edition of his Sanskrit Grammar, and a Sanskrit glossary to his episodes, from the Mahabharata. Both works will be published in Latin.

By the latest returns, it appears, that in Prussia there were 20,887 elementary schools for children of both sexes, and 736 central schools, in which were occupied 22,261 male, and 704 female teachers, with 2024 assistants. At the same time, the number of the inhabitants was 12,256,723, of whom 4,487,461 were children under 14 years of age;—of these one half were uneducated, and yet no other country in Europe can boast of similar advantages for instruction.

A new almanack has just been published at Berlin, called *Historisches Taschenbuch*. Two famous writers have favoured it with their contributions, Mr. A. W. von Schlegel with an historical, and Dr. Carl Ritter with a geographical account of India.

Carlsruhe.

M. VON EYSENCH is engaged upon the arrangement, from valuable original documents, of a great historical work, illustrating the war of the succession of Spain. It will be divided into four sections. The first relates to the war against the Turks, commencing in 1683. The second, collected from official papers, will bring down the history to the peace of Nymwegen. The third will be devoted to the war with France in 1689. And the fourth will extend from 1702 to 1709, to the death of the margrave Louis.—The sources of information are the papers of Leopold I., Joseph I., William III. of England, Frederick William I., Maximilian Joseph (Elector of Bavaria), the Duke Charles of Lorraine, Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Duke of Marlborough, &c.; for all these the editor is indebted to the munificence of the Grand Duke of Baden.

Florence.

THE excavations in Pompeii, which hitherto have been directed by M. Nicolo d'Apizzo, are now continued under the care of M. Bonnucci the younger, who formerly filled the same office in Herculaneum. The building which at present occupies his attention is so large as to make it doubtful whether it was used as a private dwelling. Its walls are ornamented with numerous paintings and works of art. The excavation at Herculaneum proceeds but slowly, for want of a sufficient fund.

Of the 'Saggi pittorici, geografici, statistici de l'Egitto,' the first six plates, with explanatory text, have appeared.—The object is to represent the present state of Egypt under Mohammed Ali.

Inghirami, the well known editor of the *Monumenti Etruschi*, is already actively engaged upon his 'Homeric Gallery';—10 parts out of the 36 have appeared.

Ciampi, one of the most eminent of modern archæologists, has written a paper to prove that the Runic characters are only variations of the Greek and Latin characters, which the Celts and Scandinavians brought home with them after their incursions into the Roman territory.

Leipzig.

THE first volume of Johann Georg Forster's correspondence has been printed in a large octavo volume. The letters are preceded by an account of Forster's life, by the widow of the deceased, a daughter of the great philologist Heyne, and afterwards married to Mr. Huber.

Translations

Translations into the German language of the following English works have just been published:—

The Traveller in the Levant, translated by Lindau.

R. Walah's Journey from Constantinople through Rumelia, &c. by the same.

Sketches of Persia, translated by the Rev. P. Will, late chaplain to his majesty's garrison of the Island of Curacao.

J. Carne's Journey through Switzerland, translated by Lindau.

J. Carne's Living and Manners in the East, translated by the same.

A. Viesseux's Anselmo, &c. by the same.

The two first volumes (in one) of Stuart's and Revett's Antiquities of Athens, by the Rev. P. Will, late chaplain to his majesty's garrison of the Island of Curacao; with critical and philological annotations by professor Kreutzer, of Heidelberg, and Dr. Feder, of Darmstadt. The engravings of the original are done elegantly, in outline, by Mr. Eberhard, the inventor of this kind of engraving; and all the supplementary annotations of the new edition are added. This splendid work, when complete, will cost no more than nine pounds sterling.

Madrid.

THE state of periodical literature in this kingdom continues in much the same state as when we noticed it in the second number of our Review. But a change, much for the worse, has taken place in the editorship of the Gazette of Madrid, which was then entrusted to D. Feliz Reimon, a distinguished writer and philosopher, enjoying a high repute at the University of Seville. The occurrences in Portugal—the proclamation of the Imperial Charter, &c., called upon the editor to give, as he did, a moderate, judicious, yet strictly authentic account of events, as they succeeded each other in that distracted kingdom. He made no comment whatever—accuracy and impartiality were his only care, and these constituted, in the eyes of the apostolics, a crime so grievous, that Don Feliz was forthwith removed from the editorship, which is now confided to a friar and a curate, both men of the most obscure and contemptible literary character, but, what by their patrons is deemed all-important, undoubted foes to light. *El diario de Avisos*, established to notify on what day, and in what church, the most recent release of a soul from purgatory has been effected, is so conducted as to secure it against any change of management, similar to that just related of the Madrid Gazette. A new periodical, published thrice a week, and entitled *Diario Literario politico i mercantil*, has been very recently established. It treats principally of the *belles lettres* and of the natural sciences, but as the former want the assistance of an independent philosophy, and the latter are in a state of deplorable abandonment in Spain, it is supposed that this periodical, notwithstanding the talent and skill of its conductors, must ere long be discontinued from a deficiency of contributions. *El Mercurio de España*, a monthly periodical, proceeds without interruption,—because it fails not to be the peaceful announcer of intelligence from Constantinople and other countries whose political and social transactions are most analogous to the taste and wishes of the Madrid Divan. The list of periodicals in the capital has just received an addition, under the title of *Duende Satirico del Dia*. It is the product of a zealous captain of royalist volunteers, from which, and from the further circumstance that the author's name, and that of the printer himself, are hardly known, we may form a pretty fair idea of how profound and vivacious must be the satires of this *Duendenillo*.

The only provincial journal is that of Cadiz, which runs an equal race with the Gazette of Madrid, though the editor himself is a man of considerable talent. Among the scientific periodicals, the *Decadas de Medicina e de Cirurgia practicas*, merit honourable mention. They are published in Madrid

Madrid thrice a week, under the direction of Dr. Hurtado, one of the most strenuous supporters of the new doctrines promulgated by Broussais. A medical journal was not long since established at Barcelona, but the number of subscribers being insufficient for the effective furtherance of the objects proposed in its establishment it was discontinued.

Biblioteca de Religion.—This monthly periodical, which we mentioned in our second number, is proceeding successfully, and has a numerous list of subscribers,—because its editorship and management are exclusively confided to clergymen, monastic or secular. Hence it can reckon on the support of all the chapters and conventual establishments in the kingdom, and is a deserving favourite with readers of every class. Not so the *Valsequi*, which treats of the sources of impiety, and confines itself to combatting Atheism, and pursuing lengthy enquiries which would have been more seasonable during the time of Epicurus, Spinoza, and Vanini. The ninth volume of the *Biblioteca* contains a list of prohibited books, particularly of those from the later period of the constitutional government. This list will, in all probability, produce an effect the reverse of that proposed by the editors, there being at present a peculiar rage for literary novelties prevalent in Spain. This eagerness originated in the extension which was given to Spanish intercourse with the neighbouring nations during the later years of the revolution. The next book in the collection is Mintor's, 'on the Excellence of Catholicism,' devoted exclusively to the abuse of the protestant faith, but written in an agreeable epistolary style, and free from all the heaviness of controversy. We may say that Jansenism has been attacked in its turn, for the letters of *Don Roque Leal*, published with this fictitious name, during the time of the constitution, by Dr. Villanueva, are republishing under the pretended title of '*Posthumous Works of Don N. Zafrilla*.'

The editors contrive to enliven their religious work by some pieces of poetry, few indeed of which are original, but translations from Latin, French, and Italian authors. They are however well executed, and prove the writer to be equally skilled in his own language, and those from which he translates.

Bibliografía Española. The publication of this interesting work is anxiously expected from day to day—but continually deferred, without the assigning of any particular cause for the delay, which, however, may be easily accounted for by those who reflect for a moment on the tyrannical restrictions imposed on the Spanish press by the government. If the editors of the *Bibliografía Española* wish to shield themselves from the suspicions and attacks of fanaticism and intolerance, they must withhold the work, as they cannot possibly publish it without giving offence to the ministers and other partisans of despotic authority: and for this reason—that, in the literary history of Spain there has hardly been one eminent genius who has not been either openly persecuted, or subjected to vexatious impediments in the exercise of his intellectual powers. We are the more justified in assigning this cause for the delay in the publication of the present work, because the editors are animated by a highly patriotic zeal, and men of great attainments and unwearied application, which, during three years, they have exercised in unceasing investigations into all the registers, archives, and libraries, public as well as private. The work, which commences with the earliest period of Spanish literature, and continues down to the year 1808, will contain portraits of the most distinguished characters, as also fac similes of their autographs. It is understood, that the compilers have bestowed a scrupulous attention in affording such facts and anecdotes as are least generally known, accompanied by the strictest and most impartial criticism. In proof of this we may mention the discovery—due to the greatest diligence—of the celebrated ode by *Melendez*, in praise of

of the *Padre Gonzalez*;—an ode which, according to the testimony of those who heard it from the author's lips, is among his happiest productions. A discovery still more interesting, is that effected by the editors concerning the real motives which dictated Cervantes' journey, in company with the cardinal Aquaviva, to Rome—motives hitherto unknown, though inquired by the various biographers of the far-famed author of *Don Quixote*.

A new Spanish periodical, published on Monday and Friday of every week, has been just produced at Bayonne, under the title of *Gaceta de Bayona*. It is conducted by Don Alberto Lista, a man of talent, and considerable information in literature. In politics, he closely confines himself to such articles and intelligence as are adopted by the columns of the *Gaceta de Madrid*. In literature, this journal evinces a disposition to enter on certain discussions, which, without being openly offensive to the apostolical party in Spain, are relished by that enlightened portion of the community, who desire, but dare not attempt, a reform in the government at large. With regard to public industry, the *Gaceta de Bayona* may be looked upon as the best—if not, indeed, the only vehicle of information on such subjects in the Peninsula. It gives especial notice of every useful undertaking, public or private, and we must avow that, by a perusal of its numbers from October (when it was established) to the middle of November, we have acquired more various and valuable intelligence than we could possibly have collected from our Spanish correspondents.

The whole of the ancient and very rare *Romancero general*, published by Cuesta, in 1614, and comprehending his highly valuable and spirited division of the Spanish ballads, has just been edited by Don Augustus Duran, at Madrid, under the title of *Romancero de Romances Moriscos*. The editor intends this first volume as the commencement of a complete collection of the *Romances*, to be carefully printed, and cleared of the numberless blunders disfiguring the original text of early editions.

A new monthly publication has just made its appearance at Barcelona, entitled, *Anales de nuevos descubrimientos usuales i practicos, o Memorias de Economia industrial rural i domestica*.

The Board of Commerce at Madrid has been authorised by the King's special privileged permission, to print annually 'the Mercantile Guide of Spain,' which is to comprise all information and statistical accounts which are directly interesting to trade and commerce—such as the names of all merchants in each mercantile town, and of all the manufactories throughout the kingdom; reports of the products of mechanical and agricultural industry; balance of imports and exports, &c. &c. &c.

The valuable 'General Chronicle of the Principality of Catalonia,' written early in the beginning of the 17th century, by Geronimo Pujades, and of which only the first part had been hitherto published, is to be edited at Barcelona, with the remaining second and third unpublished parts, under the superintendence of Don Felix Torres and Don Prospero Bafarnel, two gentlemen already distinguished as antiquarians and men of letters.

After considerable interruption, the '*Estado general de la Real Armada*,' is this year resumed. The cause of its so long discontinuance is the present wretched condition of the Spanish navy. The work contains a notice of the improvements introduced by the government, and gives a view of the present constitution of the marine. It concludes with a chronological table of the voyages of discovery made by Spain from 1393 to 1792.

LITERARY CONTROUL AT NAPLES.

(From the Ninth Volume of the *Bibliothek der neuesten Weltkunde*.)

'FROM Leghorn we went to Naples. In this city our books underwent a rigorous scrutiny. Two priests and three literary gentlemen had them opened in

in our presence, and examined the titles. This alone might have convinced them that they contained nothing of a treasonable tenour. But it did not satisfy them; they turned over leaf after leaf to ascertain that the titles really belonged to the books. The duty to be paid on books entered, amounts from two to nine carlini, according to their size. A bookseller complained in our presence of his having been charged for a pamphlet of twelve pages in 4to. as much again as for a volume in 8vo. of 500 pages. This enormous duty, in addition to the little taste for reading which the Neapolitans have, is one of the principal causes of the scanty importation of foreign books. A much smaller proportion of books, however, is printed in the kingdom than imported. This is owing to the arbitrary oppression under which the press is groaning, in consequence of which the *imprimatur* is frequently denied to an entire work on account of a single obnoxious word that happens to be discovered in it. Usage, besides, requires, that every author publishing a work, should send a copy of it to each of his patrons, friends, and acquaintances, including even persons whom he has happened to meet in company, if he desire to avoid offending them most grievously. The approbation of the public censors is printed in front of every work published in the Neapolitan dominions. The form of this proceeding is highly singular. The author is bound, first of all, to present a petition, humbly requesting that an examiner of his manuscript may be granted him. Then follows the answer of the secretary of the public censors, informing him, that the royal censor would have the kindness, when at leisure, to look over his manuscript. This being done, the latter makes his report to the chief censor, stating that he has carefully examined it, and can assure his right reverend excellency, that it does not contain anything derogatory to the honour of the most sacred Roman Catholic faith, and the sacred duties to the sovereign. Then follows a bombastic panegyric of the talents, piety, loyalty, &c. of the author, which emboldened him humbly to presume, that the work in question might be allowed to be printed, provided it were the good pleasure of his excellency, whose hands he was humbly kissing.' (N.B. This is a faithful copy of a report of this kind, made Dec. 10, 1827.) The whole preamble concludes with the reply of the president of the junta appointed to superintend the public instruction, worded as follows:—'Considering the favourable report of the royal censor, the above-mentioned work is hereby permitted to be printed,' though it may not be advertised for sale, unless a second special permission to that end shall have been previously obtained, which the royal censor may grant only after having fully convinced himself, that it is the identical work which he has read in manuscript. In some Italian states means still more efficacious have been devised to prevent the progress of mental instruction; no one being permitted to learn to read and to write, unless he be in possession of property worth at least 1500 francs.

Paris.

FAURIEL has completed his learned work on the South of France during the middle ages, and the two first volumes are shortly expected to appear.

The Marquess de Fortia d'Urban and M. Miele announce a complete History of Portugal, from the earliest periods to the time of Don Miguel, to be contained in ten volumes.

It is well known that no institution in Europe is so rich in oriental manuscripts as the Royal Library at Paris. The last catalogue was printed in 1739, and since that time the number has been more than doubled. For some years past a new catalogue of the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish MSS. has been preparing, and it is now shortly expected. The notes of Silvestre de Sacy, which will accompany it, give promise of the highest authority in this branch of oriental literature.

Madame

Madame de Genlis has finished a new novel under the title 'Adelaide and Theodore.'

De Marles, the translator of Conde's History of the Arabian Domination in Spain, has announced the two first volumes of the general History of India, from 2000 years A.C. to the present time. This highly important work will extend to six volumes, 4to.

Felix Lajard is publishing, in two volumes 4to. with 50 plates, his large work on the Worship of Mithra, for which he obtained the prize from the Academy of Inscriptions in 1823.

A perfect MS. of Edrisi's Arabic Geography has lately been discovered in the Royal Library. Hitherto only the abridgment, which is not more than one-fifth part of the extent of the original, was known. Edrisi wrote this work in Armenia, where he was born, in the 734th year of the Hegira, or 1345. A translation of this remarkable book, consisting of 260 sheets of difficult Moorish writing, is announced, under the superintendence of Jaubert.

The scientific expedition appointed to make discoveries in Egypt, under the superintendence of Champollion, landed safely at Alexandria on the 18th August, and departed for the interior about the 12th September. M. Rosellini, accompanied by many of his countrymen, whose researches he will direct, under the auspices of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, joins the expedition, and already communicates some valuable information.

The Geographical Institute consists of 348 members, and there are at present 22 travellers employed on missions, with a premium for important discoveries, in Peru, Columbia, Chili, Persia, India, Thibet, Arabia, Georgia, Armenia, Nubia, Abyssinia, the Antilles, and round the world.

Prague.

HANKA, the librarian in Prague, has discovered a number of ancient Bohemian popular songs of the 13th and 14th centuries, which relate to the incursion of the Saxons into Bohemia, Udalric, victory over the Poles, an ancient tournament, the German war with the Pagans of Bohemia, and other historical subjects.

Rome.

CARLO FEA has made known his dissertation on the celebrated Mosaic pavements of Palaestrina, representing the conquest of Egypt under Augustus.

The valuable library of Count Italinski, particularly rich in Oriental manuscripts, will be removed to the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg.

ARCHIMANDRIT J. Pitschowinski, who was appointed to direct the mission to Peking since 1808, is returned, and, beside a perfect knowledge of Chinese and Wandschu literature, has brought with him a rich collection of scarce Chinese manuscripts. A fourteen years' residence in the capital has afforded him an acquaintance with the language and customs of the people superior to any European. Among the MSS. we need only mention 'Tsion-Ten,' Chinese Annals, in 8 vols. hitherto only partly known; a Geography of China, with plates; the History of Thibet and Tangou; a description of Thibet; account of Zungaria and Bucharia, 150 A.C.; Picture of Peking; Collection of Mogol Laws; the Hydraulic Works over the great Chinese Canal; a Chinese-Russian Dictionary, in 6 vols.; History of Bogdikhans; History of Tzingis under the first four kings; Sin-Schon, ascribed to Confucius; a System of the World; account of the Mogols 200 years A.C. and many others.

The Asiatic Museum has purchased the collection of oriental MSS. formerly in the possession of Rousseau, the French Consul at Bagdad. Among them are Ahmed-Makkari's work on Spain under the Moors; Scherif-Nameh, history of Curdistan to the year 1596; Dschenhery's Arabic Dictionary, (Cairo, 1253); Tibewehi's Arabic Grammar; and many Treatises on Medicine, Natural History, and Mathematics. Father

Father Hyacinth has lately published a description of Thibet, and its present condition, in two parts, 8vo. with a map of the route from Tschendufu to H'assa and Sigasse, translated from the Chinese; and the same learned traveller is now occupied with the publication of his Travels in China and across Mongolia, which will contain much valuable information, collected from Chinese documents, and the results of personal observation.

Among the valuable publications which have lately issued from the press, Alexander Schischkow's *Researches in the Russian Language* deserve particular notice. The author has, by turn, filled the post of admiral, privy-counsellor, senator, and minister of national improvement and education; and in his present advanced age, has devoted his leisure hours in examining the origin and peculiarities of his native tongue. As president of the academy, he has availed himself of the best sources to give the highest interest to his work, and his acquaintance with most European languages, together with his experience of habits and customs, obtained during his residence abroad, during the most active part of his life, have added a practical worth to this publication which cannot fail to make it popular. The first part is introductory, and notices the progress of the large Russian Dictionary, with excellent discriminating remarks upon the original language and its dialects. The second part contains an examination of the roots of words, and the author has succeeded in pointing out many errors and deficiencies which are found in the Etymological Dictionary of the academy.

Stockholm.

THE late celebrated diplomatist Carlström, formerly ambassador at Warsaw from the court of Sweden, has left behind him a very important manuscript on the partition of Poland and the Court of Frederick William II.

Elias Tegner, already known as one of the first of the Swedish poets, is engaged at present on a new poem, which promises to throw even the 'Frithiofs Saga' into the shade.

Professor Geijer already enjoys a very high and well-deserved literary reputation in Sweden. As an historian he has the singular merit of attracting the interest of the illiterate. His history of Sweden, of which we gave a notice in the 2d Number of the Foreign Review, page 518, greatly excels Rüh's work, both in the authenticity of the materials and the simplicity and truth of the narrative. His favorite study, however, has drawn him into the rich treasure of ancient Swedish popular songs. In connection with Afzelius he had made a large collection of these songs; but a want of support in Sweden, where the provincial towns afford but little assistance, has thrown so great an obstacle in the way of the undertaking, that the collection is retarded.—Afzelius, however, is still employed upon it, and waits for better times before he can publish it.

Stuttgart.

MATTHISSON has at length left Stuttgart, and entered upon the office of Librarian at Würzburg. Before his departure, he presented to the Museum a collection of 60 ancient Grecian vases, which, with only one exception, are all genuine. The most antique specimen is a salver with black figures upon a clear brown ground; but the most choice specimen consists of two figured vases, representing a Bacchanal and a Lectisternium. Besides these are many curious Paterae, Votive cups, Tear vases, lamps, and domestic utensils.

Vienna.

A STATISTICAL estimate has been recently taken of the population of Turkey, by which it is calculated at 9,890,000 souls. Dividing this population according to each distinct race, we find about 3,000,000 of Greeks, 2,500,000 of slaves, 2,000,000 of Turks, 2,000,000 of Albanians, and 1,500,000 of Wallachians, &c. Classified according to the religious sects, the numbers are 3,000,000 of mahometans, 6,000,000 of christians of the Greek church, 500,000 of catholics, and the rest Jews.

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THE armies of Russia, after all their mighty threats, schemes, and expectations, have followed the illustrious example of that French king's soldiers, whose exploits, as set forth in our Nursery Tale, are matters of such merry recollection. Discretion, after all, is the better part of valour; at least, the Russians have blindly, but, it would appear, in this instance, wisely pinned their faith to the efficacy of such a measure. Their retrograde movements, however, as in the case of the Gaulish king, were not to the dulcet symphonies of 'flutes and soft recorders;' being, indeed, somewhat after the fashion of that original defeat so very circumstantially described by Milton:

'And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle swerv'd,
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap

Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
 And fiery-foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
 O'erwearied, thro' the faint *Sarmatian* host
 Defensive, scarce,—or, with pale fear surpris'd,
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By maddening love of conquest!'. . .

And that such may ever be the consummation of every iniquitous aggression, is the deep and fervent aspiration of our hearts.

But this late sudden movement of Russia on the Ottoman is by no means a solitary instance of her cupidity for conquest and territorial aggrandisement. Considered abstractedly, it is a wanton, unmanly, and unjustifiable attack on the empire of the Osmanli—but the Muscovite annals will present very many parallel cases, in reference, not only to Turkey, but to every Power with which Russia has at any time, either by open conquest, or secret contrivance, come into juxta-position. Its political infancy was of a weakly, unpromising nature—holding out very faint expectations of ripened strength and lusty manhood. Early care, however, has done every thing for this stupendous 'Princedom;' and now, in the pride and arrogance of its Titanic strength, it hurls aloft its arms—raises the battle-shout, and defies the pigmy nations of the earth to the conflict. But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and accordingly, the puny arm which it despised, has shorn it of its mantling honours, and taught it a lesson of reverse and humiliation.

Russia lay out of the pale of European politics, and was consequently uncalled to the arena of contention. All hope, therefore, of increase of power and acquisition of territory was denied; unless she herself moved the cause of quarrel, and provoked the fight. This she has done, unhesitatingly, unequivocally, shamelessly, and uniformly, through evil report, and—good report, we would say—but the latter would belie our conviction, though, of the former, there is enough and to spare.*

* General Count de Segur has been at the pains of writing, lately, a History of Russia, and of Peter the Great. A Manual on the subject has been a desideratum, particularly as Karamsin's Book (to say nothing of its tiresome minuteness and extravagant length) is unfinished; and the French 'Resumé' is from its nature meagre in the extreme. The Count de Segur's work, however, is valueless, in every point of view. The random observations on Politics, or Statistics, or any other subject, are wholly unworthy of forming what is termed historical authority; and discarding altogether the gravity and deep-toned sentiment of philosophy,—its pages teem with flippant high-flown eulogies of Russia and her Monarchs. It is, especially in the latter portion—devoted to Peter the Great,—an '*Oraison Funèbre*' but no History. Notwithstanding, however, every anxiety of the Count de Segur, by his fulsome praises 'to smooth the raven-down of Russia, till it smile'—the assertion in the last part of that paragraph in the text, which has given rise to this note, remains unimpeached. The unjust and aggressive character of Russia glares forth even in the pages of the Count de Segur, determined panegyrist as he is, though that individual has girded his loins for the vain attempt of playing the part of her champion.

To prove this position we will cast a cursory glance from the North to the South of Europe, beginning with Finland. Portions of this country had already, in the years 1721 and 1743, been wrested by Russia from the hand of Sweden. Of these acts of appropriation we will at present say nothing—(for we have little room enough for the many topics we would discuss)—save only, that they happened respectively in the reigns of Peter the Great, and Ivan, the son of the Princess Anne, and the Prince of Brunswick; and the characters of those potentates will be the best vouchers for the *justice* of the transactions. However that may be, it would be difficult to find, though history were ransacked, a case of greater baseness and brutal tyranny, than that which led, in 1809, to the cession of the remaining provinces of Finland. It was, we again say, an act of black treachery—a shameless and profligate avowal of the abandonment of moral principle—a deep, coggling, cozening manœuvre, for the spoliation of a weak foe, when that very foe was worthy of the sincere respect and admiration of every generous enemy. Generosity, however, was a plant of too delicate a texture to bud and expand its lovely blossoms on the frosty banks of the Neva; and the very show of truth—constancy—adherence to plighted faith, was too severe a reproach to the sensitive mind of a Northern Autocrat. And, accordingly, *Alexander, the Emperor of all the Russias, declared war against King Gustavus of Sweden, for his abiding zeal towards his friend and ally, the monarch of England!* ‘We have it in command,’ said the Commissioners, at the opening of the then Session of Parliament, ‘from his Majesty, to inform you, that the determination of the enemy (the French) to excite hostilities between his Majesty and his late *Allies, the Emperors of Russia and Austria*, and the King of Prussia, have been but too successful; and the ministers from those Powers have demanded and received their passports. This measure, on the part of Russia, has been attempted to be justified by a statement of wrongs and grievances, which have no real foundation;’ and after mentioning, that ‘No pretence of justification can be alleged for the hostile conduct of the Emperor of Austria, or for that of his Prussian Majesty;’ and that the war with Turkey was unabated, on account of the neutralising machinations of France, the Commissioners proceeded in these words: ‘But while the influence of France has been thus unfortunately successful in preventing the termination of existing hostilities, and in exciting new wars against this country; his Majesty commands us to inform you, that the *King of Sweden* has resisted every attempt to induce him to abandon his alliance with Great Britain; and that his Majesty entertains no doubt that you will feel with him the

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sacredness of the duty which the firmness and fidelity of the King of Sweden imposed upon his Majesty; and that you will concur in enabling his Majesty to discharge it in a manner worthy of this country.' Thus, we see, that fidelity to England was the head and front of Sweden's offending. Be it observed, however, that the offence was given to France and to Napoleon, for he was the spirit dominant of the period; though retribution and chastisement came winged from the 'red right arm' of the Emperor of all the Russias! What reason had he, in particular, for interference?—the argument of the beast of prey, when lured by the scent of his innocent and unoffending victim. Indeed, the moral of the wolf and lamb could be fitly applied to this parallel case. The Russian declaration against Sweden was a true indication of that wolfish appetite for conquest, which has in all times been characteristic of the Czars of Muscovy. We give it—for it is as subtle as the subtlest web ever spun in the active brain of the cunning Florentine. 'Justly indignant,' says this most precious document, '*at the violence which England has displayed against Denmark*, the Emperor of Russia, *faithful to his character, and to his system of unceasing care for the interests of his Empire*, notified to the King of Great Britain,' (had he forgotten how very nobly that King of Great Britain had acted towards *him*, in the recent negotiations with the Emperor of France, through Talleyrand?) 'that he could not remain insensible to so unjust and unexampled an aggression,' (his Imperial Majesty speaks of the British expeditions to the Baltic!) 'on a sovereign connected with him by the ties of blood and friendship, and who was the most ancient ally of Russia.' (And had all the Emperor's previous steps been rigidly in the path of the righteous? had he never swerved from his word? had he always been a strict observer of his oath? had he never played at fast and loose with his allies? had he always presented to his relations and friends a bosom overflowing with kindly affections? If he really thought so—alas for monarchs who are doomed to labour under such mental hallucinations! History tells us a very different tale.) The declaration proceeds to say, that such feeling of the Emperor was communicated by a note to the King of Sweden, which stated that treaties concluded respectively in 1783 and 1800,* between Sweden and Russia, contained reciprocal agreements for the maintenance of the Baltic as a close sea; that, having referred to these treaties, his Majesty of Russia considered himself *not only authorised, but bound, to call*

* In the King of Sweden's declaration against Russia, he says, that troops were *marched into Finland without notice*.

'Not many months had passed, after the date of the maritime law promulgated by Russia, before Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia bound themselves by treaty, not only to adopt her laws, as obligatory on themselves, but to assist in imposing them by force on all

call upon the King of Sweden for his co-operation against England.'—How often does the honour of the most honourable fall a victim to the fatal shaft of Circumstance! Shortly before this period, Russia had not disdained to depend on the support of that very Sweden, and that very England! In this proceeding, however, Russia was impelled by the worst kind of envy, —the envy of another's honour—for having cast her own to the winds, when she became a tool in the hands of Napoleon, she was stung to the quick at beholding how excellently well the Monarch of Sweden had preserved his integrity pure and uncontaminate! The above mentioned feeling, however, was not, singly, in occupation of the Emperor's breast—the love of territorial increase came floating along the current of his thoughts, and his eyes were awakened to the beautiful vision! An excuse was *now* given him for wresting the remainder of Finland from the hands of Sweden. The declaration then proceeds to this effect.

'His Swedish Majesty did not disavow the obligation imposed upon him by the treaties referred to, but refused all co-operation until the French troops should be removed from the coasts, and the ports of Germany opened to English ships. But the question here was the checking of those aggressions which *England* had commenced, and by which all Europe was disturbed'—that is to say, Europe, having basely conspired in the continental system against England, who had by an energetic proceeding left on her body an effective impression of her prowess, was thereby disturbed! Napoleon, in the Emperor of Russia's judgment, seems to have had nothing to do in the general disturbance of the continent!

'The Emperor,' continues the Autocrat, 'demanded from the King of Sweden a co-operation founded on treaties; but his Swedish Majesty answered by proposing to delay the execution of the treaty to another period, and by troubling himself with the care of opening the *Dutch ports for England*:—*in a word, with rendering himself of service to that England, against which, measures of defence ought to have been taken!* It would be difficult

all other Powers, and particularly on this country. Ten years did not elapse, before the authors of that new system, which had been framed to last for ages, were themselves the first to violate it.'—Annual Register, vol. xliii. p. 91.

So much for the consistency of Catherine in 1780.

'The same prince, who in 1798 applauded our detention of the Swedish convoy, and who threatened Denmark with war in 1799, for assisting the commerce of the French Republic, not only joined, but took the most active part, in a league among those very Powers, for the purpose of assisting that common enemy, whom he had engaged to Britain, and to the world, to resist, to the utmost extent of his power.'—Ibid. p. 97.

So much for the Autocrat of the North.

We say nothing of the seizure in the Russian ports of the 300 British ships, nor of the burning affair at Narva.—Ibid. p. 99.

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to find a more striking proof of partiality on the part of the king of Sweden towards Great Britain than this, which he has here given!'—The Devil,—it has been well described by a masterly delineator of human passion,—the Devil can quote scripture for his purpose; and earthly potentates *can*, it seems, prostitute the holy name of justice to the most unhallowed of purposes. The address of the Emperor, be it observed, was for the eyes of spirits more wicked than himself—more intent on plundering, devastating, slaughtering, and overturning thrones, only because more powerful than himself—a thin and skin-deep assumption of right dealing would, therefore, satisfy their not over-nice stomachs. Honour amongst robbers has ever been a bandied word, a word of inflated meaning;—and a most windy piece of rhetoric, accordingly, is the proclamation of the Emperor of all the Russias. It, however, satisfied and pleased Napoleon and his worshippers, and it consoled the king of Denmark. The cries of Sweden were by the Muscovite heeded as so much idle wind—and the censure of England was stingless,—for excess of guilt hardens the heart, and renders the feelings callous to every passing event, as in the case of the Corders, or Thurtells:—or, in the same manner, as we are told how assassins and murderers by profession, in those countries, where the most horrible crimes are of common occurrence, so fortify their bodies by a course of antidotes, as to render them impervious to the most potent and subtle poisons.—'Captain, die game,' was a natural piece of advice for Master Mat o' the Mint to give to his bold comrade and leader, the Captain Macheath. And, until the act of justice had been consummated, the Emperor of Russia was, on his part, 'game' of the truest metal:—for having once put his hand to the plough, he neither looked back nor turned aside, until the end had justified the means!

We will not trouble the reader with any more extracts from this declaration of Russia—we have given a fair specimen of the composition: it involves, however, an argument of the most frightful nature,—the nothingness of moral obligations, the subservience of national honour to national aggrandizement and national expediency.—Sweden was our ally by the sanctity of treaties, and she was satisfied with the honourable manner in which we had acted towards her. She had been subsidized by England; she had been able to preserve her independence, and we had claims on her gratitude. She had, however, previously been bound to Russia by treaties for a legitimate purpose; but by compelling her observance of those treaties, Russia would have forced her to co-operate in measures of atrocious injustice. Was she not right, therefore, in giving an open refusal? If A. confirm by an oath, the promise of assistance to B. for the attainment of a certain object,

object, and B. inform A. that without the commission of a crime—a murder or a robbery—his ends will be defeated, and A. refuse, is A. wrong? Certainly not; for a paramount obligation lies upon him and claims fulfilment, the obligation which each individual is under to his God. Again, Russia was bound in honour to England and Sweden for her perseverance in a certain definite course—but at Tilsit, she found she could gain immense advantages by a change of party, and she changed. Was not this measure a shameless dereliction of honour? We do not anticipate a doubt.—Though the Swedish Declaration to Russia was open, manly, honest and satisfactory in every respect, it had no effect on beings whose obliquity of vision made them shun the light of truth and regard deeds of darkness only. Finland, the granary of Sweden, was occupied by a Russian force. Gold, the indispensable agent in Russian conquests, worked wonderfully for the Emperor in this nefarious aggression—for the fortress of Sweaborg, the Gibraltar of the North, and second only to that fortress and Malta, was delivered, like the Varna of more recent times, over to the Russians, by a base traitor to his country. That an ultimate footing in the heart of Germany—that the possession of some spot, whence she could reach the western powers of Europe, seems to have been the desire of Russia, can scarcely admit of doubt. From Finland, she looked to wind her forces round Norway, (that Norway which had already been offered to Sweden, as a bribe to desert her ally of Russia, but which her noble spirit had, at once, rejected with indignation;) then, by hemming in Sweden, to have annihilated her; and having gained a footing in Denmark and the north of Germany, to have approximated her forces to Hanover, Westphalia, the Rhine, and the Netherlands. No wonder, then, that Napoleon, in the depth of his cunning, should have seen the necessity of cajoling this potentate into a personal conference, which actually took place at Erfurt, where the soaring genius of the French Despot far distanced and surpassed the dull wit of the Northern Autocrat.

We have done with the detail of the Russian Emperor's aggressions on Sweden. Some friends of Russia may urge that Finland has changed for the better, and adduce the authority of the late highly respectable Bishop James, to prove that her inhabitants are happy and satisfied under the sway of Muscovy; but this answer touches not our main argument—that of possession by injustice and aggression. One word, however, on Denmark, before we proceed southward. In the year 1812, the Emperor of Russia was obliged to conciliate Sweden, for he stood in need of her assistance. At the same time, he resolved on keeping possession of the stolen province of Finland.

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In the spirit of compensation, he turned to Denmark, and insisted on the surrender of her Norwegian kingdom to the Monarch of Sweden; or, in case of refusal, he threatened the infliction of his vengeance—fire, sword, bloodshed—the severe extremities of warfare. Such, on that occasion, was the even-handed justice of the Emperor of all the Russias.

In 1813, Great Britain acknowledged the policy of adding Norway to Sweden. Denmark had been the faithful ally of Napoleon, and the bitter and constant enemy of England—she, therefore, deserved punishment. Independently of this—but only as a reason of a secondary class—the interests of England called for the addition of this particular territory to Sweden; as that power gained a compactness and strength which she could not by any other measure have possibly attained. By that means, the influence of the kingdom has been materially increased—she may now offer some effectual resistance to Russia; and, while the change for Norway has been followed by decided benefits, the Baltic (so far from what it otherwise would have been—a Russian Lake) has been rendered available to the furtherance of general commerce.

We have given a somewhat detailed narrative of the transactions relative to Sweden, as it affords a fair specimen of the Russian policy of modern times. With respect to the districts bordering on north-eastern Prussia, and the Gulphs of Riga and Finland,—Livonia and Esthonia were provinces wrested from the Swedes by the arms of Czar Peter the Great, and Courland was ceded to Russia by a Duke too weak to resist the bribes of the Muscovite, and too great a coward to maintain the rights of his independent subjects. He dwindled into a pensioner of the Court of St. Petersburg, and in 1795 his dukedom became part and parcel of the dominions of the Czar.

In regard to Poland, the transactions of the Russian cabinet are tainted with the deepest hue of baseness, treachery, perfidy, and tyranny. Excuses may be found for the King of Prussia—Maria Theresa and Joseph were certainly criminal,—but the guilt of Russia is of that monstrous and satanic character, that human nature shudders at its very mention. Peter the Great had set the example of oppression towards the Poles, and Catherine was a fit successor of so brutal a monarch. In the three dismemberments of Poland, She was the plotter—the contriver—the spirit of destruction—the great incarnation of mischief. It has been said that Prussia first suggested the havoc of Poland to the Russians; but this was not actually the case—the first mention really came from the lips of the Empress Catherine. ‘It appears,’ said the Autocrat, with an assumed air of naïveté, with downcast eyes, and

and an expressive smile—‘it appears that, in Poland, you have only to stoop and take;’ and on this, she hesitated and became silent—waiting, with the subtlety of the serpent, for some answer from her colloquist, Prince Henry of Prussia, which might convict him, and enable her to throw all the odium of the first suggestion on the unwary head of the royal diplomatist; but neither her downcast looks, nor faltering tongue, nor wreathed smiles, have stood her in much stead—for posterity has branded her memory with the original conception of that tyrannous and most odious dismemberment of Poland. The method by which the cabinet of Russia first obtained influence in that unfortunate country, was by the convincing arguments of sixty thousand muskets and drawn sabres; and having arrogated to themselves the office of guarantee of the Polish Constitution against the people, they dragged a few electors (pinioned and gyved) into a forest neighbouring to Warsaw, to confirm the return of their own nominee, King Augustus the Third! But this was only a faint prelude to the infamous atrocities of the Czarina Catherine, who still desiring increase of territory, though possessed of as ample domains and as wide a sway as the bursting heart of the most pride-bloated monarch could desire—and balked by Austria and Prussia in her attempt to subjugate the dominions of the Turk—turned with the false appetite of the already-gorged and glutted tigress—to feast her eyes on those sights of blood and slaughter which were shortly to be enacted on the banks of the Vistula! The conquest of Constantinople was, indeed, the long-treasured, the secret, and the darling purpose of her heart; and for its consummation, she would have made any sacrifice, however dear—but it was denied her by her rival Maria Theresa, and by Frederick of Prussia, who would not even listen to the terms of her occupation of the Hospodariots and the Crimea. She turned her thoughts then on Poland—for she was of an active mind—could never brook idleness—and when crowns were to be won, had a heart and hand as steady as Shakspeare’s heroine, who could screw her courage up to the sticking point, by exclaiming—

Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it!

Russian threats brought about the election of Stanislas Poniatowski to the vacant throne—he possessed the threefold merit
of

of being one of Catherine's discarded lovers—an abject craven, and a base traitor to his country. The Diet which elected him was intimidated by a Russian army—the pageantry of that election was only as so much gloss to cover the corrupt nature of those excesses which were daily perpetrated by the Convict, Saldern, the Savage Repnin, and the Lawyer Keysiriling, who, in their deeds, may be more likened to the three unsexed furies of hell than any thing human. Assassination and banishment to Siberia were punishments of the commonest occurrence for the Poles—their king was a cypher—their senate betrayed—the people enslaved—the country occupied by the pitiless Muscovite, whose object was plunder, and who for its acquisition committed the most atrocious crimes with impunity. After being wofully convinced that there was no word for honour in the Russian language—after vain struggles for emancipation—after the manifestation of energy, patience courage, and high deeds worthy of ancient Greece, or the best heroes of modern chivalry—under a leader, whose name must be held dear by mankind as long as patriotism, valour, and integrity are words of significance—the immortal Kosciusko—the people of Poland were overcome—their liberties were trampled in the dust—and, falling from her state of lofty independence, her name was erased from the list of the nations of Europe. After this, would it be believed that Alexander, in his overweening generosity, should, at the opening of the first diet of this kingdom, have assured these his newly-acquired slaves—*‘that in the spirit of Christian forgiveness, he would return them good for evil!’*

Man is by nature pugnacious—blows sometimes follow hurried speeches—and brotherly affection will oftentimes yield to the force of private advantage. Thus it fared with the plunderers of Poland—bickerings and quarrels and heart-burnings ensued immediately on appropriation; but the heart-burning was perpetuated in the bosom of Russia—for she grew envious of even the small apportionments of Prussia and Austria; and she resolved on their respective acquisition, however late might be the period of possession. That period, however, actually arrived in the reign of the good Emperor Alexander of glorious memory; but it was of deep dishonour for Russia, and for unhappy and prostrate Prussia, one of expurgation for that perfidy and criminality towards Poland, which, however, resulted from the actions of an indolent, dissipated Monarch, since gathered to the grave of his progenitors.

Our limits will not permit the minute canvassing of transactions, or the nice tracing of events in chronological order:—the circumstances of 1806 and 1807, however, demand a slight investigation

tigation—for they are glaring exemplifications of Russian perfidy, and rapacity towards her accomplices in the late outrage of that gallant, chivalrous, and proud nation, which for centuries had been the bulwark of Europe against the assaults of the Infidel. Prussia had, at the period alluded to, preserved an unfortunate and ruinous neutrality—it was, indeed, for her a suicidal act; but how could it be otherwise, when traitors, bribed with foreign gold, were in her council chamber, and wild dreamers and dotards had been permitted to assume the reins of administration? Her neutrality, however, was violated at Anspach—and Prussia determined on leading her armies to the field. After the disasters of the Moravian campaign—though Austria was humbled—Prussia was still intact, uninjured, and really formidable. She had been the ruling power in the North of Germany—even Napoleon was aware of this when he offered her a diet of her own construction, by way of smoothing down her opposition to the formation of his Rhenish Confederation. Previously to the battle of Austerlitz the territory of Anspach was violated—and she determined on revenge. After the rencontre of the three Emperors, the Prussian Monarch's resolutions were paralysed by the craven counsel of his dastardly advisers, and one of them insolently betrayed his plastic-minded Monarch by the infamous treaty of Vienna. That Monarch, however, shrunk from the prepared degradation, and Haugwitz was despatched to Paris in order to obtain more honourable terms from Napoleon's Minister. At this period Russia played a double and perfidious part. She wished for an amicable understanding, at the same moment, with King Frederick and Napoleon. If Prussia should join France and the Confederation, Russia would be crushed;—if France should, at that moment, come singly against Russia, her hope of safety was in co-operation with Prussia,—for this last power had a fine army in readiness, and another blow, like that at Austerlitz, would carry annihilation in its consequences. Russia, therefore, assumed the tone of alliance with Prussia, and at the same moment gave secret instructions to the Chevalier D'Oubril to repair to Paris, there to obtain, on the Emperor's behalf, the most advantageous terms which circumstances would allow. When, on Murat's investiture of Berg and Cleves, Prussia became furious—Russia still soothed her in the tone of friendship—whilst the negotiations of D'Oubril were carrying on in the French metropolis. At last Prussia resolved on war—to war, too, would Russia proceed—it was in consideration for her darling friend, Prussia; but the latent truth was, that the terms obtained by D'Oubril were not satisfactory enough—more was to be gained by opposition to the French Emperor, though

though Prussia should in the end perish, as she was likely to do, seeing that she was to act in the vanguard in the approaching war. The rear was the true place of distinction and valour; so thought Captain Thraso of olden renown, and so thought his Imperial Majesty of all the Russias. The treaty obtained by the assiduity of the faithful D'Oubril was disowned; an obedient State Council pronounced it to be incompatible with the instructions given to the legate (though we have taken the trouble to refer both to the one and to the other, and by the latter we see that unlimited powers were reposed in the agent), and D'Oubril was banished from the Court for having betrayed the honour of his master, *though he was neither beheaded nor yet did he lose his employments at that very Court which he had so grossly disgraced by his infamy.* Russia, indeed, wished to drain Prussia of her resources, and no means were thought unworthy of her dignity for the attainment of that object. One of the measures employed on that occasion was, in conjunction with France, the urging Prussia to undertake the conquest of Swedish Pomerania—whilst there was a secret understanding between the *Western* and *Northern* Emperors that, in case of conquest, King Frederick was not to be allowed to retain the conquered dominions of the Swedish Monarch. The reason for this was twofold—1st, Russia was desirous of weakening the powers of so dangerous a neighbour;—2nd, Russia was desirous of ultimately obtaining those very dominions, from the possession of which Prussia was to be thus debarred.

At the battle of Jena no assistance came from the Court of Muscovy. After the disasters of Jena, Lucchesini could have obtained terms from Napoleon, could the Prussian Monarch have prevented the entrance of the Russians into his territories. If peace and friendly aid had been the objects of Alexander, what was so easy as the measure of promise to that effect? seeing that his ally was reduced to the last degradation—but destruction, not salvation, was the aim of the Muscovite; something might be gained from so much havock (provided only he could preserve the integrity of his own dominions), and nothing could be gained from a peace between France and Prussia. Then came the Treaty of Tilsit, which, as long as truth and honour remain terms of value amongst men, will be a lasting and corroding disgrace for the scutcheon of the Northern Autocrat. For he then threw himself into the arms of Napoleon—of that man who had mocked him in his scorn, held him up to derision in his public speeches and addresses to his army—and grossly, deeply, and, we should have thought, irretrievably, insulted the dignity of the Russian nation. But the

the goad of necessity was at his back, and the Muscovite Emperor found it too severe a task-master for resistance. History has shown that the despot in prosperity is, generally, the sycophant of more adverse times.

‘What will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low
As high he soar’d; obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things!’

Of the above truth Alexander gave a most melancholy instance at the Conference at Tilsit. How much more nobly did King Frederick deport himself—adversity cast around him that air of majestic independence which he had never known how to assume in the proudest moment of his previous life. And then his Queen!—Who shall think or read of this creature of God’s noblest formation, without giving a sigh and a tear to the memory of the unfortunate and the virtuous? What beauty, what youth, what transcendent loveliness, what heroic resolution, incomparable faith, Christian patience, and angelic forgiveness! She has been long, indeed, laid in her grave, yet her name survives among the congregations of the most noble, the most sanctified, the most cherished of this world—for theirs it has been to answer the cavils of the infidel by vindicating the divinity that is inherent in man! Good God! every word of praise and every tear uttered and shed by the nations around for this daughter of royalty should have been a reproach, more bitter, more piercing than a scorpion’s sting to the bosoms of Alexander and Napoleon. But they smiled, and proceeded to their work of destruction—the first to gratify his gross vulgar appetite for increase of dominion, the latter to utter his ribald jests, and feed the dark and devilish passions of his worldly, unfeeling heart, by trampling on the neck of one who had presumed to rise in rebellion to his power;—after the one had lived with the husband in the only city remaining to him from the wide inheritance of a race of Monarchs, in all the sweet assumption of fraternal love; and the other, when he had raised the hopes of the wife to the pinnacle of expectation, had dashed them to the earth, and then laughed in bitter mockery at the tears shed, for their untimely destruction, by the poor afflicted and broken-hearted sufferer. But over this scene of infamy and misfortune we would draw the curtain: Prussia was denuded of her possessions and reduced to beneath the level of a second-rate power. The conquests and acquisitions of twenty years were erased in a moment, and the successor of the Great Frederick was robbed of more than half of his revenues and five millions of his subjects. There, indeed, stood Prussia as she was in January, 1772, previously to the first dismemberment

ment of Poland. In order to approximate his dominions to Polish Prussia, the Emperor Alexander obtained territory contiguous to Warsaw, which, being converted into a Duchy, was given to Saxony. Russia then came into contact with the Court of Dresden, and its aggressions on the Austrian territory were facilitated by the military road stipulated for by Napoleon, through the district of Silesia. The ports of Prussia were moreover closed against the vessels of England, from whom she had recently received arms and support; and the Machiavelian policy of the two Emperors triumphed in the degradation of an enemy, whose arms were always to be feared—the descendant of the warlike Frederick of Prussia.

We have already occupied more than the intended space, in this narrative of the usurpations of Russia. We will shortly dismiss the few other points which keep us from the discussion of some matters relative to Turkey and the East.

By the treaty of Vienna, Oct. 14, 1809, Austria, after ceding all her sea coast to France, was compelled to surrender so much of *Gallicia* as contained four hundred thousand inhabitants, to Russia. As a summary, we may extract the following very forcible passage from the work of the Abbé de Pradt, who has assumed the same tone of argument with ourselves.

‘Besides, moderation is not an absolute but a relative quality; it forbids not the exertion of power, but it forbids its abuse—it forbids the driving to extremity *the right* of force. The Emperor Alexander was moderate;—did he refuse Finland? He was moderate;—did he refuse the Prussian palatinates in Poland, at the peace of Tilsit? He was moderate;—did he refuse to take from Austria, in 1809, certain Polish districts? He was moderate;—did he not take Bessarabia from Turkey? He was moderate;—did he refuse to accept the kingdom of Poland, and thereby to bring his Russian Empire to the very heart of Western Europe? From one act of moderation to another, he has arranged matters with such nicety to his own convenience as, finally, to become the master of the continent; for such is the issue of affairs and of his so boasted moderation.’—p. 26.

The fate of the Crimea is, here, well worthy of mention. First, a province of the Western Tatar empire; then under the sway of the Genoese and Venetians, and, consequently, a celebrated emporium for oriental commerce; then an independent khanat, and, lastly, a province of Turkey, by right of conquest; the Empress Catherine stipulated, in 1774, for its independence, only to convert it into a province, to be appended to her own dominions. The reigning khan abdicated in 1783, and became a stipendiary of the Czarina, and in the following year her sovereignty was even acknowledged by a treaty, wrested from the Porte.

Without

Without dwelling on the madman Paul's empty pretensions to Malta, the Seven Islands, the Archipelago, or the Morea,* we turn to the approximations made by Russia to the British dominions in the East.

Persia has been a dreadful sufferer from the usurpatory spirit of Russia; and that power feels itself completely enveloped (to use Colonel Evans's phrase) 'in the meshes of that net, which Russia has so astutely cast around her.' The following is this very intelligent officer's account of the commencement of the late war.

'The rupture took place, as far as I have been able to learn, in the following manner:—General Pascovitz and the Prince Royal entered into a treaty for the exchange of certain districts of territory, expressly to be of no effect without the confirmation of the Czar and the Shah. It was brought about, as was generally supposed, by corrupting some of the attendants of the Prince. Be this as it may, it was considered, when made known to the Shah, to be so utterly disadvantageous, that he refused to give it validity. The treaty, therefore, to all intents and purposes, became a dead letter, and of this the Russians were perfectly aware. In defiance of this fact, however, they send, while the negotiation is still carrying on,

* In the reign of the Empress Anne, Russian emissaries had been sent into Greece by Marshal Munich, to sound the disposition of the natives, or, as M. Pouqueville phrases it, *qui parlaient aux Chrétiens de patrie, de religion, et de liberté*. This was the secret prelude to the war already contemplated. A partial insurrection was the consequence; but the Greeks were abandoned to their fate at the peace of 1739. Among the emissaries employed by Munich, the Russian prime minister, was a Greek priest, who endeavoured to excite the popular enthusiasm by recalling to mind a traditional prediction, that the Ottoman empire should be overthrown 'by a fair nation named *Ros*, proceeding from the north, and united to them by the ties of religion.' On the accession of Catherine II., a new agent was employed to sow the seeds of insurrection in Greece,—Gregory Papadopoulos, a native of Larissa, an artillery officer in the imperial guard of Russia, and a creature of Orloff's. In 1767, the false Peter III., at the head of his Montenegrius, declared war against the infidels, but was soon compelled to take refuge in the mountains. M. Pouqueville represents the court of St. Petersburg as acting on this occasion a very insidious part. 'While it was sending arms, ammunition, and money to the Greeks, it requested the Sultan to crush its rebellious subjects, and to deliver up Stephano Piccolo,'—the name of the adventurer. 'In the meantime,' continues M. Pouqueville, 'Alexis and Theodore Orloff, who were residing at Venice, were using every effort to engage Greece in the interest of Russia. Assisted by the banker Meruzzi, a native of Yanina, they repeatedly forwarded to Suli, to Acrocerania, and to the Morea, military stores, arms, and money, which were distributed from hand to hand by secret agents, till they reached the *Armatolis* of Pindus and Parnassus.' A worthy coadjutor of the ambulatory diplomatist, Papadopoulos, presented himself in an enthusiast named Tamara, who is said to have gone about throughout Hellas and the Morea, endeavouring to persuade the deluded natives that the august Catherine was about to restore them to political freedom. The correspondence between Voltaire and the King of Prussia, proves that that ambitious Princess had no such liberal intention. See Pouqueville, tom. i. pp. 5, 22, 40.—*Modern Traveller*.

Though we have before introduced this little work to our readers, we beg to mention it again, with the assurance that it is one of the most valuable collections of the kind extant in any language.

a strong

a strong corps into an unoccupied part of the district referred to, where an entrenched camp is immediately established. The Persians remonstrate reiteratedly against the violation of their territory. The Russians positively refuse to move, and declare that they hold the country by right of treaty. The former contend that the treaty, being unratified, does not convey this right according to the law of nations, and at length send a body of troops to dislodge the intruders. If this be true, the Persians may, indeed, have fired the first shot; but the Russians, nevertheless, are the aggressors.—*The Designs of Russia*, p. 201.

The issue of the matter, however, was, that the Russians laid waste the country to beyond Tauris, and that Erivan, and a very large district of new possession, was left in the hands of Paskovitz and his Russians.

One of the oldest and dearest wishes of the Court of St. Petersburg has been the possession of the famous capital of the Lower Empire. Czar after Czar directed his view to that extremity of Europe; and in the year 1780, according to the credible testimony of Count von Görtz, two medals were struck by the Empress Catherine; on one of which was represented a flash of lightning striking the mosque of St. Sophia; the other was remarkable for the bust of Catherine, with, on its reverse, the Grand Duke Constantine as a child between Hope, pointing to a rising Star, and Religion.*

In 1806, a rupture broke out between the Czar and the Ottoman, and the territories of the latter were invaded. By the convention in 1802, it was agreed that the two Hospodars, when once appointed, should remain respectively in their governments for the space of seven years. The reason alleged by Russia for this stipulation was, that frequent removals and appointments induced anarchy and confusion; and that so long as no check was placed on the dispensing power of the Sublime Porte, the Hospodariots would be given to new favourites, merely on account of the large fine payable by the fresh officer on his assumption of power. To this the Sultan consented, though it was a clause which Russia had no earthly right to call for, and derogatory, moreover, in the most decided manner, to the dignity of the Padishah. The clause, however, was cunningly insisted on by the wily Muscovite, not for the benefit of those barrier provinces, but for the preservation of his own influence, which was to be upholden by the potency of Russian gold; and *seven years* would allow a definite and ample time

* For further particulars of this remarkable medal, and the Memoirs of Count Görtz, see No. III. p. 240, of our Journal.

for the corruption of the most faithful servant; whereas a shorter space, or the very uncertainty of possession, incurred by the Hospodars, might thwart the purposes of the Czar, or even render the attempt somewhat dangerous, from the apprehension of detection; or ruinous from the loss of time, and labour, and gold. When Sebastiani went, in 1806, on his embassy to Constantinople, he laid the treaty of D'Oubril before the divan, and argued, that, inasmuch as by the sixth section of that instrument, the imperial contracting parties had guaranteed the integrity and independence of the Ottoman dominions, the Porte had been freed from all responsibility; and it should, therefore, for its own safety, as well as dignity, dismiss the Greek Vaivodes from their employments, as they had manifestly been tampered with by the agents of Russia. The officers were, accordingly, dismissed on the 24th of August.

The English and Russian ambassadors, on this sudden dismissal, remonstrated with the Sultan; and he, on the 15th of October following, not only reinstated those officers in their lieutenantancies, but actually acceded to every demand made by the northern minister, Italinski. Thus, ample reparation was made—apologies transmitted—insults wiped away—and wrongs healed—but all this was nothing to a Russian Czar. An opportunity for aggression and usurpation had most fortunately occurred, when there was every prospect of pacification with the arch enemy of the West; and as some troops could be spared from the greater enterprises of the North, they could be easily marched to the lesser exploits of the South: and, accordingly, *about the end of November*, the army of General Michaelson overran Moldavia, and seized on Chotzim,* Bender, and Jassy!

Italinski was left for a month at the Porte, without instructions in what manner to explain the aggressions of Russia on the Northern provinces. Meanwhile the army proceeded determinedly in its operations:—from Wallachia, they entered Bucharest—took complete possession of that province—and made preparations to cross the Danube, in order to join forces with Czerny George, the great rebel of Servia. The Abbé de Pradt might have well included this conquest, also, in his sufficiently extended list of Russian '*moderations*.'

The treaty of Tilsit at length put a stop to this most iniquitous aggression—very much, however, against the wishes of the gentle-minded Alexander, who imagining this to be the best possible opportunity for driving the Turks to extremity, was desirous of excluding them from the slightest participation in that

* From the articles of capitulation for Chotzim, it was evident that the Russians looked to the permanent occupation of the invaded provinces.

very treaty, by which he was so considerable a gainer. But Napoleon was playing a yet deeper game than the Emperor of the North—he had taken the Turk under his especial protection—and speaking the word—Alexander crouched, like an Eastern slave, before the nod of the despot.

While Napoleon enacted the guardian to the Sultan, he was safe—but the attentions of the former were turned to another quarter of Europe; and anxious to prevent the Emperor of the North from working him annoyance, he abandoned the Ottoman to the tender mercies of the Muscovite. Aware of this tacit licence, Alexander, regardless of his faith, that was pledged, to the evacuation of the Hospodariots, ordered his army, which had already commenced the work of departure, to retrace its steps, and re-occupy its former positions. The advanced guard, under General Milaradovitz, beat the Turks at Slobozia, near Giurgevo; at that very place, where only a few months previously a treaty had been entered upon, and signed, for the cessation of hostilities, and for the establishment of peace and harmony.*

The Russians were assisted by the already mentioned Czerny George, who, with 30,000 men, carried on his operations in Servia.

‘The progress of the Russians on the lower Danube left breathing-space for the Servians. At the commencement of August, their army, commanded by Prince Bragation, had passed the Danube at Galatsche, a little above the spot where this river is joined by the Pruth, and had seized on the fortified towns of Isaktscha, Tulcha, Malchin, and Hirzova on the right bank, and had opened a passage for the Russian flotilla of the Black Sea, for the purpose of ascending the channel. Ismail, thus blockaded, as well on the side of the river as by land, was compelled to surrender itself after a few weeks of siege. The fortress of Silistria, which the Russians attacked at the same time, made some resistance. The Grand Vizir endeavoured to relieve it, with fifteen thousand men detached from his camp, at Adrianople; but the Prince Bragation was beforehand with him, at a small river near Statariza, where he was engaged, on the 3d of November, in a cannonade, though without any decisive result. The advanced season, the difficulty of subsistence in an uninhabited district, and the inundations of the Danube, to which the country is subject at this period of the year, naturally brought the campaign to a conclusion. The Russian army repassed the river at Hirzova.’—*Guerres des Russes*, pp. 50, 51.

The General Valentini,† pp. 52 and 53 of the work above

* The parties who signed this treaty, were Galeb Effendi, Sergio Laskaroff, and Guilleminot.

† The General Valentini, from whose work, the *Guerres des Russes*, this is a translation, was sent by the Prussians, to report on the Turkish mode of warfare during the campaigns of 1788 and 89.

quoted,

quoted, proceeds to shew the impossibility of a winter campaign; and this again is followed by a description of Schumla. We quote it, though long, for the gratification of our readers.

' The ordinary route of couriers and travellers to Constantinople passes by Schumla, which is regarded as the gate of the Balkan and the Turkish Thermopylæ. In the last wars, the camp of the Vizir has been always made on this spot; and beyond this barrier no army of invading Russians has ever penetrated. These circumstances have given to Schumla a degree of reputation in strategy, which, indeed, it deserves, on account of its position, as the point of junction of the roads to Rudschuck, Silistria, Ismail, Varna, and other ports of the Euxine, besides Ternova by Osmanbazar, &c. which separate beyond the passage of the mountains. To these advantages, Schumla joins also its admirable position for defence. It is a considerable town, with 30,000 inhabitants, and surrounded by a *contre-fort* of the Balkan, shaped like a horseshoe, which, with its rugged declivity, covered with thick bramble bushes, forms a most advantageous position for the Turkish soldier, who is always for concealing himself behind earthen coverings and entrenchments. The city is nearly a league in length, and about half as much in breadth. It is surrounded by a fosse and a rampart of earth, where is a thick wall of brick, flanked by small but massive towers, or corps de garde, which are each capable of containing five or six fusiliers. Such is the *noyau* of the entrenched camp, and its *contour* is naturally pointed out by the summits of the surrounding heights, sufficiently defended against an attack by intersecting ravines, and the precipitate nature of the ground. The camp cannot be, without difficulty blockaded, on account of its extent. Nor can it be bombarded, and it contains, moreover, sufficient space for all the magazines of the army. It even incloses vineyards, gardens, and a stream of spring water.'

In March, 1810, by means of a bridge at Casemir, the Russians passed over to the island of Ostrova, situated in the mid-channel of the Danube, between Rudschuck and Widin; thence they passed to the right bank, with the intention of joining the Servians. They were, however, repelled to the island by Mollah Pasha of Widin. The Grand Vizir Kora Jussuf Pasha (already known for his defence of St. Jean d'Acre,) placed his head-quarters at Schumla. The Russians once more passed the Danube, to the number of 60,000 men, and occupied Dobrudze, Cavarna, and other places on the borders of the Black Sea. In June, they advanced to Cera and Soular, within six leagues of Bazardjik. Against these the Vizir despatched the famous Pechlivan Baba Pasha with five thousand cavalry; but he could do little against such unequal forces; and, consequently, threw himself into Bazardjik. The Russians divided their

army into four divisions : the first, under Sass, bombarded Tarkutai ; the second, under Langeron, seized Silistria, after a siege of only seven days ; the third, under Markov, acted as a reserve ; and the 4th, under the elder Kaminsky, brother of the commander-in-chief, marched against Bazardjik. This last place fell under the joint efforts of the third and fourth divisions, at the commencement of June ; not, however, without the loss of many men, owing to the bold and masterly defence of Baba Pechlivan. Silistria was invested by Langeron and Rajewsky ; and, after five days resistance, it capitulated, under very favourable conditions. Sass, meanwhile, had crossed the Danube, below Tarkutai, with the double intention of laying siege to Rudschuck and Giurgevo, and acting in concert with Czerny George and his Servians. A division of Langeron's corps, under General Sabanev, pushed on and seized Rasgrad, and near this place some Cossacks captured the Wallachian Hospodar, Callimachi and his suite. From Bazardjik the Russians attempted Varna, but failed ; they, however, got possession of Jeni Bazar, whence they proceeded to Boulanik Keui, and immediately invested the Turkish camp at Schumla. The Vizir had despatched a flag of truce to Bazardjik, for the purpose of an armistice ; it was detained there eight days, and then returned, without success. Four days after, the Russians made an offer of peace, on the following conditions :—The cession of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Turkish Georgia—the dismissal of the English ambassador, and as an indemnification for the expenses of the war, four thousand purses—and lastly, as a pledge for such payment, they desired that Varna, Schumla, Rudschuck, and Silistria, should remain in the possession of the Muscovites ! The Grand Vizir, after the offer of such insolent terms, armed himself for defence ; this he maintained so valiantly, that, after three weeks, the Russians *were obliged to raise the siege, and retire back to the Danube.* General Valentini, who writes in a thorough anti-Turkish spirit, says—‘ on voit dans le Grand Visir un homme qui n’a autre chose à faire qu’à recevoir des têtes et des oreilles, et qui dépend tout à fait du caprice de sa troupe indisciplinée.’ To this we have only to say—that if these undisciplined barbarians could repulse and beat the hardy and organised armies of Russia, what may they not achieve when in their ‘*morale*’ they are placed in a position equally advantageous with their enemies ? But which of the two, we would wish to know, was the worse soldier ? The Vizir who, though he amused himself in his leisure hours, with cutting off heads, noses, or ears, yet knew how to wield the scimitar, and stand his ground, like a bold and manly officer, or the *gentleman-Russian*,
who

who got tired of the smell of his own powder, wished for a change of air, and kept exclaiming—‘*elle m’ennuie*,’ until he absolutely struck his camp, and after committing every excess and havoc on his road—by burning towns and villages indiscriminately—marched away to Rudschuk, in the hope of eclipsing the glories of old Munich and Potemkin?

Sass had meantime made little progress in the siege of Rudschuk, though reinforced by four battalions of Langeron’s corps, and a great portion of his artillery, besides having had the support of the flotilla on the Danube. By Kaminsky’s junction with Sass, the investing army amounted to twenty thousand men. The latter General was despatched to Giurgevo, and the islands above the towns were occupied as forts, and co-operated with the fleet, in preventing the descent of supplies to the beleaguered cities. The efforts of the Russians, however, were of no avail—the city was assaulted—all the appliances and means of the Russians were put into requisition—and the army of the north was repulsed with considerable loss. The like ill-fortune awaited Kaminsky the elder, who had kept the Vizir in check at Schumla; but, called on by his brother, he precipitated his march towards Rudschuk, and four leagues beyond that place, on the road to Ternova, he joined the advanced guard, commanded by Kulnev, and the division of Uwarov. Finding himself then superior to a body of Turks, under the Seraskier Kuschanz Ali, on the Jantra, particularly in artillery, of which he had at least an hundred pieces, he resolved to attack them in their entrenched camp at Ablanoff. He made the attempt—was repulsed with considerable loss—and, by way of excuse for a retreat, the General laconically said, ‘*il ne faut pas les accoutumer à nous voir de si près d’eux*,’ and departed. About the beginning of December, the General-in-chief, after the addition of Woinoff’s corps, came himself to assault the camp of Kuschanz Ali at Batten and Ablanoff, and on this occasion better success attended the Russian arms, the Turks being routed, and their camp and baggage falling into the hands of Kaminsky. He then departed for Radschuk, leaving General St. Priest to reap the benefits of the victory. This officer seized on Sistova, and then joined the main army; shortly after, the last-named city was rased to the ground—‘*ce qui fut exécutée*,’ says the historian, ‘*avec la ponctualité ordinaire*.’

The siege of Rudschuk was then resumed, and the Pasha of Giurgevo summoned to surrender: his answer was short, and smacked of the Spartan virtue—‘*the town does not yet swim in the blood-stream of her defenders!*’ Shortly after, however,

* *Guerres des Russes*, pp. 104, 5.

the Commander-in-chief began to lose courage; for he heard it rumoured that the Sultan was expected in the camp of the Vizir, and that the approaching publication of the *hatti scheriff* would call every pasha with his forces to the sacred standard of the Prophet. As St. Priest had taken one of Bosniak Aga's wives prisoner at Sistova, Kaminsky thought he would hit the Muselman in his vulnerable part, by returning her to the husband's arms; and, in return, the generous Governor would, perhaps, give him entrance into Rudschuk. But Bosniak Aga fiercely repulsed the Muscovite's offer, by replying that he was there to fight, and not to waste his time in matters about women. Rudschuk, however, could hold out no longer, and it capitulated on the most honourable terms. But the snow and frost now visited the army, and reminded them of their winter-quarters. They left a portion of their men at Rudschuk, and proceeding to Nicopolis and Ternov, which they seized, they encamped there to the number of twenty-seven thousand soldiers: other divisions of the forces were left at Silistria, and sent to Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bessarabia; the head-quarters being at Bucharest. Sass proceeded from Servia to his cantonments in Little Wallachia; his own post was at Crajowa.

The campaign of 1811 was commenced with diminished forces, on the part of Russia, four of the divisions having been recalled for service with the army destined against the French. The movements began in April, and the operations in May. Kutusoff was the Commander-in-chief. Nicopolis and Silistria were raised, and Rudschuk was saved, only because converted into a tête-de-pont.

Langeron commanded the first and most considerable corps, which took its position at the village of Senteschty on the Sabora, and acted as the centre of the army; and the Cossack regiments with a part of the cavalry were posted along the Danube from Olta to Oltenitza. The right wing under Sass was at Crajowa: his advanced posts extended from the Austrian frontier to Olta. The left wing, under Woinov, was ordered to Obileschte, in Wallachia, and the advanced posts were stationed between Oltenitza and Ackermann. The fourth corps acted at Rudschuk, under Essen. Besides these, there was a body of 3000 men in Servia, under Sass.

The Turkish army under the Grand Vizir Achmet amounted to 60,000 men, with 78 pieces of artillery, '*armedont le service s'était un peu perfectionné chez les Turcs.*' *Guerres*, p. 169. In June it proceeded towards Rudschuk, while the Russian commander with Langeron's corps fixed his quarters at Giurgevo. On hearing, however, that Achmet was at Cadi Keul, two leagues and a half from

from Rudschuk, where he was entrenched, and that 21,000 men with Ismael-bey had been despatched towards Widin, and many other bodies towards Nicopolis, Turtukai, and Silistria, and that his army was therefore considerably diminished*, Kutusoff determined on hazarding an engagement, and he therefore crossed the Danube and ranged his army in order of battle on the road to Rasgrad. In this the Russians were fortunate and the Turks worsted. The former, however, being compelled to retreat at midnight, on the 4th of July, fell back on Rudschuk, which burning to the ground, they departed with all their provisions and artillery for the left bank of the river.

Kutusoff now established himself in the '*faubourg*' of Guirgevo. He sent corps to Obileschte, Slabodzia, and Turnow, to observe the enemy's movement, at Turtukai, Silistria, and Nicopolis. Langeron remained at Giurgevo, while a cordon of light cavalry and Cossacks was extended from Oltenitza to Olta, and the whole supported by the Russian flotilla of the Danube. Such was the position of the Muscovite army, when on the night of the 8th and 9th of September, the Vizir, in the most masterly manner, effected the passage of the Danube, about two leagues above Giurgevo. Two thousand men, with four pieces of cannon, defended their position on the left side with undaunted courage against Bulatov and six battalions of infantry. By mid-day 6000 had crossed, the greater part Janissaries, with six pieces of artillery. Bulatov with ten battalions made a third attempt to dislodge the Turks, but was repulsed with very considerable loss—the Janissaries even left the entrenchments, and following the Russians, sabre in hand, killed 500, and wounded 1600, among whom were nearly all the officers. Here they held themselves for some time: but about the 10th of October, through the remissness of the Vizir, the Russians possessed themselves of the Turkish camp; the Turks were routed, Achmet fled to the south, and Tchapan Oglou, the son of an Asiatic pasha, with the remainder of the troops, shut himself up in Rudschuk, and there defended himself till peace brought relief to the suffering Turks. This was the peace of Bucharest in 1812. The following is Valentini's description of the camp previously to the capitulation.

'The camp presented the hideous spectacle of all the horrors incidental to warfare. The ground was strown with the dead, the greater part in the last stages of putrefaction, which the

* In the translated work of General Valentini, there is an error of a most glaring kind. He says, that Achmet with great difficulty collected 60,000 men, and moved to Cadi Keui: that he thence sent numerous large divisions to different places, and that he still had left the same number of men with him, whom Kutusoff engaged with an army of nearly 14,000 soldiers!

surviving

surviving Turks had not sufficient strength to inter. Innumerable carcasses of horses, either starved to death or killed by the enemy's shot, lay pell-mell with the human bodies, and it was astonishing how the wretched remnant had been able to survive amidst the pestilential miasma, which they had been inhaling in every quarter. They who departed from the camp so heroically defended, had less resemblance to living men, than to walking skeletons:—every individual, notwithstanding, preserved a countenance placid and full of dignity.—p. 196.

We have been thus particular in describing the progress of the Russians in the celebrated campaigns ending with the peace of Bucharest, as our wish was as well to shew the inconsiderable impression which Russia then actually made on Turkey, as to compare them with the boasted campaign of last year. Be it observed, by the way, that Russia was compelled to make peace with Turkey, for which purpose she even implored the good offices of the ill-used English government, in order that she might the better withstand those gigantic and stupendous measures which Napoleon was operating for the subversion of the house of Romanoff. So extraordinary indeed was the danger, that Alexander by the present treaty condescended to accept the mediation of Turkey for a peace with *Persia*,—an enemy on whom, in more pacific times, she had been always wont to look down with ineffable contempt. Amidst all her fears, however, and all her dangers, she could not but obey, in the negotiations with the Ottoman, the impulse of her besetting sin, self-aggrandisement; for even while the vantage-ground was fairly occupied by the Turks, she managed to wheedle them out of the possession of Bessarabia. Was the Corsican wrong when he termed his brother despot of Muscovy, '*Un Grec du Bas-Empire*'? But the same taint corrupts the highest and the lowest among men, the tyrant of the village or the despot of an empire. The determination breathed by the griping usurer Overreach, is not unfrequently the guide of action for the most powerful princes of the earth.

As for those other piddling complaints,
Breath'd out in bitterness; as, when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or ground inclosed,
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold:
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable!—

Among the errors committed by the late liberal statesmen of 1827, was that treaty of London, whence originated the *unto-ward*

ward affair of Navarino. It was a false measure in abstract policy, and unjustifiable as far as it regarded its application. It was a contravention of the law of nations, for it first broached the principle, that a sovereign may not punish his own rebellious subjects, or insurrectionary provinces, or revolted colonies. What would England have said to a similar proposition to herself, under the supposition that her colonies in the East or West Indies had revolted? would not she have laughed in the face of those powers which possessed sufficient effrontery to remonstrate with her, respecting the illegality or impropriety of warfare? And why should we have acted otherwise towards our own ancient ally, who should the rather have had our pity and commiseration, because he possessed not sufficient power to curb the licentious and rebellious insolence of his own subjects? We would indeed wish the Greeks liberated; but their liberation is a matter to be settled between themselves and their late masters. Here we are considering the matter legally. It was somewhat odd indeed to see the despot of the north, the man whose will is fate, whose breath carries death and damnation, or bestows animation and gladness to drooping nature as he wills it;—it was, we confess, somewhat odd to see him assume the character of an avenger of enslaved humanity, the assertor of the liberties of that very people, whom Catherine his grandmother would have added to the number of her crown serfs; whom Paul would have bartered the richest jewel in his wreath of empire to possess; whom Alexander would have converted into soldiers, for the conquest of the capital of the lower empire, and in case of refusal, would have sent to the deserts of Siberia, after having first made them undergo the beastly indignities of the knout! If Greece had by any chance become a province of Russia, even under the most favourable circumstances, we would ask, how long would it have preserved its peculiar and distinctive nationality? The great object in the possession of Greece, independently of the wish to convert it into a festering and corrosive sore in the side of Turkey, would have been to have made it an emporium for the trade of the Levant. For this purpose, would it not have been thrown open to settlers from all corners of the earth? for the Jew, the Armenian, the Egyptian, and the necessitous Frank, the most ferocious (because the most civilized) of the beasts of prey! Russia has already acted thus with Odessa, the Crimea, and the maritime cities of the Caucasian district. Under such circumstances, it would be infinitely more difficult for the Greek to preserve purity of descent, than it was for the old Hidalgo, during the Moslem domination in Spain.

Turkey had had manifold and convincing proofs of the prevalence

valence and potency of Russian corruption among her officers and Greek subjects. That power had been accustomed to disperse its gold among the needy Hellenists, and promises of freedom for the more virtuous of that race; it had given shelter to Hospodars convicted of peculation, and who had absconded from a fear of the bowstring—it had formerly made deliberate treaties with the traitors Demetrius Cantemir and Brancovan for the sale of their principalities, and then secured the former from the anger of his incensed master—it had advanced money, and given counsel, for the concoction of the plan of the Ypsilantis—it had an approved friend in the person of Capo d'Istrias, the President of Greece. Was it then wonderful that Turkey should be suspicious of her Grecian Hospodars, and wish to remove them from that situation whence they had often dealt forth treason against their Sovereign Lord? Yet this is one measure at which Russia has taken offence; and in reason whereof, jointly with the others, she has waged a destructive war, on her separate account.* Her argument is the infraction of treaties: Has she always been a strict observer of her own treaties? We fear that an inquiry would work materially to her prejudice. Why, then, if she be not without sin, should she cast a stone at her neighbour? Did the matter of complaint prove mischievous to Russia? It could not. What right, indeed, (save an obviously selfish one) did she entertain, that she called for such a clause in any treaty with Turkey? None, except that of mere strength. Besides, as Russia well knows the danger of allowing too much latitude to subjects in despotic countries, and as she might have imagined the mischief likely to result from insurrection in the Hospodariots, originating from the viceroys, and therefore under authority,—inasmuch as such an evil would render the allaying of the ferment in Greece more difficult of accomplishment,—her heartiness and zeal for the cause she was advocating should have induced her to waive all objections to the removal of the officers. But none of these considerations had any weight in her councils. She longed for the possession of Turkey, and she imagined that another favourable opportunity had occurred. She had, again, an excuse for war; and Turkey might be taken by surprise; inasmuch as the latter would have two enemies to oppose at the same moment, and her fears would be aggravate by the recent and disheartening loss of her powerful and amply provisioned fleet. War, therefore, was determined on, and declared, in all form, against the Padishah.

* There were two other main causes—the superiority in the Black Sea and evil counsel to Persia. The latter is at best suppositious; and, for the former, Russia gained her influence on the borders of and on the Black Sea, by unfairness and violence; and every act, therefore, on the part of Turkey, is justifiable.

Before

Before we come to the consideration of the campaign of last summer, we may mention a circumstance of a somewhat doubtful character, on the part of the Emperor Nicholas, towards England and France: After the declaration of war, he assumed a show of manly dealing towards his confederates, and waived the belligerent privilege of blockade in respect to the Porte. When, however, he found that the Turks were not so easily beaten as the giants in Tom Thumb, he ordered his admiral to institute a strict blockade of the Dardanelles. This the Count Heyden effected, without even a preliminary communication with the admirals of France and England. By this measure, Nicholas himself broke the strict conditions of the Treaty of London; and yet he shamelessly proceeded, and threatens to proceed, with the separate war against the Ottoman!

The campaign was commenced with mighty preparation on the part of the Northern Despot. He was to have poured the chivalry of Russia into the plains of Bulgaria, and to have swept down the squadrons of Turkey—as fields of slender corn are destroyed by the infuriate whirlwind! These were his words of threat. Were his actions of corresponding quality? The Russian Gazette says, that (only) 85,000 fighting men crossed the streams of the Danube! That power, which boasts of having a million of soldiers in constant readiness, could only, by its own showing, muster the above comparatively contemptible number for the annihilation of the Padishah! But when we consider that even that number is only a gazetted valuation, we may naturally suppose it to have been considerably less. Was there no sickness—no fevers—no deaths, after the commencement of their operations? Indeed, the Russian Cabinet had truckled too much and too long to its idol, Napoleon, not to have been well grounded in the manner in which that worthy leader of the armies of France was wont to draw up his magnificent despatches. The siege of Silistria was raised after the destruction of all the Russian horses, and a portion of the investing division, notwithstanding the ‘fine park of besieging artillery which had been prepared at Kiev.’ This is rather curious, because Silistria stands, as it were, in the power of Russia; and we were ready to concede, on the instant, that town to their forces.

An army, coming partly from Podolia and partly from St. Petersburg and Moscow, marches on the Pruth and the Danube. Composed, at first, of three corps of infantry and four divisions of cavalry, the right corps, under General Roth, was naturally destined to the important occupation of the Principalities, and to the observation of Giurgevo, Rudschuck, and Silistria. The centre corps, under the Grand Duke Michael, was to besiege Braillov; and, finally, the left corps, under General Rudzewitsch,

stronger,

stronger than the two others, was to cross the Danube with four divisions towards Issaktchi*.

Schumla was '*observed*,'—Varna '*was made too light of*;' and fresh reinforcements were necessary, but were not forthcoming. The Russian armies, then, shamelessly abandoned their observation of the former city, while the latter was betrayed into their possession, by a base apostate and hireling traitor, who has been taken into the Russian service, and to whom Sultan Mahmoud has acted a most generous part, in delivering up his personal property and his harem.† Anapa in Asia has surrendered, as well as Poty. This is no way surprising, if our readers remember their respectively deserted positions. Count Paskevich reduced Kars, Akhallalaki, Akhallsykh, Bajazet, Atskhour, and Ardagan. These are the acquisitions of Russia.—In return, her armies have been wasted—her artillery lost—her strength impaired—her name tarnished—herself rendered contemptible in the eyes of Europe, by the precipitate retreat of her remaining forces across the Danube, for the purpose of taking shelter in the fortresses of the Hospodariots. But Russia loves grandiloquence; and the following are some of the moving tropes in which her conquests and deeds are set forth:—

'To observe Shumla, in order to paralyze the army of Hussein, and to reduce Varna, while waiting for the corps of Sherbatoff and the guards, which arrived about the 1st of September—to form at the same period the siege of Silistria, in order to secure winter quarters between the Danube and the sea, and then to take advantage of the reinforcements which might arrive to reduce Shumla, or to push forward on Bourgas—such was the plan which reason dictated, and such was that which the Emperor adopted, who, after giving the necessary orders before Varna, proceeded to Odessa, to wait until the arrival of reinforcements should enable him to undertake some enterprise worthy to be distinguished by his presence at the army.

'At last Varna yields to the perseverance and firmness of our troops, and some hundreds of those soldiers called *degenerate* have carried terror and slaughter to the very centre of the town; and the enemy, who has distinguished himself by so noble a defence, begins to perceive that no other road to safety is open but through the clemency of the conqueror. The fortress of Romelia surrenders at discretion, at the sight of the small army which had determined to deliver it; and that town, which has never ceased to be under the Ottoman yoke since the destruction of the Lower Empire, salutes, for the first time, the banners of the victorious Russians.

'Thus, in less than four months, this army, which reached us at so unfavourable a season, has invaded three large provinces; taken

* St. Petersburg Gazette.

† This individual has, since the above was written, paid the debt of nature. He died of the *Algina bowstringia*, a disease most prevalent in Russia, and incidental especially to traitors.

two places which hold the first rank among the Turkish fortresses; and has planted the eagle upon the ramparts of Brailoff, Matchin, Issaktchi, Hirsova, Kustendji, Toultscha; and, lastly, of that famous Varna, which so many writers had prophesied would prove the tomb of its glory.

‘These numerous trophies, to which may be added 1280 pieces of artillery, four hundred standards, and twenty thousand prisoners, have cost Russia *no more than eighteen thousand or twenty thousand men slain*, or so badly wounded as to be incapable of again serving *.’

The last passage reminds us forcibly of the frothy boast of the waggish Knight of Eastcheap—‘These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target—thus’!

On a comparison, indeed, it will be seen that, in point of advantage, the campaign of 1812 is entitled to the preference. We sincerely believe that the Russians are incapacitated for another; for, if they have soldiers, their exchequer is impoverished—nay, empty. That the officers in command were heartily ashamed at the result of such mighty preparation, we equally believe; for, in order that the nakedness of the land might not be espied, and the raggedness of their own armies become visible, they absolutely prohibited to every foreign officer access or approximation to the scene of contention.† The Turkish army, it may as well be mentioned, were never above two-thirds of the Russian. After this, the Emperor Nicholas may well wince while chewing the cud of disappointment.

If the secret object of Russia in its war with Turkey be not territorial aggrandizement, where is the policy of the past and coming hostilities? Why should she be wasting her strength and her finances, when it is the incumbent duty of all European powers to husband their resources for future and probable contingencies. That there must, at no very distant period, be another Continental Revolution, is but too certain; and that its chief fury will be poured on Eastern Europe, is equally sure. At such a crisis, though Austria may fear much, yet the fears of Russia will be greater; because, in the same ratio with her danger. The possessions of the House of Hapsburg will easily fall into partitions, provinces and kingdoms. The dominions of the Czars are not so manifestly marked out by the hand of nature; while a fierce and haughty nobility, with armies of serfs, and rolling in wealth, and brooding over that base slavery in which they have been held by the Romanoff dynasty,—will draw the sword only to be sheathed in the bosoms of every prince of that Imperial family. Whenever a revolution shall burst forth in the Russias, the horrors of that of France will

* St. Petersburg Gazette.

† To this, the eldest son of a distinguished nobleman, at present residing at Naples, on account of his health, can bear ample testimony.

be exceeded; nor will the doves of peace and reconciliation come speedily to wing their way and allay the ferment of the storm-tossed sea of political contention. The Russian, in place of the mercurial temperament of the Frenchman, has, in his composition, the mingled elements of European fixedness of purpose, and the insatiable love of revenge which, in all ages, has been the moral feature of the Asiatic. As man to man, therefore, he is the most dangerous of enemies; and recent events have shewn, that a conspiracy against the reigning family is a popular measure, whilst that measure has been frequently and deeply agitated among those nobles, who, scorning the softness and slavish fetters of the Imperial Court, live in sullen retirement in their palatial mansions at Moscow. As St. Petersburg is the capital of the Court, so the last-named city has, for a long period, been converted into the head-quarters of the would-be independent nobility. The Emperor of Russia is, in truth, in an awkward situation. He must keep his armies employed, otherwise danger is to be apprehended from the insurrectionary spirit which is natural to soldiers; and if he acquire new territory in Europe, he has to apprehend a confederation of European powers. To what good end, then, are such ruinous proceedings as wars with Turkey? Is not the obvious policy of Russia internal amelioration, rather than territorial aggrandizement? If strangers are capable of judging of foreign countries, such is our decided opinion; and thus should the business be considered by every patriotic son of Muscovy.

If a confederation be formed against Russia, Austria and Prussia will be in the vanguard of Europe. Should, however, the former power, by any attempt at astute and over-refined policy, think fit to join her forces to those of her brother autocrat, (and we think there is every disposition on her part to act after that fashion, in consequence of what took place in regard to her own Minister at the opening conferences at Constantinople, subsequently to the Treaty of London,) the result will be, that she will lose the North of Italy, which will either be given to the King of Sardinia, or King Frederick of Prussia. Such a step will, no doubt, appear surprising to our readers; nevertheless, it will be an advisable one, as by that means the kingdom of Prussia will instantly be a counterpoise to the leagued Emperors of the North and South. In case of commotion, that power, by such an addition, will become the most formidable of Europe; for at one swoop it will be enabled to seize on all the petty principedoms in its neighbourhood, and thus it may, in full safety, assume the attitude of a 'Royalty' of the first class. Her armies, at this moment, are as excellent as at the period of their highest renown, under the Great Frederick, while
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an imposing firmness is characteristic of her councils. Moscow, let it be remembered, has been in the possession of an invading army; even though every circumstance was in favour of the Russians. The way from Königsberg and Silesia to Moscow and Podolia is not so very difficult of attainment by the troops of Prussia; should that power be backed vigorously by England and France and Sweden. A monarch of Muscovy has ere now died a prisoner in the dungeons of Warsaw. Revel and Riga, with the southern and eastern shores of the Baltic, have been provinces of Sweden; and the Russian may read in the annals of his country of a certain disastrous battle at Narva, where a beardless boy, with a handful of men, destroyed the innumerable and choicest squadrons of the Muscovite chivalry. Let Moscow, says General Lloyd, be but once occupied, and the empire of Russia is overturned. From Novogorod and Bronitza on the Masta, one immense steppe extends to the sea of Azoff and the Caucasus; the only exception, indeed, to that dull uniformity, is the Valdai hills, which are more remarkable for being gentle and diversified undulations, than for presenting rugged barriers or Alpine obstacles. Where, then, is the hinderance to the passage of the confederated forces of France, England, and Prussia? By the occupation of any strong position on the Vishnei Voloshok canal, the north of Russia would be ruined; for the whole of the country trade would be destroyed, while the wretched inhabitants must be subjected to all the miseries of starvation. This canal* supplies the imperial capital with

* Russia is celebrated for its internal navigation. Of this, the grandest branch is that which brings to St. Petersburg the produce of the southern provinces, by means of the canals of Ladoga and Vyshnei Voloshok, which unite the Baltic and the Caspian: goods are thus conveyed to the capital through a tract of 1434 miles, without once landing them. This navigation begins at St. Petersburg, by the Neva, which issues from Lake Ladoga. By a canal uniting the Volchof, which falls into the same lake, with the Tvertza, which falls into the Volga, the communication between the Baltic and the Caspian is effected. The canals of Ladoga and Vyshnei Voloshok likewise enable St. Petersburg to receive the produce of China and Siberia, almost entirely by inland navigation. The distance from St. Petersburg to the frontiers of China, is from 1600 to 1700 leagues; and it requires three years to accomplish it, the rivers being navigable only during a short period of the year. The route to the Volga from the capital has been already described. This river is descended as far as the Kama, which is ascended to the mouth of one of the streams that flow from the Uralian mountains. At the foot of these, the merchandises are unloaded and transported over land, to be embarked on one of the streams that flow from the eastern side of the mountains, and communicate with the Tobol. At Tobolsk, the Irtysh is entered, by means of which the Oby, some other streams, and a short portage, the Lake Baikal is reached; and, finally, the Selenga and Mongolia, which communicate with China. The communication between St. Petersburg and Siberia is, of course, carried on by the same route. The chief articles for the Chinese market are furs: the returns are teas, silks, &c. From Siberia, St. Petersburg receives large quantities of iron and hardware; in return for which she sends principally English goods and colonial produce. The trade of the interior would be much more extensive and flourishing than it actually is, were it not by law secured to the natives; but this restriction is beginning to be relaxed.—*Modern Traveller.*

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the productions of the southern provinces and Siberia. From such an interruption, the arsenals and dockyards on the Baltic would fall into utter disuse ; for the oak timber of Cazan could no longer be procured, and there is no other quarter whence a supply may be readily obtained. There is but one policy for the adoption of Prussia. She dare not league with the Emperors of Russia and Austria—by such a conduct, so far from being a gainer, she would lose every thing. Hanover would work her infinite annoyance, while France would seize upon her Rhenish provinces ; an acquisition for which she has already incurred much good, but more evil report. And that a confederacy will most surely be formed against the co-operating Emperors is most indubitable ; for if Russia be earnest in the further prosecution of the war, her only chance of ultimate success and salvation, would be in stirring up and fomenting wars between the greater and ruling powers of Europe : but as England, France, Prussia and Sweden are fully aware of the vulpine policy of the cabinets of St. Petersburg and Vienna, all chance of such a measure is utterly hopeless. If Nicholas then persist in the war, ruin must finally be his reward ; and if Russia remain at peace, ere half a century shall have progressed over her head, she will have become more of an Asiatic than an European power.

As to the Turkish sultan, he is probably the most able of the potentates of Europe. During the short period of his enjoyment of the Turkish throne, he has done more for the advance of his people than all his royal brothers of the west put together. We give an extract from the recent work of an individual, of whom, in a late Number, we have made most favourable mention.

‘ Si ces mœurs étrangères pour nous ont de l’influence dans la marche des affaires, d’autres mobiles influent aussi sur son action générale. A des époques récentes, et sous le règne faible de Sultan Selim III, l’esprit de sédition a tellement agité l’empire des Osmanli, que cet empire s’est vu dans la même position où se trouvaient les états de l’Europe au temps de la féodalité ; il était en effet livré à des pachas dont chacun, se regardant comme un souverain, était avec ses voisins en guerre ouverte, et se maintenait constamment en état de révolte envers le gouvernement reconnu. Circonstance remarquable ! l’Empire turc se voyait ébranlé par les mêmes causes qui, dans notre Europe, empêchèrent si long-temps le gouvernement d’un seul de se former et d’acquérir de la stabilité. Mais jaloux de recouvrer ses droits, le Grand-Seigneur actuel, Mahmoud II, prince du plus grand caractère, a, dans l’espace de deux années, par des actes de vigueur, entièrement comprimé les Janissaires, et a détaché de cette milice le corps des Oulema, qui, dans les révolutions de Sérail, faisait

faisait cause commune avec elle. En dissipant les *Wehhabîs*, il a rétabli le pèlerinage de la Mekke, et s'est réintégré dans l'exercice du *Khalifat*. Il a repris Widdin, devant laquelle avait échoué le fameux Capitan-Pacha Hucein; reconquis la Servie, que cinq ans de troubles avait soustraite à son obéissance; soumis ou fait périr tous les Pachas rebelles, les Aghas, les Aïan, qui méprisaient insolemment son autorité. Il a supprimé l'hérédité des pachaliks; les Pachas, les Aghas ont été rendus amovibles, et il a pris ses nouveaux choix parmi les personnes de l'Intérieur (le Sérail). La corruption des ministres de Selim III ayant amené la déposition de ce prince, et par suite sa fin déplorable, Sultan-Mahmoud s'est donné un Vizir sans talens et d'un esprit médiocre. Il surveille son Divan avec un soin extrême, et ne lui laisse que le simulacre du pouvoir; il dirige, il règle tout par lui-même; en un mot il est lui seul le gouvernement. Mieux et plutôt informé que ses ministres au moyen d'une agence secrète très-active, ses mesures sont prises avant que les rapports de son Grand-Vizir lui soient parvenus. Actif, laborieux, d'un secret impénétrable, observateur zélé de sa religion, fidèle à sa parole, sobre et respectant les mœurs, Sultan-Mahmoud peut être regardé à juste titre comme un phénomène pour la Turquie.

We have in some of our former papers denounced the Turks as blind, ignorant, base, cruel, and an abomination to Christianity. These alloys are the indubitable offspring of their exclusive religion, and their fettered reason. Was not the reason of every nation under heaven once fettered after the self-same manner? Was not the ancient Greek once a barbarian? the ancient Roman a lawless robber, spurning at faith, and casting honour to the winds? Was not the ancient German a pagan and a savage? the Frank and the Briton base idolaters, sacrificing human victims to their idols, and drawing omens from the writhing limbs and gurgling hearts' blood of their murdered victims? And these atrocious characteristics resulted from superstition, the constant consequence of ignorance. The light-beams of reason and education advanced civilization, though it was long retarded by religious prejudice.

When the wars of religion prevailed, Lollard and Catholic, Calvinist and Presbyterian, Albigeois and Huguenot, Image-Worshipper and Image-Breaker, fought and bled, persecuted and slaughtered; and do the Turks do worse towards their Christian fellow-creatures? Are the atrocities of the feudal system short of the atrocities committed in the Pashalics and Imams? In the former, while the lords had the uncontrolled power over life and death, the widest range was afforded to the fury and to the destroying sweep of the worst passions of the human heart. Pride, malice, hatred, jealousy, avarice, and cruelty, are sufficiently illustrated in the annals of that dismal period. But the bright sun may carry pestilence in its beams, and the dark night may scatter healing consolation from its sable plumage. Evil seldom visits this earth essentially abstracted from every quality of goodness.

goodness. The feudal system contained very much of healing virtue, and the moral system of the Osmanli contains also its qualities of redeeming grace. These, however, have not been sufficiently powerful to work improvement for the people : but the period for this consummation may not be far distant. Danger destroys the sleep of security ; adversity will ever burst the enthralling shackles of ignorance ; and no mental acquisition is so valuable as that golden wisdom instilled into man by the hand of rugged and unrelenting experience. The Osmanli is at the present moment in this precise situation. One of the greatest of his monarchs sits now under the shadow of the Sublime Porte. He lives in an age very different to those of the preceding Mohameds and Solymans ; he is becoming sensible that the isolated inheritance of the Sultans is changed into the centre of the grand politics of Europe. The Turk is not the power whom a Francis or a Charles is now seeking, through the means of his sycophantic diplomacy, as an ally ; for he is himself forced to look abroad for aid, assistance, and allies. But this aid and assistance will be sought for wisely and effectually. The truth of the saying of Kupriuli is no longer ratified in the person of the present Sultan. He has destroyed the Wahabies ; the head of Ali Pashi was hung forth from the ' gate of slaughter,' and the ranks of the exterminated Janissaries have been replenished by troops more worthy of confidence.

The Sultan has, moreover, manifested his unshrinking courage and resolution in the Greek, as well as in the present campaign against the Muscovite ; his diplomatic talent over Mehmed Ali of Egypt ; the manly and generous mercies of a noble heart in the trying moment of the Navarino defeat ; his calmness, prudence, and unfailing resources, in moments when the glory of the Turkish empire was supposed to be departing for ever, and his love of justice in protecting the property of foreign merchants, when their idle fears would have sent them, like a flock of timorous doves, from the emporiums of the east, and when his predecessors would, without one qualm of conscience, have administered, generally, the unexcepting and unqualifying mercies of the scimitar and bowstring. He has been an encourager of arts, of navigation, and of literature ; and by his measures in their favour,—measures, which have proved fatal to his royal precursors, he has stifled the keenest prejudices of the Ottomans. Lastly, he has considerably ameliorated the abject condition of the slaves, so that, according to Andreossy, the Serfs of Hungary are in a much worse and more lamentable condition than the similar classes in Turkey. He is, in short, one of those mighty geniuses, who are produced once in a thousand years to ameliorate the condition of mankind, and give their name to the age which has been honoured by their existence.

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But it has been said that religious fanaticism has been fast wearing away among the Musselmans. Than this, nothing can be more groundless, or less worthy of credit; for the truth is, that they are not yet sufficiently advanced in civilization to rise superior to the influence of that violent incentive to action. This feeling has before given them sufficient strength to beat the armies of the north and the west; and it will again become a weapon in their hands, wherewith to crush their bitterest foes. They will fight for the fame of their Prophet, and the graves of their fathers, and will most assuredly again repel and send in ignominious flight from the field of battle, the panic-stricken armies of their Russian assailants.—The religious fanaticism of the Turks is the patriotic enthusiasm of more western nations.

It is now time that we turn to Persia.

Though the regular army of the Persians be small, the country is most difficult of invasion or conquest. Leaving out of the question the astonishing scarcity of water, the Persians are capable of giving such a reception to the Muscovite hordes, as they themselves once gave the French on the occasion of their memorable and disastrous retreat from Moscow. Prince Abbas Mirza has organized an army of somewhere near 80,000 men after the European discipline, and the registered militia amounts to about 70 or 80,000 cavalry, and 150,000 infantry: and when we consider that every man is a soldier by habit, and that there are innumerable tribes of rugged, untamable wanderers, who would shed the last drop of their blood for those hills and vallies, endeared to their hearts, by the enthralling superstitions of youth, and the tenderest recollections of manhood, we may naturally conclude, that Persia is a country invulnerable either to the force, or the golden bribes of any European assailant*. Persia, to be subjugated, must be civilized, and that consummation must be the work of centuries, inasmuch as she has, of late years, rather retrograded than advanced in the

* The following is the numeration of the armies of Persia, by Messrs. Brui and Balbi. It is to be found in their '*Carte Générale de la Perse et des Contrées Limitrophes*,' Paris, 1827.

"Le royaume de Perse entretient une armée très nombreuse, qu'on peut porter à 255,000 hommes, la plupart de cavalerie. Dans ce nombre il faut distinguer l'*armée royale* et l'*armée des provinces* ou les *milices*. La première est payée par le roi; elle est forte de 80,000 hommes, la plupart montés sur des chevaux superbes. On y doit ajouter le corps de 25,000 hommes presque tous à la solde d'Abbas Mirza, et exercés à l'européenne par des officiers anglais et français; il forme la plus grande force de l'armée persane. Les milices sont payées par les provinces; M. Jaubert les évalue à 150,000 hommes. Ces soldats sont exercés à des époques fixes et à de très longs intervalles. Ils peuvent se livrer à des métiers et vivre dans les campagnes, à condition de se rendre à leur poste au premier appel. L'artillerie est très peu nombreuse et en mauvais état. M. Heindestamm dit qu'il n'y a que 3 compagnies d'artilleurs organisées et exercées à l'européenne. Depuis long tems on se sert en Perse, comme en Boukharie, de petites pièces montées sur des chameaux.

"Le royaume n'entretient aucune armée navale, pas même de petits bâtimens pour protéger ses côtes.

path of intellectual culture; and, indeed, ere any form or order can be introduced into the country, Alcides must assume a second incarnation, for the purpose of cleansing all their abominable Augean stables of dreadful corruption, in religion, in morals, and in polity. But even supposing that civilization were practicable, the time necessary for its effectual operation would be so considerable, that many mighty revolutions may have worked their evils in Russia, and shattered the empire of the haughty Czars into fragments. That Persia was conquered by the armies of the 'Macedon youth,' is most true; but Persia was then a compact kingdom, and the inhabitants obeyed *him* for want of some other claimant, whose title should be more inde-feasible. At present the country is divided amongst a thousand tribes of hardy warriors, ready and capable of hurling destruction through the ranks of any insolent invader. It may be said that Paul and Napoleon, during their crude visions of extended empire, dreamed of India as added to their possessions. Their intention was to force a large army through Persia and the neighbouring provinces to the Ganges, as though the passage were along some legionary road of ancient Rome, or that more famous road of 'asphaltic slime' of yet older time, of the execution of which the poet has left the record in his memorable pages.

The last, however, is a truer comparison than will, at the first blush, appear; for the bridge of 'asphaltic slime' was that which lead to hell gate, and, consequently, to perdition; and confident we are, that the projected imperial passage to the Ganges would lead to the latter, at least, with an equal degree of assurance. When, however, the 'joint-stock' scheme was concocted, Napoleon had not had his repulse in Russia, and *there* may be seen the catalogue, in miniature, of the miseries likely to be endured along this passage by an invading army of Europeans. There would be the ridges of the Caucasus with the guerrilla warfare of their savage inhabitants; and there would be the passage of the Araxes, and streams innumerable, at the commencement of their expedition. Then the armies of the Shah must be subdued, and provisions and supplies must be obtained, which the deserted towns and villages, and the wasted fields, could never furnish—then the harassing assaults of the innumerable and indomitable tribes of native wanderers must be sustained and repulsed—then the sandy wastes of Beloochistan must be traversed, which would, remorselessly, embowel the greater number of the horses and artillery-train, and baggage waggons, within its arid depths—then, too, the high mountains of India

"On ne saurait rien dire de positif sur les revenus du royaume. En combinant les différentes opinions émises sur ce sujet, il paraît qu'on pourrait évaluer tout au plus à 80,000,000 de francs ses revenus. On dit que le roi actuel possède un trésor immense en lingots d'or, en bijoux, en perles et autres effets précieux, gardés dans son palais à Teheran."

must

must be scaled, and the Indus must be crossed, whilst the army must show an invulnerable front to the biting, devouring, pestilential diseases common to the marshes and rank soil of the low country. Last of all, the many stout-bodied and disciplined forces of the native powers and the East India Company must be encountered and overcome. Need we, after this, say that, for a besieging army that passage will be impracticable*?

We are almost tempted to quote here the excellent and concluding reflections in M. Klaproth's work on the Caucasus; but we refrain on account of the want of space. It is entitled, 'On the Position of the Russians in the Caucasian Provinces, and on their Wars with the Persians.' In it the author most clearly points out the difficulties under which the Muscovites labour in maintaining the country, and the nature of those enormous expenses which every war with the Shah entails upon the government. We can recommend it to the most attentive perusal of our readers.

There are, however, two or three other projected passages to the East, which are worthy of consideration. The powers in Russia have been, for some years, sending out regular scouts towards India, in order that they may report on the fruitfulness of the soil, and the practicability of a mercantile intercourse with the countries of the East. The old writers of Greece speak of such an intercourse between the Caspian and the Orient—the intercourse, indeed, was an indubitable fact—and the Russians of the present day have therefore bethought them of reviving it. In the year 1813, a mission was accordingly despatched, by the government, to the Sultan of Fegana, with the view of establishing a facility in traffic:—imprisonment, however, was the welcome given to M. Nazarov, on his arrival; and the attempt, consequently, proved abortive.

Another embassy was, in 1820, forwarded from Orenburg to Bokhara, under M. Negri, with an abundant suite, and an armed retinue. Of their adventures, the Baron de Meyendorff is the historian. The distance to be traversed was about 1000 miles. From Orenburg they proceeded by the Moughsdjar mountains to the Jaxartes, and thence to their place of destination. In this journey they suffered hardships and privations innumerable. Water failed them. They fed on hard and stale biscuits for nearly the whole distance; and for seventy days they traversed a wilderness of moving sands: their camels died—their horses were starved, their waggons lost,—and the men were nearly

* The following was Aga Mahomed's language to his Vizir:—'Can a man of your wisdom,' said the cunning King, 'believe I will ever run my head against their walls of steel, or expose my irregular army to be destroyed by their cannon and disciplined troops? I know better. Their shot shall never reach me; but they shall possess no country beyond its range. They shall not know sleep; and let them march when they choose, I will surround them with a desert!'

driven to desperation from the maddening effects of hunger and thirst. On the very day of their arrival at Bokhara, the successor of the celebrated 'Rag-Gatherer' put the mission into prison, where, being detained for nearly three months, they were most unceremoniously desired to leave the capital without delay. They gladly took the hint, and departed.

In 1819-20, General Yermoloff sent a Captain Mouraviev to Khiva. This Captain must have been a bold man to act up to the General's bidding; for there was on record a certain act of the Turcomans, towards one Prince Bekevich, which demonstrated pretty clearly that those heathens were no respecters of persons, inasmuch as they cared less for a Russian Prince than many a young English beauty does for her ribboned poodle dog. They absolutely flayed him, and made a drum head of his skin: thus giving a warning to all Russian princes how they blindly entrust their bodies to the tender mercies of the Turkomanian hordes. The Captain went, attended by two domestics only; and, crossing the Caspian to the gulph of Balkan, he directed his journey across the desert, which reaches to the western shores of the sea of Aral. After a journey of sixteen days, he arrived at the point of destination; but, because he had taken certain drawings on his journey, which fact was mentioned to the Khan, the Captain was instantly sent to prison, where his imagination immediately conjured before him the sufferings of the unfortunate Bekevich, and he thought he must of necessity undergo a similar operation. He was, however, more fortunate than his predecessor; for, being desired to return back with all despatch, without waiting for a second bidding, he took the good Turcoman at his word, and departed. Two things more, however, we must mention in reference to this journey: the Khan rejected all terms of conciliation; and, on the Captain's return, the roads were covered with the carcasses of exhausted and dead beasts of burden, and the stiff bodies of famished and frozen travellers.

The routes then from the Gulph of Balkan to Khiva, and from Orenburg to Bokhara, can scarcely be those which the Russians would choose to traverse. If these roads be found so full of difficulty to small parties of travellers, how stupendous would the obstacles be in regard to a numerous and invading army! We may as well mention, that should Persia at any time, through caprice, whim, or any fantastic crotchet, think fit to join the Russians in an Indian invasion, or even to allow to their armies a safe passage through her territories, and, therefore, be a party abetting in such invasion, her empire must prove an easy prey to the anticipatory movements of our eastern forces. She is as effectually in our power at this day—thanks to the incursions of Peter the Great, and his succeeding autocrats, as ever

was

van Wales, in its weakest moment, in the power of its Norman neighbour. The British lion in the East has only to stretch out either one of its paws and brain its victim in a moment, and on the spot. God forbid that England should ever be so far forgetful of her own just character, as wastefully to commit an infraction on the law of nations! yet it is pleasant to think that it holds the rod in its own hands, and that the monarch of Persia is right well aware of his delicate situation!

The same observations will apply to the passages by Khorasan, Candahar, and Moultan, and by the coast of the Persian Gulph, and up the Indus to Tatta. Independently, however, of all other considerations for the task, we have a positive safeguard and defence in our shipping. While England remains the mistress of the seas, that road is hermetically sealed.

There is one point, indeed, in India, which has been vulnerable. By this, Timour and Baber and Nadir Shah respectively entered on their Indian conquests. The point in question is where the mountains of Caubul open into Great Bukaria, near to the sources of the Indus. The East India Company should keep this passage better guarded than it really is; for it is the Dariel-gate into their possessions and royalties. But, even here, the Russians can never gain entrance, unless joined, by an unanimous movement of all the tribes which swarm the deserts between Kiev and Bokhara, and Samarcand and Attock. This union, however, would be a miracle; for, independently of the constant prevalence of bitter political hostility between the neighbouring tribes, there are animosities which exist, on account of religious differences, and these would never allow of union or confederacy. But, supposing that even this were practicable, another consideration must of necessity force itself on the attention of an invading army; for, after they had arrived at Attock, where would be, in case of a defeat, their 'point d'appui'?—in case of retreat and salvation? Are they to be like the wretched French, when scampering back across the stream of the Niemen, the destined feast for the pursuing and hungry vulture; or do they expect to bring trailing behind them all the defences and appliances of the abandoned head-quarters in their native country, like our worthy friend, the Bailie, who was for always having the comforts of the Salt Market pinned to his coat-tail? We must be of the opinion, that the fugitives would be felled down like so many beasts at a butcher's shambles, by their own treacherous allies, who would strip them and plunder them,—then glory in the deed, and think it excellent. The lion, or the nobler animal, may be tamed, but the tiger will, under every circumstance and show of

of kindness, preserve its ferocity; there are ravenous beasts, whose nature it were impossible to change, and of that number may be reckoned the robber hordes of Kergees and the Turkomans.

The above observations are equally applicable to the route from the Isshir to Fergana and Attock; and they, in our opinion, answer all the plans laid down by Colonel Evans in his book for the invasion and conquest of India.

But M. le Chevalier Gamba requires, before we conclude, a few words at our hands. This gentleman was French Consul at Tiflis, and wishing to achieve something which would redound to his eternal glory, he bethought him of a plan whereby England might be deprived of her commerce and maritime supremacy, in favour of continental Europe generally, and France in particular. Russia, throughout his pages, is incessantly bedaubed with praise—in this, however, he has been excellently well followed by a certain cunning physician accoucheur from our own metropolis; who, though he have an English name, is yet an Italian by birth; and who, whatever that name may be, loves to see tagged to its tail all the letters of the alphabet ‘*en hieroglyphyque*.’ This is, however, about as harmless a folly as Romeo Coates’ crest of the Golden Cock, with the appended motto. But M. le Chevalier Gamba was, after all, a luckier man than the accoucheur of London; for he actually obtained a considerable grant of land on the beautiful banks of the Phasis, where the good knight means to obey ‘the bent of inclination,’ by dabbling in the manufacture and improvement of Georgian wines, and living out his days ‘*en grand seigneur*.’

M. le Chevalier Gamba’s plans, however, are by no means new—they were long ago tried, and they failed. Such as they are, we give them, for the benefit of our readers. After expressing his surprise that England should be so unconscionable as to retain that commercial pre-eminence, which by ages of industry she has acquired, the worthy consul assumes quite an oracular tone, and says—‘*Deux moyens s’offrent pour contre-balancer la puissance de l’Angleterre, et ce mot puissance doit être pris dans l’acceptation la plus étendue, comprendre argent, crédit, commerce, navigation, population, colonies, forces de terre et de mer.*’ The first is—‘not an armed but a pacific neutrality,’ which might bind all the nations of Europe by the interests of an extensive commerce. This measure would be as impossible as universal peace, or any other unnatural or Jerry-Benthamite proposition. The chevalier may be a good political economist; but we venture to say, he is no observer of the human mind, or of human passions.

The next measure is to make the Black Sea the grand medium of Asiatic commerce; so that, in case of a maritime war, it might be

be exactly in that condition which it had attained previously to the discovery of America and the Cape of Good Hope.

Thus, in case of a maritime war, the traffic would be conducted over land or by rivers; the troublesome, dilatory, and expensive passage of the Dardanelles would be avoided—all premiums of insurance would be saved—a prudent foresight, or what the chevalier calls '*des sages combinaisons*,' would induce the merchants to be moderate in the charges of transport—and then, if every facility were to be given to the passage of merchandise by the Danube, it would come by the Rhine to Strasburg, which would thus become the central emporium of western Europe; whence again it might be distributed generally to Holland by the Rhine, to the Mediterranean by a communicating canal between the Doubs, the Saône, and the Rhône, and to the Ocean, by the projected canal between the Marne and the Rhine, by St. Dizier. Thus, exclaims the Chevalier Gamba—in this moment of expanded philanthropy—thus, would there be a junction between the Euxine, the Northern Seas, the Mediterranean, and the Ocean; thus would the civilization of Asia be brought to counterbalance the emancipation of America. After this we have the argument '*ad misericordiam*' set forth in a most moving figure—Occidental Asia—'*toute entière—depuis l'Indus jusqu'à la Méditerranée*'—(the chevalier loves to be particular in giving us the precise dimensions) stretches forth to Europe her supplicating hands!—while Turkey is first made to sit on the ruins of some half dozen empires—then to kick down and trample under foot some half dozen kings—then to crumble away under the kicks of some half dozen of her own pashas—added to the affliction of her '*guerres intestines*,' which, we suppose, to be an hyperbole for the diarrhœa! After this, who shall gainsay to the chevalier the credit of being a first-rate rhetorician?

Our original intention was to have said something about the Chevalier's travels in Southern Russia, and the commerce of the Black Sea: but we have already exceeded our given limits, and must hasten to a conclusion. This we cannot do better than by directing the attention of the reader to the learned M. Klaproth's work on the Caucasian mountains.* In the section headed '*Projets fabuleux d'un Commerce par terre avec l'Inde*,' we find the following passage, which is worthy of quotation.

'England, by her insular position, is beyond all danger from invasion: at the first alarm of war she can attack Europe at all points, without running the least risk as to her own safety. A glance at the map of the world will demonstrate the truth of this assertion. The

* We have lately read in the journals, that the Emperor Nicholas has commissioned Baron Humboldt to proceed to the Caucasus, for the purpose of reporting on that extensive district.

possession of the isle of Heligoland affords her the means of destroying the commerce of North Germany. The Channel, Jersey, and Guernsey, are stations from which she can attack France: no vessel can navigate the Mediterranean without her permission, and without passing under the cannon of Gibraltar, of Malta, or of Corfu: it is probable that if Russia threatened to take possession of Constantinople, an English garrison would make seizure of the forts in the Dardanelles, which inexpugnable position would secure to England the most certain means of excluding Russian vessels from the Mediterranean, and of paralyzing, on that side, the Muscovite power. St. Helena and the Cape have become important military stations: by the latter, the English command the channel of Mozambique; they possess the islands of Tristan d'Acunha, and of the Ascension, as also the isle of France: they exercise a considerable influence at Madagascar, and thus surround the whole of Africa. In India, England rules over about 80,000,000 of inhabitants. Singapore is the centre of a maritime power in the parts adjacent to the islands of La Sonde: English colonies people New Holland, New Zealand, and Van Diemen's Land; the commerce of England is already considerable in the Pacific, and the period is perhaps not very remote when, from this point, she will command the entire north-west coast of America. By the station of Halifax in Nova Scotia, the English rule over the northern portion of the Atlantic: by that of Jamaica they are masters of the Gulf of Mexico, and the Bermudas form the point of union for these two stations. The principal part of the Antilles belong to England, thus enabling her at any time to lay the island of Cuba under blockade; and her influence in all South America and in Mexico is decided. Thus, then, England surrounds the two hemispheres with a formidable power, which she can direct at will; a power, which secures to her not only the means of immediately attacking the colonies of such people as should declare against her, but also of attacking the coasts of these people themselves, and of penetrating to the centre of their possessions.

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‘Those who, in our own times, have dreamed of the advantages of a commerce over land with India, have not reflected that the merchandise brought to Europe by ships belonging to the English company, and to individuals, is for the greater part entirely foreign to Hindostan, and this is the only part of the Asiatic possessions of Great Britain, to which Russian arms or caravans could ever reach; for to arrive at the others, a marine would be necessary, and neither frigates nor merchant vessels can be transported by Persia into the Indian sea. Cotton and indigo would be the only productions sent to Europe by caravans; since, by the land carriage, rice, saltpetre, sugar, and other articles of great weight, would become too dear. Bengal opium would not find so profitable a sale in Europe as in Southern China, where it is in great request among the smokers; whereas with us it is used only in medicine. The other productions of Hindostan,

Hindustan, which are received in Europe, are ginger, carraway seeds, borax, gum lac, dye, nux vomica, saffron stuffs, and other articles, which yield a profit when they reach Europe by sea; but would be insufficient to nourish a commerce through Persia, the establishment of which must be highly expensive. A great part of the merchandise brought from India by English vessels, is *not* derived from the Peninsula on this side the Ganges. Ceylon furnishes cinnamon; pepper is procured from Sumatra, Borneo, Malacca, and the coasts of the Gulf of Siam. The various kinds of camphor are brought from Sumatra, Borneo, and China, which latter country furnishes tea, musk, cassia, dragon's blood, porcelain, lucker-work, cottons, and silks. The Molucca isles produce cloves, nutmeg, and mace. Essential oils are there extracted from all kinds of drugs, as also from cajeput, and sago grows there in equal abundance; gamboge comes from Cambodia and China; benzoin is a product of the kingdom of Siam and of the island of Sumatra. The *curama* of Bengal is less valued than that of Java and China. Aloes come from East Africa, and chiefly from the isle of Socotra, situated by the channel which leads to the entrance of the Red Sea: another species of this gum is found in the mountainous country near the Cape of Good Hope, which is nearly covered with the plant which produces aloes. The coffee of Asia does not grow in Hindostan, but comes from Moca in Arabia, from Sumatra, Java, and the island of Bourbon. The eastern coasts of Africa, Egypt, and Arabia, offer to the merchant, shells, colombo root, frankincense, various kinds of resinous gums used in medicine; gum arabic, gall nuts, sal ammoniac, and a thousand other articles useful and rare. But the East India Company does not only import the productions of the eastern hemisphere; those of America, in like manner, arrive by their ships, and they have a considerable traffic in cochineal, which is sought for in South America. This merchandise is in great request throughout Asia; and hence an attempt was made to transplant the insect to India, but with indifferent success; for the little cochineal which is there obtained, contains no great quantity of dye, is very inferior to that of New Spain, and is only fit for dyeing the coarsest goods.'

The trade of Hither-India consisted principally of very fine cottons, of which the manufacture was a secret to Europe. But the case is now altered—a quantity being, indeed, sent towards the Red Sea, the Malaccas, and Philippines, while England is enabled to buy the raw material in the native market, convey it for home-fabrication, and afterwards, by retransportation, to compete with the manufacturer in his own market. The large ships of the East India Company are of 1200 tons, and by a calculation of M. Klaproth, a cargo equal to that of a vessel of the above capacity, would require, for land conveyance, 2,400 chariots, and 120 men, besides an army in the shape of escort, or a train and caravan of 4,000 camels and 400 conductors, be-
sides

sides the necessary and armed safeguard. It may be imagined, then, that Russia could gain little good, even though India were lost to us.

But, strange to say, a party has been of late years organized in this country, for the avowed purpose of destroying our Oriental Settlements and Colonies. This they are endeavouring to accomplish, by undermining the power of the East India Company. The present is not precisely the opportunity, nor is our journal precisely the place for the discussion of this matter; yet we feel satisfied, and are ready to prove, that the non-renewal of the Company's Charter will in all probability be the death-doom of our Eastern possessions.

But to return to Russia: Rumours are abroad that she is again leading her armies into the field—but she does so for her own destruction. She has lately made some most extravagant proposals to Turkey, for the settlement of differences and disputes—an acknowledgment of Russian superiority in the Black Sea—a full indemnity for the war, and the free surrender to herself of Servia, Greece, Wallachia, and Moldavia, until the indemnity shall be paid; when the two latter being delivered back to their rightful owner, the two former shall remain under the protection of Russia. This last will be equivalent to complete possession—as she would, doubtlessly, play towards them the same part as she formerly did towards the Cossacks of the Ukraine, in the time of Uladislaus VII. King of Poland. But ripening age brings ripening wisdom, and the Turks now know well how to estimate all treaties with the Russian. The Autocrat is not now either a savage or a boor—nor does he sleep with a Minister for his pillow*—but, nursed in the lap of luxury, he begins to feel the emasculating, effeminizing influences of civilization; and while he is retrograding in moral vigour, the Osmanli is increasing his strength by an altered course of life. He has arrived at his grand climacteric.—With a full exchequer, and a well-equipped army of 300,000 men, he is prepared for the worst which the Emperor of all the Russias may undertake or attempt, in the bursting plenitude of pride, passing that of Xerxes.

* "Hors de ses résidences, le pont d'un vaisseau, le plancher d'une cabane, la terre nue, lui servent de lit; parfois de la paille, quand il s'en trouve; sinon, il appuie sa tête sur son officier d'ordonnance, qu'il a fait concher au travers de lui, et dont le devoir est de rester immobile et impassible dans cette position, comme le meuble qu'il remplace."
—*Segur's Histoire de Russie*, p. 501.

ART. II.—Fr. Creuzer, *Symbolik und Mythologie*. Darmstadt, 1819—21.

SINCE Heyne wrote his notes to Apollodorus, a number of works on the subject of Mythology have appeared in Germany. The scholars and philosophers who have followed that eminent individual, have proved such worthy labourers in the same field of erudite investigation, that we deem it incumbent upon us to give some account of their acts and discoveries.*

If Mythology were only a chaos of mental aberrations—a rude ‘limbo’ of strange fancies, and inane dreams of gods and goddesses, as it was once considered, we might then, indeed, wonder how the Germans could waste their days in such inept bedlamite inquiries, which, like the Gothic passages of romantic fable, in most cases, lead to nothing—how they could make themselves ridiculous, like the philosopher of old, who sat down to consider in what manner sawdust might be rendered into a composition of deal boards, and the spider’s filmy web into the substance of stout broad cloth. But mythic tales and classical fable have been discovered to contain matters of the gravest import and meaning. Mythology is, indeed, the *rerum divinarum atque humanarum scientia* of the most remote antiquity, (so Hermann has happily called it,) and ceasing therefore to be an object of frivolous curiosity only, it has become an important branch of the science of antiquity, and now fully deserves the deepest attention of the divine, the philosopher, and the historian.

Two important considerations ought to induce us to pay attention to Mythology; the *first* is, that every ancient nation—the Indian, Persian, Egyptian, as well as the Greek, has its distinct system of religious fable: the *second* point worthy of remark is, that such systems have been the work of ages, the sacred legacy of generations unmentioned in the pages of history. It is only by the thread of Mythology, that we can retrace the knowledge of the earliest periods of the human race; it gives us a clue to times and transactions of which no monument has been left. Mythology, in a word, is the venerable porch by which we enter the sanctuary of history.

Man, destitute of revelation, without traditional knowledge, previously to the formation of civilized society, must have viewed with awe and wonder the objects which surrounded him. He was overpowered by the number of phenomena, which acted

* For a full account of the Life and Writings of the celebrated Heyne, see the Fourth number of this Journal.

upon

upon his senses; the sun and moon moving alternately through the heavens by day and by night, the boundless ocean, and the towering mountains, must have struck this weak and helpless being with silent and soul-subduing terror. He was ready to worship whatever surpassed him in power, whatever could thwart his views—whatever, according to his high-wrought fancy, smiled with benignance on his secret purpose. He heard the breath of Divinity in every part of nature, but could not distinguish a divine being from nature itself. Such a distinction presupposes already a considerable progress of the human mind.

When divine beings were conceived separately from nature and its powers, it is probable that mountains were first considered as the seats of divinities. Behind the mountain rises the sun in the morning; the lightning dashes from the mountain through the trembling air; upon its cloudy summits, then, Divinity must be enthroned in inaccessible majesty. The Indians had their holy mountain *Meru*; Jupiter sat upon *Olympus*,* and the Phœnician Cosmogonies point to the *Lebanon*. The most ancient temples were built upon the tops of mountains, and there the first sacrifices were offered to the gods.

When the dark and indefinite feeling of the omnipotence of divine nature had given way to the acknowledgment of distinct divinities, visible signs of these hidden powers became necessary. The serpent, the bull, the fire, became symbols of Divinity; means of appeasing the anger of gods, or of conciliating their favour, were contrived, and these means again were of a typical character. Those who were supposed to possess an intimate acquaintance with the powers and laws of nature, and a knowledge of the symbols of divinity, and of the symbolical rites with which the divinity was worshipped, were the first philosophers and priests: the dignity of a philosopher was united with the sacerdotal functions, because the knowledge of nature, and of divinity, was as yet undivided. The priests were supposed to comprehend what was incomprehensible to the people; their holy words (*ιεροι λόγοι*) were unintelligible to the vulgar mind. Their opinions on the origin of the world, and on the powers of nature, were uttered necessarily in a language which the generality could not understand. From these philosophical speculations originated that body of traditions, which we comprehend under the general name of Mythology.

The impossibility of expressing adequately the notions, which men in those ages entertained, of divinity or nature, would also

* Hermann derives *αἴθρας* from *ἔγειν* (to raise) *ἔρος* (mountain). Thus, in English, *heaven* is derived from *heave*, i. e. to raise.

naturally

naturally compel them to make use of figurative language, to resort to symbols, and to give to their words a holy mysterious sense. The eastern nations, especially, are remarkable for taciturnity, are swayed by strong and fiery passions, and seldom open their mouths, save for the utterance of dark sayings and mysterious parables.

Creuzer, professor at Heidelberg, whose work on Symbolism is certainly the most elaborate and comprehensive, which has appeared for a long time, takes a more general view of Mythology. On the supposition that the whole human race is descended from one common parent, and consequently, that all the nations of the earth have arisen from one primitive people, it seems probable, that certain ideas and notions have been transmitted from age to age, and from one people to another; and considering that human nature is, with reference to Divinity and to the universe, the same in all ages, and under all climates, certain primitive notions must have been expressed by the different peoples all over the world. Those ideas and notions have consequently their origin in the nature of man, and their utterance may be considered a universal language of that nature. Hence mythology is, according to *Creuzer's* definition, the knowledge of the universal language of nature, as expressed by certain symbols.

We hardly need to observe, that this definition is rather vague and obscure. He supposes the religious *feeling*, which, in his opinion, is synonymous with the universal language of nature, to have been the primitive soil, upon which the tree of mythology, with its varied branches, sprang up. Yet mythology does not seem, in those early ages, to be so much a spontaneous effusion of the human mind, or a dark unconscious feeling, as the work and produce of reflection. The human race felt a desire to account for its own origin, the creation of the world, and the government of the universe; this is evident from the cosmogonical theories, which stand at the head of every mythology. The process of such philosophical speculations must naturally have led to theological doctrines; for philosophy in an ascendant line must become theology; nevertheless, we have reason to maintain, that mythology is neither exclusively nor originally theology. When *Creuzer* afterwards asserts, that all mythology was in its beginning grounded upon monotheism, and that monotheism may be traced in the mythology of every people, we cannot help thinking that he assumes a fact, which is not borne out by the evidence of history. Monotheism denotes an advancement of human intellect, a metaphysical acuteness, which we cannot expect from mankind in its rude infancy.

By

By showing that philosophy was the main spring of mythology, and that in its progress it became interwoven with theology, we have already expressed our dissent, not only from Creuzer, but also from those who can see nothing in mythology but a heap of unmeaning fables. Such a shallow view, to be sure, cuts the knot at once, and renders all study of mythology superfluous. Let them prove the impossibility of a recondite meaning, if they be able to do so. It seems more natural to suppose, that those who first used a symbolical language, knew what they meant to say; their descendants may have forgotten the primitive meaning, or have substituted another sense to the symbol, or fable; still nobody can suppose mythology to be mere fiction, or play of imagination, except those who have never taken the trouble to unravel the secret. The existence of an historical element will be generally admitted; indeed, some ancient philosophers, as *Euhemerus*, thought, that the whole mythology was grounded upon real events. Natural occurrences, and the exploits of heroes or nations, have undoubtedly been dressed up in a mythological garment, but they do not form the exclusive object of it. Whatever in the universe, or in the history of mankind, or of a particular people, could not be accounted for, gave a scope to imagination, and hypotheses were formed as incomprehensible and inexplicable as that which it was intended to explain. This will always happen whenever we attempt to know those matters, which Providence, in its wise purpose, has placed beyond the ken of human attainment.

Philosophy, religion, history, and poetry, are the component parts of mythology. At particular periods the one may have predominated over the other, but mythology was never exclusively philosophical, or theological, or historical, or poetical, but a combination of all these different elements.

It becomes now of importance to lay down the principle which is to be followed in the interpretation of mythology. Creuzer draws a general comparison of the mythology of all the ancient people, and whenever he finds the same sign, he infers the existence of the same idea. Thus the bull is, throughout the whole mythology, no matter whether Persian, Egyptian, or Grecian, always a symbol of the sun. In the last instance, when all direct evidence forsakes him, Creuzer invariably appeals to his inward sense and intuition, as the unerring guide of his researches. *Hermann*, on the other hand, shows, that personification and allegory are the elements of mythology, and consequently, that etymology is the only safe guide in the interpretation of mythological subjects. He illustrates what is meant by personification, and allegory, with a very appropriate example.

example. He says, 'If a flood of water be designated by what is running on, or *ἰὼ* in Greek, then the name is given from the quality, and this is Personification. If, from the windings of the flood, we call this *ἰὼ* the horned, this is done again on the principle of Personification. But if, after having given horns to *ἰὼ*, we call it a cow, then we take a name from another thing which possesses some quality in common with *ἰὼ* the water-flood, and this is Allegory.'

What was meant in an allegorical sense was often taken literally. Thus when the Tarquinians asked the oracle at Delphi who would rule at Rome after the death of their father, the priestess told them, 'he who kisses his mother first.' Brutus ran down the mountain, stumbled, and his lips touched the earth.

Allegory and personification lead to the distinction of sexes. If the earth be our mother, to whom is she wedded will be the natural question. Hence we get male and female gods, (*ἑὸς ἄρσεν*, and *Θήλεια θεός*, Il. viii. 7,) and generations of gods. They are actuated by love and hatred, and all the desires and passions of men and their actions become subjects of fabulous accounts. The succession of causes and events was usually represented by genealogies; though the common people must soon have lost sight of their original intent.

All the nations of antiquity embodied originally their knowledge in fables. These were handed down from age to age, and from generation to generation, but, as may naturally be expected, they were changed, corrupted, curtailed, and enlarged. One tradition was engrafted upon the other, one nation borrowed from the other, and heterogeneous fables have often coalesced. The mythologist must therefore proceed upon an analytical method; he must endeavour to find out the birth-place and the original meaning of the fables; he must disentangle the traditions of one country from those of another. Analogies may lead him wrong; the fable of one creed can have a directly opposite meaning from what may be implied from apparently similar fables of another belief. This will suffice to show, that the task of the mythologist is not an easy one.

Creuzer's work, in point of mythological research, most deservedly ranks high in Germany. He is an accomplished scholar; but, his imagination being more powerful than his reason, he has exceeded his mark. His mythology is of so ductile a sort that it can be stretched to any length, or into any form; a solution is ready for every difficulty, problem, or question. We were forcibly reminded in the perusal of his work of the iron-

work island of Rabelais, where swords grow from the trees, and scabbards spring like mushrooms from the earth, but so exactly under them, that every ripe sword falls exactly into its own scabbard without missing its mark, even by a hair's breadth.

Professor Creuzer has divided his work into four parts. Part 1. contains a general description of Symbolism and Mythology, and an ethnographic exposition of gods and their worship: it treats, in separate chapters, of the religion of Egypt, of India, and of the Medo-Persians. Part 2. treats of the religion of middle Asia and Asia minor, of the religion of Carthage, and of the origin of the religious institutions in Greece. He describes the most ancient religion of Greece—the worship of the Pelasgi upon Lemnos and Samothracia; gives an account of Homer and Hesiod, and a general survey of the Greek divinities; and concludes with the old-Italic religions, especially that of the Etruscans. Part 3. begins with the Greek doctrine of heroes and dæmons, treats of the religion and mysteries of Bacchus, of Pan, and the Muses, Amor and Psyche, and the Erotic festivals at Thespiæ, of Ceres and Proserpine, the Thesmophoriæ, and the Eleusinian festivals. Part 4. resumes the worship of Ceres and Proserpine, and expounds the Eleusinian mysteries, &c.

The whole drift of the work is to prove the oriental origin of the Greek Mythology, and to show the connection of its religious establishments with those of India, Persia, Egypt, Phœnicia, Phrygia, Samothrace, and Thrace. From these countries the Greeks received their system of cosmogony and their theological ideas. Before the times of Homer and Hesiod, a powerful and wise priesthood had been established in Greece, whose doctrines were laid down in fables of deep and recondite significance; but the power and authority of the priesthood were broken with the monarchical government, and the establishment of republics in Greece. The poets began to tack a bewildering number of fictions upon the sacerdotal fables; they were no longer understood by the people, but their secret meaning was preserved by the sacred number of the initiated into the Eleusinian, Samothracian, and other mysteries; and never entirely lost sight of by the philosophers and historians, till Plotinus, Porphyry, Iamblichus, Proclus and other new-light Platonic philosophers brought it again into notice, in order to prove that the ancient philosophy and religion were not excelled by the maxims of Christianity.

We shall not attempt to follow Creuzer through the whole of his work, but shall content ourselves with giving a specimen of the manner in which he endeavours to prove the oriental origin of

of Greek Mythology, and of his way of expounding some of the fables; we shall afterwards introduce a sketch of the various systems of mythology which prevail at present in Germany, and explain how far we coincide or disagree with the learned Professor at Heidelberg.

The principal authority for establishing the foreign origin of religious institutions in Greece is Herodotus. He mentions Egypt as the country whence the Greeks received their gods, their religious worship, and their ceremonies.

The Argives had traditions of Inachus, Io, Epaphus, and Danaus, which all refer to Egypt.

The people of Megara recognized Lelex, an Egyptian, as one of their ancestors. Paus. Att. xxxix. 5.

Orpheus was the priest of the Thracian and Samothracian colonies; and Herodotus (II. 81.) declares Orphic and Egyptian Theology to be identical. He moreover mentions (II. 51.) that the Athenians received religious instruction from the Pelasgi in Thrace. Cecrops of Chemmis in Egypt brought a colony to Athens. No importance is to be attached to the circumstance that the names of the Greek gods are all of Greek origin; for the Greeks translated the Egyptian names into their language. (Conf. *Plato Critias*, p. 113 a, p. 157, ed. Bekker.)

Herodotus mentions Lydia as the country whence the Greeks received their worship of Poseidon. (II. 50.) Cadmus came from Tyre in Phœnicia to Bœotia, and instructed Melampus in religious ceremonies. Pelops proceeded to Argos from Phrygia. A religious connexion between Scythia and Greece seems to be ascertained by the fable of the Caucasian Prometheus, by the worship of the Artemis Taurica, and the presents which the Hyperboreans sent to Delos and Dodona, and the supposed intercourse of Pythagoras with Zamolxis.

The religious doctrines travelled from Egypt and Phœnicia, by the way of Phrygia, to the Pelasgic Samothrace. This island lay midway between Asia and Europe, and was therefore a convenient place for communication between the two continents. Hence we find there the Dactyli, Corybantes, Cabiri, Curetes, Telchines, &c. who are all mythical personifications, and refer especially to such arts or sciences as were of importance to islanders, as knowledge of stars, navigation, and the working of iron.

The worship of the Cabiri was from Egypt, introduced by the Phœnicians into Greece. The Cabiri were the *seven planets*, with *Phthas* at their head, who was called the Great, the Eternal Breath of the Universe.

Four Cabiri were equally worshipped as the four great planets

planets and the four elements. The Scholion to Apollon. Rhod. gives us a *Trias* :

Axieros (the Great, Phthas.)
 Axiokersos (the Producer, Mars.)
 Axiokersa (the Bearer, Venus.)

Harmonia is the daughter of Mars and Venus; this means, that the harmony of the universe arises from discord (Mars) and concord (Venus).* The philosophers Empedocles and Heraclitus adopted this principle of the Orphic Theology.

From Samothrace this doctrine came to Greece. Homer (Odys. viii. 266.) alludes to it.

Pherecydes describes the Cabiri as sons of *Hephæstus* and *Cabira*, the daughter of *Proteus*. They were also considered as protecting divinities upon the Ocean. Fire, iron, sea, wind, are objects of importance to seafaring people. Hence the Romans worshipped *Castor* and *Pollux* as Cabiri.

Another opinion was prevalent among the Greeks; they took *Axieros* for *Ceres*, *Axiokersos* for *Proserpine*, and *Casmilus* (the servant of god) for *Iacchos*, i. e. *Bacchus*. This brings the Samothracian mysteries in connection with the Eleusinian.

In *Bœotia* was a temple of the Cabiri, *Ceres*, and *Proserpine*. *Paus. Bœot. xxv. 6.* The priests took the names of their gods, and called themselves also Cabiri.

Those who were initiated into these mysteries were bound to confession, sacrifices, and atonement. They wore a bandage, or veil, probably of purple colour. The *purpureus Narcissus* (Hymn. ad Cer.) was a symbolic flower.

These mysteries were known in Gaul, (*Diod. v. 56.*) and in Britain (*Strabo, iv.*). The Roman emperors were by their sycophants represented as Cabiri.

The Phœnician name for the Cabiri being *Sydek*, it is probable, says *Schelling*, (über die Samothracischen Gottheiten,) that the priest at Salem, *Melchi-sedek* (*Malchi-sydek*) was of that order.

We have, of course, only given the substance of *Creuzer's* arguments. Though we grant that he has succeeded in proving a communication between Greece and middle Asia or Egypt, either in a direct way or by means of Samothrace, by which religious notions were imported from the East into Greece, the question still returns, whether the Greek mythology, as we have it in Homer, Hesiod, the Orphic fragments, and the Tragic poets, &c. be, in substance and character, of oriental origin: for the Greeks might, in a state of ignorance and barbarity, have received many religious notions from foreign countries,

* Plato says, Mars is the husband of Venus, because sensual women best like martial men.

and yet, at a subsequent period of high intellectual culture, have laid aside those early impressions and have formed a more national mythology.

The opinions on this point are much divided in Germany. According to Heyne, the Theogony of Hesiod contains ideas on the origin of the world, on the formation of heaven and earth, which had been received from Egypt, Phœnicia, Phrygia, and Thrace. *Hug** thinks that Egypt was the country whence mythology drew its origin. Welcker maintains that the most ancient mythology was founded upon natural philosophy, the principles of which had been brought by the priests chiefly from Asia. He explains the names of the great divinities as symbolical denominations, which refer to water, light, earth, agriculture, philosophical or moral doctrines.

Kanne† is pleased to find an astronomical significance in a great number of fables. His work abounds with bold etymologies, in order to prove that the Greeks received their astronomical knowledge from Asia. *Görres*,‡ who is a complete romancer in mythology, describes the Himalaya mountains as the birth-place of mythology, and theocracy as its cradle, agreeing in this with Creuzer. *Böttiger*§ is of opinion that Asiatic ideas on religion found their way to Greece by means of mysteries. He recognises only two religions in antiquity, Sabæism and Fetichism; *i.e.* either the stars were objects of worship or the earth. Sabæism appeared in its greatest purity in Persia, in the worship of Ormuzd-Mithras, and in its greatest degeneracy in Phœnicia, in the worship of Moloch and Astarte. Fetichism in its worst shape showed itself in Egypt, where animals had become objects of adoration. Its noblest form is exhibited in Greek mythology. Minos of Crete spread Phœnician worship in Greece by force of arms. *Böttiger* conceives the Minotaurus to be a symbol of the sun. *Buttmann*, in his 'Mythologus,' admits the oriental origin of a great portion of Greek mythology.

Hermann|| maintains that the theogonies, cosmogonies, and hymns, which have come down to us, are modelled upon such as had been composed by poets of the most remote antiquity, who came from Asia or Thrace: and those poets had been priests, or had obtained their knowledge from priests. But Homer and Hesiod followed those more ancient poets only at a distance

* Untersuchungen über den Mythos der berühmtesten Völker der alten Welt. Freyburg, 1812.

† Erste Urkunden der geschichte, oder allgemeine Mythologie. Bayreuth, 1808.

‡ Mythengeschichte der asiatischen Welt. Heidelberg, 1810.

§ Kunstmythologie. Dresden, 1826.

|| Briefe über Homer und Hesiodus; and, Mythologia Græcorum antiquissima. Opusc. vol. ii.

of several centuries; and, not understanding the sense of those ancient cosmogonies, they gave to the mythology, of which they may be considered the authors, an entirely new and peculiar character. The priests themselves lost the key to the ancient doctrines, or changed and disfigured them by arbitrary and capricious interpretations. The people frequented the temples and witnessed the ceremonies, but understood nothing of the theological doctrines; and not caring, indeed, much about the matter, they attached themselves only to what was pleasing or coincident with their own fanciful conceptions. The Theogony of Hesiod is neither symbolical nor allegorical, but a mere personification of the elements and powers of nature. Hence etymology is the *only* key to it. That Homer and Hesiod themselves very frequently misunderstood what they had received from their predecessors, is evident and capable of proof from many passages in their respective remains. How etymology must be applied, has been shown with surprising ingenuity by Hermann himself, in the dissertation 'de Mythologiâ Græcorum Antiquissimâ,' and 'De Historiâ Græciæ Primordiis,' although it may be doubted much, whether the result of these etymological proceedings be in all cases satisfactory.

The most decided antagonist of Creuzer was *Voss*, the celebrated translator of Homer and Virgil. Although he had attended the lectures of Heyne at Göttingen, he laboured all his life to oppose that philosopher's system of fabulous creed. His 'Mythologische Briefe' were intended to expose its fallacies. Towards the end of a long and laborious life he was induced to write an 'Antisymbolik, Stuttgart, 1824,' to stem the progress of the doctrines of Heyne and his follower Creuzer. Therein he charges them with having tacked the mystical absurdities of the new Platonic philosophers upon the classical works of antiquity. He denounces Creuzer, Görres, Schlegel, &c. to the world as a secret propaganda of mysticism and catholicism, because they give to theocracy and priestcraft all the credit for the sublime knowledge which sparkles in the writings of Greek poets and philosophers. The gods of Homer are, in his opinion, the governors of the universe and of the moral world, without being the natural or moral powers themselves; they are independent persons, acting according to fancy or pleasure: and symbolical interpretation is an invention of Crates, of the Alexandrian period, quite repugnant to the spirit and sense of the ancient Greeks.

Amongst the opponents to the allegorical interpretation of the Greek mythology, and to its oriental origin, may be also numbered *Lobeck*, who has written on the mysteries, and *Lange*.*

* Einleitung in das Studium der griechischen Mythologie. Berlin, 1825.

A sober view of mythology has been given by C. O. Müller*, Professor at Göttingen. In their estimation the fables contain only personifications of the country, of the different races, and of physical ideas; this last, however, was the distinction of a much later period. They have no common origin, are only local, and not derived from Egypt or Asia, nor an invention of priests, since a priesthood never existed in Greece. The mysteries owe their origin to the suppression of a particular race, which was attached to a peculiar form of worship, or to that obscurity in which ancient ceremonies became naturally enveloped.

This digression will enable our readers to judge of the interest which the subject has excited in Germany. As to the point, whether Greek mythology have an oriental origin, we are disposed to admit it with a proper proviso. The extreme facility of a communication from Greece with the maritime towns on the coast of Asia, the Greek settlements upon it, trading voyages, and piratical excursions, must have afforded frequent opportunities for the conveyance of the stories of gods and goddesses, not forgetting the supplement of heaven-born mortals; and the people of Asia being, at that precise period when those cosmogonies and theogonies became known, much superior to the inhabitants of Greece in intellectual culture, it is highly probable that oriental theories formed the ground-work of the poems of Hesiod; and when we consider how great were the natural curiosity and the vanity of the Greeks, and how, following the impulse of their motives, they appropriated to themselves all the marvellous accounts of the neighbouring countries, it would, indeed, have been wonderful if many oriental fables had not soon obtained currency in Greece. The Greeks also admired foreign things immoderately; *Ἕλληνες δὲ ἄρα εἰσὶ δεινοὶ τὰ ὑπερόρια ἐν δαίματι τιθεσθαι μείζονι ἢ τὰ οἰκεῖα*. Strabo.

But it is a gratuitous supposition of Creuzer, that a priesthood had been established in Greece, in Pelasgic times, long before Homer and Hesiod, and that this priesthood was in possession of theological, metaphysical, or physical knowledge. How could a powerful priesthood form itself in the heroic age, when there were, except Athens, Thebes, Calydon, and perhaps Lebadeia, no towns in Greece? Had there ever existed a priesthood in Greece, and a powerful theocracy, previous to the time of Homer, it could not have been destroyed without the most violent struggle; theocracy is the most durable constitution we know of; it still exists in India as powerful as it was in the time of Darius Hystaspes, and even foreign conquest could not extirpate it in Egypt. The history of the Jewish people is another proof of the

* Prolegomena zu einer wissenschaftlichen Mythologie.

durability of a theocracy. Their destiny, however, is in the fulfilment of prophecy. At the first dawn of Greek history we find the priests rather in a state of humiliation than supremacy; and that they possessed no influence in the time of Homer, is evident from the disrespect shown to the *Συοστός*, *Liodes*, (*Odyss.* xxii.) upon whom Ulysses avenged himself, whilst he felt mercy for the minstrel songster Phemius. However, the want of a well organized priesthood, and of a theocratical association, argue in favour of the oriental origin of many Grecian fables; for a regular priesthood would have been jealous of the introduction of new ceremonies or foreign doctrines. The wonderful subtlety and pliability of the Greek mind is entirely owing to the unbounded freedom which they possessed, and which would have been incompatible with the existence of a priesthood organized upon an oriental system.

Creuzer maintains that the connexion of Greece with the oriental people was most intimate at two different periods; first in the mythical time anterior to Homer and Hesiod, and again after the conquests of Alexander. Now the fact is, that Greek philosophy bears, in the period between Thales and Socrates, [600—400 before Christ,] a markedly oriental character. Thales himself had travelled, Lycurgus and Pythagoras are supposed to have been in India about the time Zoroaster and Confucius had risen in Persia and China. The metempsychosis is, according to Timæus, a barbarian doctrine, and not an invention of Pythagoras. We know that Plato was prevented by war from visiting India; that Pyrrho accompanied Alexander to India, and that Democritus travelled to India and Persia. Megasthenes went so far as to maintain, that all the philosophy of the ancients could be traced to the Indians. But Indomania may have prevailed about his time, shortly after Alexander, as Egyptomania did in the time of Herodotus; and we apprehend that a return of the former will soon revive again the assertion of Megasthenes.

The Theogony of Hesiod bears a greater affinity to oriental cosmogonies than any other Greek poem. Homer is much more a national poet than Hesiod. From his time, the poets had an uncontrollable sway over the people. They were not taught by priests, but were Divines themselves. *Ἀὐτοδιδάκτος εἰμὶ· θεὸς δὲ μοι ἐν φρεσὶν οἶμας παντοίας ἐνέφυσεν* may have been the general answer to those who asked them whence they got their wondrous tales. Yet because the anti-Homeric poets, Linus, Orpheus, Melampus, Thamyris, Pamphus, Olen, were foreigners to Thrace or Lycia, we do not infer, as Hermann does, that this was the case with all the poets previously to Homer and Hesiod. For Herodotus himself, although he says of the last-named

named writers, οὔτοι εἰσι οἱ ποιήσαντες τὴν Θεογονίην "Ἑλλησι, mentions, in speaking of the origin of the word Oceanus, "Ὀμηρον δὲ ἢ τίνα τῶν ΠΡΟΤΕΡΟΝ γενομένων ποιητῶν. And Horace :

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus, atque
Carminibus venit. *Post hos insignis Homerus, &c.*

These poets have not surely been all foreigners. Nor can Herodotus mean that the credit of invention in mythology was due exclusively to Homer and Hesiod : they collected the national and local traditions which were current among the people, especially Homer, and adorned and embellished them ; and we agree with Wachsmuth* that Homer gave a faithful picture of the opinions, manners, and characters of the age, and that he followed the sacred traditions of his contemporaries. He indulged his fancy in the description of events and actions, but his poems give a true representation of the religious and political state of Greece at the age which he so eminently adorned.

Creuzer talks incessantly of Orphic philosophy, Orphic mysteries, and Orphic poems. Orphic theology came from Egypt over Thrace to Greece. According to Blackwell, whom Voss supposes to be the prototype of Heyne and Creuzer, Homer himself had been in Egypt : † he does not venture, however, to assert, that Homer had gone through a course of hieroglyphics. Orphic poems ! Creuzer knows very well, that they are no more genuine than the Shaksperian plays by Ireland. We consider them as a sort of mystification. Striplings, and versificators, 'whose chins had not yet budded,' wanted to pass off poems under the venerable name of Orpheus. We know this of Onomacritus. But Creuzer says, these poems were modern in form, but ancient in substance ; they were written in the spirit of Orpheus, or those who were initiated in the mysteries would have risen in evidence against such pretended Orphic poets. Who knows whether the Mysteries were themselves in possession of the genuine Orphic doctrine, and how much do we know of the Orphic tenets altogether ? The ancients, be it remembered, did not attach such great importance to these Orphic poems.

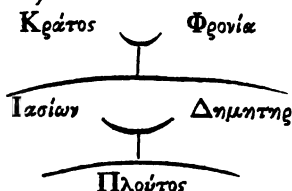
Although we admit that there is an alloy of oriental theology in the Greek mythology, still we feel a great reluctance to go all the length with Creuzer. It is quite nauseous to see that we cannot understand any Greek fable without travelling to Egypt, India, Persia, or Samothrace. There is not a fable in the Greek mythology, however congenial to the noble imagination and to

* Hellenische Alterthumskunde, 1826.

† An Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, by Thos. Blackwell, 1735 ; and Letters on Mythology, London, 1748.

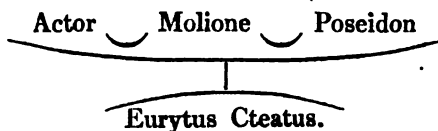
the beautiful simplicity of Greek poets, however natural to the fanciful soil of Greece, but Creuzer sets out upon the discovery of a mysterious concatenation of that fable with some Phœnician, or Hindoo story. 'Thus the fable of Love and Psyche,' he says, 'reminds us of the Samothracian and Orphic origin of the Erotic Mysteries; it leads us to the Indian poem Gitagovinda, and to understand it fully we must read the Canticum Canticorum. This allegory,' continues Creuzer, 'came by colonies of priests from Persia to Samothrace, Thrace, and thence to Boeotia: remember!' he exclaims, 'the changes which human souls underwent in the Mythrian ceremonies; recollect the Pythagorean numbers, which contain the doctrine of a fallen soul; and upon due consideration you will perceive that the allegory of Love and Psyche is intended to show how God, the Eternal Love, attracts the fallen soul of Psyche.'

Creuzer is, we believe, more felicitous in the explanation of genealogies. We will give two specimens to our readers. (Cf. Il. v. 501; Od. v. 129.)



Strength (κράτος) combined with intelligence (φρονία) render the earth (δημότης) productive; its fruits give us health (ιασιών): opulence (πλούτος) is the final reward of strength and intelligence.

Another is that of the Molionides. (Il. xxiii. 641.)



Actor is the man who lives upon the coast (ἀκρή). Molione is a warlike woman (μῶλος, μόλος); Poseidon, the god of the ocean. Therefore those who have for their common parents the man living upon the coast, and the seafaring man, and are descended from a warlike mother, or who are warriors, and sailors, at the same time, will have as children men of property (κρείτος) and able to protect it (*Eurytos from εὖ ῥύομαι.)

Hermann gave a somewhat different explanation.*

We cannot reconcile ourselves to the deep symbolical significance which Creuzer often fancies to have discovered. Dionysus

* Hermann corrects Creuzer, by showing that the second syllable of *Ευρύτος* being short, it cannot be derived from *ῥύομαι*.

was represented with wings at Amyclæ, Διώνυσος ψίλας, from ψίλα, wings. (*Paus. Lac.* xix. 6.) Now, Pausanias himself explains the wings as a symbol of the flight which our thoughts take, when we have tasted liberally the gift of Bacchus. This explanation is not abstruse and recondite enough for Creuzer; he is convinced that the wings represent also the elements, and their inspiring powers.

We are not hostile upon principle to the symbolical interpretation: the question is, Was the Greek system of religious belief of Asiatic origin? There is the point of partial dissent. Being ourselves a little acquainted with oriental manners, we know that symbolical expressions are resorted to frequently even in familiar conversation. A Turk will raise his five fingers, to prove that some in this world must be great, and others little. The architecture, sculpture, and painting of the ancient Greeks, as well as their poetry, were replete with symbols and allegories, and Creuzer proves this in a variety of instances. The tower of the winds at Athens was an octagon; we see on the coins of Rhodes a rose (ρόδον); the Graces (*Paus.* II. xxiv. 5,) held a rose, a myrtle branch, and dice in their hands, designating beauty, love, and playfulness. A myrtle tree was chosen for the statue of Venus at Temnos, a vine for that of Bacchus at Naxos; Diana, the daughter of the Night, was carved in ebony at Ephesus. The Christians also adopted symbolical representations. The Gothic churches are built in the form of a cross. The Virgin Mary, the Queen of Heaven, is represented by the Catholics in a blue dress. We believe the sacrifice to be a primitive form of worship, and is it not a symbolical action? The ceremonies and rites of the ancient religions had a symbolical meaning; but Creuzer fails to convince us, that the symbolism of the Greek religion and mythology bears a general reference to Asiatic doctrines. His interpretations and etymologies are frequently forced, and sometimes, we believe, altogether absurd. Even where there are points of resemblance, it is wrong to suppose uniformly a common origin. Else the fable of Hylos might have given rise to Goethe's beautiful romance of 'the Fisher.'

We can produce a striking instance, that Creuzer makes occasionally sad blunders. Fulgentius speaks of 'Labeo qui disciplinas Etruscas Tagetis et Bacchetidis xv. voluminibus explicavit.' This Bacchetis was an Etruscan nymph. But Creuzer talks of an inspired *man*, Bacchetides, or Baches, a disciple of *Tages*. Moreover, the Etruscans knew nothing of inspired prophets; and how can Creuzer infer from the above passage, that Bacchetis was a disciple of Tages?

We

We will give one specimen of Creuzer's etymologies. Every one knows the fable of Narcissus. He was the son of the river Cephissus, and of the nymph Lirioessa. This handsome youth saw his own image in a spring, and became so enamoured of his own beauty, that he never ceased gazing upon the watery mirror until he consumed himself and died. A flower of the same name grew up near the spring. 'The name of the mother,' says Creuzer, 'denotes sweetness, pleasure,' (λείριον, lily); and Narcissus being the son of a river, it is clear that his life was a *flow* of pleasure. Conon tells us, that he scorned the love of Amynias; and Creuzer forthwith assures us, that he refused to love his *better* (ἀμείνονα).

We shall state shortly our view of Greek mythology.

Homer and Hesiod found in circulation a great number of traditions of national or religious meaning. Their origin and meaning may, in a variety of instances, have been unknown to themselves; we rather assume this, than that they connected a secret mystical meaning with their words, or that they intended to disguise it. They knew of no mysteries, for they never make the slightest mention of them. Being neither philosophers, nor priests, they did not cling closely to those traditions, but retained or added what they supposed would please the people.

The Oriental mythology being entirely the work of priests, pursued a more steady process. It was founded upon *two* principles, which are absolutely foreign to the Greek mythology. Their system of religion is a system of emanation: one divinity is an emanation of the other. The Greek system is one of generation and apotheosis; the latter was utterly unknown to the oriental people.

Another essential point in which the oriental religions differ from the religion of the Greeks, is the *Dualismus*. They all establish two contending powers in the universe, which counteract each other in a physical and moral point of view. In the Egyptian system all the good proceeds from Osiris, and all the evil from Typhon; the Persians had their Ormuzd and Ahri-man.* The Indian pneumatology establishes two classes of spirits, the Dejotas, or Surs, and the Daints, or Assurs. They pretend even that the soul of man is double. Thus Plotinus speaks of a natural and divine soul.

It is undeniable, that physical ideas were connected with oriental, but especially Egyptian mythology. Thus the Sphinx in Egypt, a virgin with the body of a lion, signified the summer

* The Etruscans had, probably, also good and bad demons. Niebuhr's *Rom. Hist.* 2d ed. p. 138. The Romans divided also every part of nature into two sexes and persons, Tellus and Tellumo, Anima, Animus, p. 437.

solstice,

solstice, and the flood of the Nile between the sign of the virgin and the lion. But in Greece, when Anaxagoras asserted that the god Helios was only a glowing mass of metal, he was accused of impiety:—so averse was the popular belief to physical explanations. The philosopher might entertain such notions, but it was dangerous to tamper with the popular belief.

The Greeks of Homer's time knew little of astronomy, therefore their mythology cannot have a reference to astronomy. Neither the Mæonian, nor Hesiod, knew any thing of the zodiac. The names of the few stars with which they were acquainted denote no astronomical knowledge, but are grounded upon rude notions taken from their own life: thus it came that constellations were supposed to represent a chase.

No complicated system of astronomy, or natural philosophy, can, therefore, form the basis of Greek mythology. The gods of Homer are not representatives of the solar or lunar system: science was not the monopoly of the priesthood in Greece, as it was in Egypt, since no such priesthood existed. The Indian, Egyptian, and Hebrew priesthood, had colleges, or schools, in which they communicated their doctrines to the youth of their own order; but nothing similar is found in Greece. Cosmogonic ideas can never have formed to any extent the substance of popular belief; the notions of the multitude must have been simple, and more connected with practical life. Hence Homer represents the gods as *created* beings, which rose out of the water (Ὠκεανόν τε θεῶν γένεσιν. Il. xiv. 20). The gods preside over the concerns of domestic and social life, and their government is fashioned upon the forms of government which existed in Greece. The changes from one state of society to another could easily be retraced in the successive generation of gods. This, we conceive, is an important point, which has been entirely overlooked, or disregarded, by Creuzer. He contented himself with carefully collecting all the notions of philosophers for a succession of centuries, from the earliest ages down to the new Platonics; with finding out analogies between the mythology of different countries; and, availing himself of the additional aid of the works of art, he has succeeded in making out a system of mythology which belongs to no country, nor to any period whatsoever.

ART. III.—1. Klopstocks Oden und Elegien mit erklärenden Anmerkungen und einer Einleitung von dem Leben und den Schriften des Dichters. Von C. F. R. Vetterlein. 1827—8.

2. Klopstocks sämtliche Werke. 12 vols. Leipzig.

3. Klopstock und seine Freunde. Briefwechsel der Familie Klopstock. Herausgegeben von Klammer Schmidt, 2 vols. Halberst.

4. Klopstock. Er und über ihn. Herausgegeben von Carl Friedrich Cramer. 5 vols. Leipzig.

GLEIM, the enthusiastic admirer of Klopstock, who adored the genius of the poet with all the affection of a lover, and loved the man with a jealousy as strong as death, said, that the author of the ‘Messiah’ required another Addison to point out his beauties to his countrymen. Without, for the present, disputing the equality of the German and English epic poets, or the critical qualifications of Addison, we may, with reason, question whether the literary merits of Klopstock are sufficiently appreciated by our countrymen.

Klopstock is especially entitled to our regard, as being one among the few who have taught the Muses to
‘contemn low earth.

Decently proud, and mindful of their birth.’

Like Milton, he addressed himself to a ‘work, obtained not by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases.’ The connexion between Poetry and Religion is of the highest antiquity, and nearest relationship. What is the sublimest poetry but religion, the truths of which, in all ages and countries, it has been its office to represent and embody in expressive symbols? And religion itself, though infinitely higher than poetry, by reason of its purity, and still more differentiated from philosophy, as being itself the very principle of life, can only be suitably exhibited in those magnificent forms by which it is the business of Imagination to express, however mythically, the otherwise incommunicable ideas indelibly impressed on the human mind by the hand of its omnipotent Creator.

‘Twas God himself that first tuned every tongue,
And gratefully of him alone they sung.’

The poetical eminence, both of this country and of Germany, is principally owing to the religious advantages possessed by each. In both much—nay, perhaps, all—is owing to the spirit of Christianity by which the national mind is pervaded, and to the Reformation, through which the treasures of inspired wisdom,

dom, which to the people at large had been for so long a period as a 'book sealed, and a fountain closed,' were made as universal as light, and common as air. This gave to the productions of genius a gravity and a pathos, an elevation and an importance, which in other lands, where the like influences have not operated, may be sought in vain. But in Germany the effects of these influences strike most upon the attention. Religion there is no coy and retiring maiden, but—unashamed to show herself in the guilds of the learned, and the places of public concourse—she presides in the lecture-room, and sits umpire among the arbiters of taste. Like philosophy, she is æsthetic as well as moral, and, other and better than philosophy, she is also divine. The literary men of Germany esteem themselves members of a perpetual priesthood intended to interpret the great mythos of the universe, and successively to assist in the revelation of that 'Divine Idea' by which it is supported, and of which it is only the manifestation, an imperfect one indeed, but in every age becoming more and more complete, ever progressing towards an ultimate and glorious development. Thus it is that religion is identified with all genius, and knowledge, and art, and reunited to that learning, from which some misinterpreters of scripture have injudiciously endeavoured to separate her consolations; forgetting that theology is the complement of all science, and the supplement to every acquisition of the human mind; religion being in its very essence of universal application, and eternally the same in all time and space, whatever be its assumed form, and however incumbered with superstitious inventions; and is, indeed, the product of that Divine Wisdom, which 'in all ages entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and prophets.'

It must be confessed, that in this country we are not prepared to rate thus highly the labours of literary men, and there are not a few who will regard these pretensions as rather extravagant, if not greatly presumptuous. Still it must be acknowledged, on all hands, that there is something elevated in the idea, and laudable in the attempt, to realize it in the character and conduct of men of genius. In Germany, it has had the effect of restraining many such from those improprieties of behaviour, which have been too generally thought to coexist necessarily with superior intellectual endowment as a kind of set-off, whereby our nobler fellows may be reduced to the ordinary standard of humanity, and brought within limit of the poor conceptions, wherewith some persons would confine the almost infinite capabilities of the human mind; . . . those improprieties, indeed, which have been too often justified, as

'faults that daring genius owes

Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,'

and

and which, sometimes, it is the fashion to vindicate by such poor apologies as this—

‘Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling given
 Bear hearts electric,—charged with fire from heaven,
 Black with the rude collision, inly torn,
 By clouds surrounded, and on whirlwinds borne,
 Driven o’er the lowering atmosphere that nurst
 Thoughts which have turned to thunder—scorch—and burst.’

This extraordinary admiration may also be defended as the act of a gratitude in which Englishmen, if weighed in the balance, would, perhaps, be found to have been wanting, as having equal reason to be grateful, yet suffering others to excel them, (in appearance, though surely not in reality,) in the expression of a feeling which is of the very essence of religion. The German translation of the Bible not only opposed the influx of barbarism, but became the standard of classical expression, according to which Klopstock, and many other writers of the first rank, selected their phrases, and modelled their style. It also awakened the mind of the country, and gave birth to some meritorious attempts, religious, philosophical, and poetical,—not to be remembered without reverence: and we are persuaded, that it would be well for many men of talent, as also for some dabblers in thought, if they were more seriously and frequently to study the sacred scriptures. Let the young man of genius, struggling with adverse circumstances, look upon himself as one of the noble brotherhood who had no honour in their own country, and yet were prophets, and willingly suffered for the ultimate advantage of the human race. This would be the way, indeed, to make all men of genius of one family, and to direct their attention to an exemplar, which would leave them no excuse or apology for a neglect of those more common duties, from which some have been encouraged in thinking that they were entitled to an immunity, through the possession of extraordinary talents.

To Klopstock* is justly due some of the praise, for having given this direction to the mind of his country. For this task he was peculiarly fitted, and not a little prepared, by the quality of the paternal influence, and other circumstances connected with the spring and morning of his life. It is supposed, indeed, that his father, who was a zealous Lutheran, secretly influenced the poet during the composition of his great work. He appears, for a while, to have resisted his own impulses to restore Abba-

* Frederick Gottlieb Klopstock was born in the Abbey at Quedlinburg, July 2, 1724. He was the eldest of eleven children, six sons and five daughters. His father was the land steward of the domain, and occupied a part of it as farmer.

dona to the regions of light, in amiable submission to his father's opinions. In a letter to Gleim, the old man speaks of a theological work in which he proposed to engage, and had been promised assistance by the former, whom he invites to a day's debate on the subject, to the exclusion of every other topic. A self-formed character, and like many such, somewhat singular in his opinions, and eccentric in his manners, and unfitted by habits of abstraction for the business of the world, he was during the latter part of his life reduced to a state of comparative indigence.

In his father's library, we are informed by the venerable Bodmer, who published, in his *Letters on Criticism*, an interesting account of our author's boyhood, were many Sermons and ten Bibles, but no poetical work. Our poet soon distinguished the Bible with his preference, and made it his constant pocket-companion. While yet in his childhood, he was so well acquainted with the phraseology of Hebrew literature, and the figurative manner of representing ideas in the scriptures, that he used it unconsciously, whenever he would express himself with vigour.

We can readily believe that the impressive representations of inanimate nature with which the poetical books of Job, the psalmists, and the prophets, are replete, were not without their effect on a mind so sensitive as Klopstock's. He was often heard, when he awoke in the morning, repeating whole chapters with an emphatic accent, like a poet reciting his own work. So deeply had those sacred descriptions impressed him, that he would frequently say the things themselves were not new to him, he had already *seen* them in the Psalms and the prophets.

'When he approached to manhood,' says Bodmer, 'the pathetic passages took the same strong hold on his heart, as the glittering and magnificent images had before taken on his fancy. A promise that fallen man should find mercy drew tears from his eyes; a trace of the immortality of the soul threw him into a transport of gratitude. Religion did not remain a mere speculation of the brain; it was a clear view of the greatness and glory of the Messiah; it was the pure feeling of love and grateful adoration. From this turn of mind sprung a style of writing full of poetry, before he had ever seen a verse, or knew any thing of prosody. He was a poet, while neither he nor his father suspected it. I have seen a letter which he wrote before he had attained his seventeenth year, to a youth of his own age, who seems to have been his only intimate acquaintance: it contained the following expressions. "My friend! Image of my mind! whom an invisible Son of Heaven raises up with me to higher hopes than those of the human herd; dost thou look on the tender youth

of our friendship with that cheerful eye, which makes the innocence of youthful days cloudless, like the days of eternity? What dost thou feel in the expressions wherewith thy noble heart consecrates to thy friend more than merely a verbal friendship? Let us so ennoble it, by the rectitude of our minds, that He who pours down his blessings from heaven, may look down with pleasure on it."

It is not our design to write a life of Klopstock, with which the English reader may make himself sufficiently acquainted without our aid; but to produce a critical examination of his character and genius, with such illustrations from his life and writings, as may help to body him forth palpably and fully before the reader's vision. It has been said, that every poet is a religious man. The converse is equally true, if not more so, and of the remark no better illustration can be found than Klopstock. Him his countrymen are fond of comparing with Milton—but the two poets are rather to be contrasted, and this not so much in their defects as in their excellencies. Equally religious—nay, enthusiastic—the feeling was in one the ground, and in the other the growth, of their poetic power. Love has made many a poet; disappointed love, it is said, made one of Petrarch; but religion, which is the highest form of love, made Klopstock what he became. Hence it is that in all his works we perceive the enthusiast predominating over the poet. This remark will prove a key to most of his peculiar beauties and defects, and explain his occasional inferiority; and even, in some instances, his superiority to Milton. Not that Milton was less of an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm originated from another fountain, and flowed on within other banks. Religious enthusiasm is in practice generally exclusive, and shuts out many sublimities and harmonies, both of nature and art; but this would not be its effect, if religion were studied in its own spirit. Its obvious tendency is to enlarge the mind to lofty conceptions of nature and of man, and to impel us to acquire accurate and accumulated knowledge of both. But overpowered by the sublimity of the *One* object of its contemplation, and the habit of abstraction thereby engendered, the mind becomes frequently absorbed in devotion, and retires into another sphere of existence. Who shall lay any thing to the charge of such? Not we. We discourage not this high tone of feeling, this divine source of genuine inspiration. But this is not all which religion itself demands. Is it not social? Is it not, in its essence, charity? Religion consists in a spirit of self-sacrifice, and forbids any man to live for himself, forbids him even to enjoy these excesses of inspiration alone. The talents thus acquired lose half their value, unless put out to use, by being intelligibly communicated to

to our fellow-men. Now, the mind of man, and the phenomena of nature, are the appointed exponents of these otherwise unutterable mysteries, and religion is none other than the correspondence of things and ideas; and only by reference to the things of the visible creation, and the ascertained operations of the human mind, are these ideas communicable. He who, therefore, shuts out the world of sense from his contemplation, deprives himself of the language and the modes of speech which are generally intelligible. This is the real source of much of the abruptness and obscurity commonly objected to Klopstock's poetry, and which frequently renders it difficult of apprehension even to his own countrymen.

In a letter to Bodmer, Klopstock observes, 'I am rather fearful that my poetic years will be sooner over than those of others. At least, they will probably not extend to that age when Milton's began.' If by this passage Klopstock intended to suggest the impression that his genius was more precocious than Milton's, we think there is sufficient evidence to the contrary. The biographers of his immortal predecessor observe, that at that early time of his life, while he was at St. Paul's School, such was Milton's love of learning, and so great was his ambition to surpass his equals, that from his twelfth year he generally continued his studies till midnight; indeed to this, in his second defence, he himself ascribes the first ruin of his eyes; and in the seventeenth year of his age he was a good classical scholar, and master of several languages. Not so Klopstock. His early years were chiefly passed in athletic exercises, and from his thirteenth to his sixteenth year he was placed in the Gymnasium at Quedlinburgh, during which time, to so great a degree did he neglect his studies, that he was obliged to use extraordinary application to get so much knowledge of Latin and Greek, as to enable him to pass his first examination on his removal to the College of Schulpforte, in Saxony. His mind, however, was equal to the demand made upon it. 'I still remember,' says he, 'how frequently I walked up and down my garret in the heat of the sun, and studied in the sweat of my brow.' The intellectual soil, however, on which this labour was expended, was not cursed, and he passed his examination with credit. At this College, under the Rector Freytag, he acquired an accurate acquaintance with the Classics, and excited the flame of his incipient genius at the lamp of ancient art. Virgil was his favourite poet, and in imitation of his master, as also according to the fashionable taste of his time, he composed some pastorals—but his great ambition was to produce a work like the '*Æneid*' in his native language. Long undecided in the choice of his subject,

he at first sought for some hero in the German history, and at one time fixed on the Emperor Henry the First, surnamed the Fowler.* This, however, and other subjects, were ultimately superseded by that of the 'Messiah.'

When Klopstock first formed his plan of that Poem, he is said to have been unacquainted with 'Paradise Lost,' which subsequently became his favourite and constant study, and with the author of which he was ambitious of entering into competition. That he had, by a natural disposition, much intense feeling, like that which Milton expresses on the subject of epic composition, we need no other proof than the following extract from his Latin farewell oration on quitting Schulpforte, on 'The highest aim of Poetry,' in which he takes occasion to develop thus his idea of an epic poet.

'If amongst our present poets there may not be one who is destined to embellish his native country with this honour, hasten to arise, O glorious day, which shall bring such a poet to light! And thou, sun, which shall first behold, and with mild beams enlighten him, approach! May Virtue and Wisdom, with the celestial Muse, nurse him with the tenderest care! May the whole field of nature be displayed before him, and the whole magnificence of our adorable religion! To him may even the range of future ages be no longer wrapt in impenetrable darkness! And by these instructors may he be rendered worthy of immortal fame, and of the approbation of God himself, whom above all he will praise!'

Klopstock wanted that philosophical spirit, in which Milton so eminently abounded. The want of this spirit manifested itself as early as the period of his transmission from Schulpforte to the University of Jena in 1745, which he disliked and left, on account of the scholastic disputes encouraged there on the Evidences of Christianity, to the truth of which he thought he possessed a better witness in his feelings, than could be elicited by abstract reasoning, or painful study. This aversion to metaphysical inquiries continued with him to his latest age. In the Berlin Archives he published some strictures on the philosophy of Kant, which, in his opinion, was subversive of revelation. His Odes on the Omnipresent, and the Contemplation of God, both end with an allusion to the doubt of Dydimus: in the first, he expresses his own freedom from the propensity; and, in the second, describes the state of the apostle's mind as being one of peculiar horror.

* He began to reign in the year 920, and in addition to his conquest of the Huns, and his successful war on the Venedi (a race who inhabited Saxony), had the peculiar recommendation to Klopstock's patronage, of being the founder of the freedom of the poet's native city.

'I see,

' I see, I see the witness ! Seven horrible midnights he had doubted, and wrestled, adoring with the most agonized pains ! I see him ! To him the Risen appears ! He lays his hands in the divine wounds ! (Heaven and earth expire about him !) He sees the glory of the Father in the face of the Son ! I hear . . I hear him ! he exclaims—(Heaven and earth expire about him !)—he exclaims, " My Lord, and my God ! " '

Nor has he left the subject untouched in the ' Messiah.'

Without inquiry, however, there can be no certainty ; without doubt, no motive for inquiry. Certain it is, that either the rankness of mysticism or infidelity must beset the mind, that thinks without sufficiently philosophising. To think at all is to philosophise in a certain degree ; and philosophy cannot proceed without, at least, an incipient and implied doubt. Mysticism and infidelity are, indeed, essentially grounded in the same spirit of scepticism ; but with this difference, that mysticism doubts to believe, and infidelity doubts only to doubt ; their end is also diverse, the one ends in believing all things, the other in believing nothing. The infidel is so afraid of believing wrongly, that he never gains sufficient courage to believe any thing at all. The mystic is so abhorrent of doubt, that in his haste to ' end it, and be rid on't,' he believes every thing. But, assuredly, between these two extremes there is the desirable mean. It is, moreover, impossible for a mind of any energy to rest content under this tyranny of implicit faith. Incipient doubts will arise, and improve into strong suspicions ; and, at an advanced period of life, the mind will find itself in no very enviable state, though one which might have been avoided by early and manly inquiry. Far better is it, that the waters should go over the soul, and she cry out from the very depths of hell ; so that her prayer be heard, and the day-spring arise at last. She must be lost, and redeemed. There is no other safe process for the mind. And, in the case of Klopstock, an English critic of great eminence has ventured a conjecture, from the very natural manner in which these mental inquietudes are delineated in the author's *Tragedy of Solomon*, that, perhaps, the poet of the *Atonement* had outlived his faith. No faith can endure but what is founded in reason. A little inquiry may leave a man a sceptic ; sufficient inquiry will perfect him into a Christian, a character to which none can lay claim before he has qualified himself to give a reason for the faith that is in him. But such a one must not be afraid of plunging into the depths, well assured that the Essential Reason, of which his own is but a breath—an emanation—will redeem him from the terrors of the grave. He, however, who feels no ability, nor finds sufficient opportunity, to drink
abundantly

abundantly of the waters of knowledge and of death, had better abstain.—Let such believe, but let them not pretend to teach—‘Drink deep, or touch not:’ or to adopt a style of figure more in costume with the subject—only let the high priests among men dare penetrate behind the sacred veil! Such a high priest was Klopstock—or ought to have been—but he contented himself with the sanctuary of external worship, and ventured not into the Holiest of all. This he confesses in his Ode on the Contemplation of God, from which we have before quoted.

‘I shall see God! Meditate that divinest thought, thou, who art able to think, who art ever near the grave of the body, yet eternal! Not that thou ventur’st into the Holiest of all! In the sanctuary are heavenly graces much unconsidered, never prized, never celebrated. From afar only, only one milder glimmer, that I die not therewith! One glimmer of thy glory, softened through earth-night, I see.’

Blessed, indeed, is the soul that believes without the evidence of sense; but however he may persuade himself to the contrary, not such a one is the mystic. Klopstock’s father believed in the visible appearance of Satan, and the ordinary sensations of hope and fear were to him ominous and prophetic of prosperity or adversity. Klopstock himself also was inclined to elevate his own feelings into a supernatural region, and to esteem them as patterns of like affections in the Deity. In this way he sublimates his amour for the sister of Schmidt, whom he celebrates in his Ode to God, written in 1748, the year in which he became acquainted with her, during his residence at Langasalsa with his relation Weiss, in whose family he had accepted the situation of preceptor.

‘Thou, Jehova,
 Art named, but I am dust of dust!
 Dust, yet eternal! for the immortal soul
 Thou gav’st me, gav’st thou for eternity,
 Breath’dst into her, to form thy image,
 Sublime desires for peace and bliss—
 A thronging host! But ~~one~~ more beautiful
 Than all the rest, is as the queen of all—
 Of thee the last divinest image,
 The fairest, most attractive, . . . Love!
 Thou feelest it, though as the Eternal One;
 It feel rejoicing the high angels whom
 Thou mad’st celestial, . . . thy last image,
 The fairest and divinest,—Love!
 Deep within Adam’s heart thou plantedst it;
 In his idea of perfection made,
 For him create, to him thou broughtest
 The mother of the human race.

Deep

Deep also in my heart thou plantedst it!
 In my idea of perfection made,
 For me create, *from me* thou leadest
 Her whom my heart entirely loves.
 Tow'ards her my soul is all outshed, . . . in tears—
 My full soul weeps to stream itself away,
 Wholly in tears . . . *from me* thou leadest
 Her whom I love, oh God! from me,
 —For so thy destiny, invisibly,
 Ever in darkness, works,—far, far away,
 From my fond arms in vain extended—
 But not away from my sad heart!
 And yet thou knowest why thou didst conceive,
 And to reality creating call,
 Souls so susceptible of feeling,
 And for each other fitted so.
 Thou know'st, Creator! But thy destiny
 Those souls, thus born as for each other, parts;
 High Destiny, impenetrable,
 How dark, yet how adorable!
 But life, when with eternity compared,
 Is like the swift breath by the dying breathed,
 The last breath, wherewith flees the spirit,
 That aye to endless life aspired.
 What once was labyrinth in glory melts
 Away—and destiny is then no more.
 Ah, then, with rapturous rebeholding,
 Thou givest soul to soul again!
 Thought of the soul, and of eternity,
 Worthy and meet to soothe the saddest pain—
 My soul conceives it in its greatness;
 But oh, I feel too much the life
 That here I live! Like immortality,
 What seemed a breath, fearfully wide, extends!
 I see—I see—my bosom's anguish
 In boundless darkness magnified.
 God! let this life pass like a fleeting breath!
 Ah no!—But her who seems designed for me,
 Give—easy for thee to accord me—
 Give to my trembling, tearful, heart!
 (The pleasing awe that thrills me, meeting her!
 The suppressed stammer of the undying soul
 That has no words to say its feelings,
 And, save by tears, is wholly mute!)
 Give her unto my arms, which, innocent,
 In childhood oft, I raised to Thee in heaven
 When with the fervour of devotion,
 I prayed of Thee eternal peace!

With

With the same effort dost thou grant and take
 From the poor worm, whose hours are centuries,
 His brief felicity—the worm, man,
 Who blooms his season, droops and dies!
 By her beloved, I beautiful and blest
 Will Virtue call, and on her heavenly form
 With fixed eye will gaze, and only
 Own that for peace and happiness
 Which she prescribes for me. But, Holier One,
 Thee too, who dwell'st afar in higher state
 Than human virtue—thee, I'll honour,
 Only by God observed, more pure.
 By her beloved, will I, more zealously,
 Rejoicing meet before thee, and pour forth
 My fuller heart, Eternal Father!
 In hallelujahs ferventer.
 Then, when with me she thine exalted praise
 Weeps up to heaven in prayer, with eyes that swim
 In ecstasy, shall I already
 With her that higher life enjoy.
 The song of the Messiah, in her arms,
 Quaffing enjoyment pure, I noblier may
 Sing to the good, who love as deeply,
 And, being Christians, feel as we!"

This Ode is one of very great beauty and pathos; but it is not the beauty of holiness, nor has it the purity of spiritual emotion; for in all this, under the disguise of religious enthusiasm, no inconsiderable quantity of sensualism* may be suspected.

It was, however, a higher strain of mysticism, to soothe the tumultuous agitations of desire, with the thought that the first of Beings sympathizes therewith, through some mysterious resemblance in his own nature. We mean not to deny that the persuasion is founded in a truth of great importance to Christian doctrine; but when thus misinterpreted and misapplied, it leads to a confusion of things essentially distinct, . . . *e. g.* Nature and Deity, and the mere accidents, perhaps, of the carnal mind with the operations of the Divine Spirit, whence that "resolving of men's faith and practice into the immediate suggestion of a Spirit not acting on our understandings, or rather into the illumination of such a Spirit as they can give no account of, † such as does

not

* The volatile brother of the lady called it 'spiritual gallantry.' He asks, in a letter to Gleim, 'How came your little gossip to tell him, I had presumed to smile at his spiritual gallantry? He was not half pleased on the occasion.'

† These words of Dr. Henry More singularly agree with Klopstock's own account of the matter, in his Solomon, in which the wisest of men is made to confess his utter ignorance of the manner in which his conversion was effected.

Solomon.

Was the punishment for my sensuality,

'This

That

not enlighten their reason, or enable them to render their doctrine intelligible to others ;'—in which, as Dr. Henry More well observes, 'there are two very bad things : first, it defaces and makes useless that part of the image of God in us which we call reason ; and secondly, it takes away that advantage, which raises Christianity above all other religions, that she dare appeal to so solid a faculty.'

Klopstock's love, indeed, for the sister of his friend appears to have been, though passionately expressed, somewhat Platonic. Even thus early, he is content to consider that Providence knew it to be best for the souls thus apparently made for each other, that they should be separated by adverse destiny ; and, perhaps, attached no very definite images of sensuous enjoyment to the phraseology of his Ode. In fact, the life he proposes is one partaking, in his conception, of the sublime characteristics of celestial being ; and we know that in his 'Messiah' he has, to very satiety, charged these sensations on angelic natures.

All the circumstances connected with Klopstock and Fanny Schmidt are peculiarly characteristic of the man and the poet. They point out, particularly, the radical differences which distinguish him from our great Milton. Milton, though sensible of the love of woman, and capable of esteeming it with a tenderness worthy of the heart of a poet, yet regarded her as an inferior creature, and rather patronised her with his favour, than made an interchange of his affection. He gave her his love, but he reserved his will. Milton was an utter man—austere and lordly. Klopstock, on the other hand, partook much of womanly tenderness—susceptible and gentle, fond of youthful society, particularly that of the softer sex. Both were equally egotistical. The egotism of Milton was proud and severe—confidence in his genius, his learning—his rectitude. That of Klopstock is chargeable with vanity, but always amiable, and redeemed by graceful touches of taste and feeling, though always craving for sympathy. This affinity with the female mind is indicated by the fact, that in this country, as in his own, he is the favourite of females,—who have been his biographers, the translators of his correspondence, and of much of his poetry.

These temperamental sensibilities, however amiable, under

That light to me darkness became.

Chalkol.

Then say

How that same darkness became light again ?

Solomon. I know it not. As little know I how

I strayed into the erratic paths.'

Chalkol, however, is able to explain his fall to Solomon's satisfaction ; his return, we think, was equally capable of solution.

many

many circumstances might have been the occasion of much misery to their possessor. Nor did Klopstock escape. The feeling expressed in the Ode to God was not merely poetical,—was not fictitious. We have before said, that his enthusiasm did not grow out of his poetry,—but his poetry out of his enthusiasm. That Ode was the growth of genuine feeling. It is this quality, and this quality mainly, which renders his Odes, notwithstanding the frequent absence of ornament, and a disregard of apparent connexion in the parts, so extremely valuable. In many of them, none can perceive the connexion, but such as are capable of entering into the feeling, and of elevation into the spirit, of the writer, whether mystical, or of purer inspiration. Klopstock's love for Fanny Schmidt was not less warm for being platonical. 'My soul,' he says, in a letter to the venerable Bodmer, whom he made the confidant of his attachment, 'was struck by powerful love—love which is but faintly traced in my Odes, for it was impossible to express it.' Womanhood was to him a creature of mysterious sanctity; 'I love,' says he, 'a tender holy maid, to whom my third Ode is addressed, with the most tender holy love.'* It was from his esteem for the sex, that he was so desirous of its society. 'I often thought,' he writes, 'that the sweetest moment of a poet's triumph is to find himself the object of an amiable female audience, by whom he is at once admired and caressed. It has sometimes fallen to my lot to read the passage of Lazarus and Cidli to a circle of youthful maids, who admitted no other intruder, and sweetly repaid

* The following description of Laura, in his Ode on Petrarch and Laura, was intended for Miss Schmidt.

' Youthfully fair was she,—unlike the troop
Of light and rosy maids
Who thoughtless bloom, in the transiency
Of nature, made in sport;
Of feeling void, of mind, the omnipotent
Triumphing look divine.
Youthfully fair was she—her gestures all
Spake her heart's heavenly frame—
Oh! worthiest of immortality
She steps in triumph forth,
Fair as a festal day, serene as air,
Simple as Nature's self.'

It is impossible to refrain from smiling at Klopstock's exaggeration of Fanny's merits. 'She has a certain character of beauty that distinguishes her from all others; I can no otherwise describe it to you at present, than, by saying, that it exactly corresponds with what I have said of her in my songs. Perhaps Laura, who so thirsted for immortality, was like her. Radichen belonged to this order of beauties, though she was not like her.' So also he tells Miss Schmidt that he had shewn a letter of hers to Mr. Sack, the first preacher in the Royal Chapel at Berlin; 'I indulged him with a sight of your last letter, on which he rapturously exclaimed it was a *perfect Sévigné*!' This pet by-name he afterwards transferred, with more propriety, to his Meta Möller.

repaid me with their artless tears ; in such moments how happy have I been ! and yet, oh ! Faunny, how much more happy I might be !' Poetry, purer and chaster, could not have moved the ' unblemished ' heart of ' sainted chastity,' than what composes the Episodes to which the poet alludes, and of which Madame de Staël observes, that ' the author needs sometimes to have readers after their resurrection like Cidli and Semida.'

Klopstock's Odes are arranged in the order of time in which they were written, and form a sort of registry of his poetical experience, and of the circumstances and incidents which at different periods of his life impressed his fancy and feelings. We believe that one Hutwalker, a senator of Hamburg, once read a lecture on these sublime productions, (decidedly the best efforts of Klopstock's muse,) in which he traced, nearly in the poet's own words, the progress of his genius,—the different stages of his divine activity. Such a disquisition would be exceedingly desirable, but the limits of a paper would not permit us to perform it justly.

The Odes of Klopstock,—written for relaxation during the composition of the ' Messiah,'—exhibit the writer as a man—a poet—a lover—a friend—a husband—a patriot and a Christian. Neither has he been ashamed to register his favourite amusements. In the exercise of skating and horse-riding he much delighted ; nor has he left them uncelebrated *.

Of

* The following Ode is on the subject of skating.

' THE ICE COURSE.

' Too oft is in eternal night
The great name of inventors tombed,
What they, inquisitive,
Discovered, we enjoy ;
But then doth honour guerdon too ?
Who named to thee the daring man,
Who first on mast uplifted sail ?
Ah ! passed not away
E'en the renown of him,
Who for the very feet found wings ?
And shall he not immortal be,
Who found for us both health and joys,...
Which ne'er the horse bestowed
Courageous in the course, ..
Which e'en the dance possesses not ?
And shall my name immortal be ?
I to the slipping steel invent
Its cunning dance. Along
It flies with lighter swing,
In circles fairer to behold.
Thou knowest each alluring sound
Of music, therefore to the dance

Give melody. Both moon
And forest hear the sound,
When hasty flight its horn commands.
Oh, youth ! who know'st to animate
The water-cothurn, and more swift
Dancest. Leave to the town
Its chimney. Come with me
Where beckons thee the crystal's plain.
How it in vapours shrouds its light !
How softly winter's coming day
Illumes the lake ! Like stars,
The shining Rime o'erstrewn
The night above the crystal's plain.
How still about us the white field !
How sounds by the young frost the path !
Far thy cothurnus' sound
Betrays thee unto me,
When, fleet one, from the sight thou hast'st !
Have we not for the feast enough
Of bread ? of joyful wine ? The air
Of winter for the meal
Sharpens the appetite,
Wings on the feet still more—still more.

Turn

Of Klopstock, the lover, the Ode from which we have already extracted will enable the reader to judge. The poet wrote to the venerable Bodmer several letters on the subject, by which it appears that Schmidt had rebuked him for timidity, in not unfolding his affection to his sister. He pained and pleased himself, in estimating the probability of his being beloved again. When, however, his addresses became bolder, family prudence prevented the young lady from declaring herself explicitly. In Klopstock, we see a sensitive overwrought spirit seeking for love, as ardent, as intense as his own, but repulsed and disappointed in finding only a partial return of affection, which might be continued or withdrawn at the dictate of an interested prudence. This prudential feeling Klopstock was willing to conciliate, and actually engaged in a commercial speculation; 'a proposal to which,' he afterwards says, 'no other motive could have induced him to listen for a single moment.' His merits having, through the influence of Count Bernstoff, obtained for him a pension of four hundred dollars from the court of Denmark, in order that he might be enabled to finish the 'Messiah,' he made again an offer of his hand to Fanny. But this very occurrence, perhaps, prevented an immediate acceptance in explicit terms, lest it might be construed into self-interest; and gave opportunity for the poet to complain of her indifference in a very poetical epistle, which was interpreted as a surrender of his claims on her affection—a surrender reluctantly allowed. Miss Schmidt's answer had been a long time in preparation, and was not of a very ardent character; and there is reason to believe* that her affection for him was not very intense,

Turn thee unto the left. I will
Me to the right half-circling turn.

Take thou the swing as thou
Mayst see me take it. So!
And now fly swiftly past me—fly!

Thus we the serpentine career
Upon the long shore soaring go—
Be not too artful. That
Position I love not,
Nor Preialer would it imitate.

Whereto art listening from the shore?
Unskilful skaters yonder sound—
Over the ice not yet
The hoof and load have passed,
Nor yet the nets gone under it.

At other times thy ear marks all—
Hear how the death-tone plains upon
The flood. How sounds it now
Thus differently!—how
Sounds it, when miles down gapes the frost!

Backward! Let not the glittering path
Seduce thee, from the shore to go—
For where it hides you deep,
Haply, the waters stream,
Haply, the fountains bubble up.

Death streams out from the wave unheard!
Death rushes from the secret fount!
Though lightly, as this leaf,
Thou glidest thither—ah!
Youth, thou mayst sink and perish yet!

* Her brother thus writes to Gleim—'Klopstock's Odes are incomparable—nothing surprises me so much, as that a man susceptible of love, and so capable of describing those delicious transports which produce in his soul a sort of permanent delirium, hath hitherto failed to excite any correspondent emotions.'

intense, though her *esteem* was great. Yet she thought proper to feign, or, perhaps, felt a little displeasure at an incident which occurred while our poet was on his journey to Bodmer, in acceptance of his invitation to reside with him at Zurich. Schmidt himself also made it one of the reasons for the subsequent estrangement of the family.

We confess we are anxious that Klopstock should, in this story of his first love, stand fair in general estimation. He was young; and his heart was peculiarly susceptible. Fanny was the sister of his relation and friend, who occupied the same sitting-room with him at the University of Leipzig, who interested himself in his literary success, and whose sprightly and playful irony must have been grateful to Klopstock, as a contrast to his own fine phrenzy. But Schmidt was a worldling, and incapable of rightly appreciating the high enthusiasm of the poet's spirit. His affection for Fanny, we suspect, was too romantic for her family—too out of the world;—they were afraid of it. Moreover, it was like Romeo's love for his fair Rosaline—

'That heavy lightness, serious vanity,
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health;
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is.'

It had the effect of plunging the poet into a deep melancholy, which, however interesting it may be in poetical description, is apt to be despised by even the more cultivated of the sex, who, if taught to know too much of their power, are inclined to use it tyrannically.

'Tut, man; one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish,
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.'

The time had arrived in which he was, perhaps, interested in supposing that Fanny remained as cold, as insensible, and as indifferent, as she had always appeared to be. It was, however, not without a pang that he could do this. Fanny, in 1755, gave her hand to a merchant at Eisenach, of whom her brother said, 'that he had not only sense and good humour, but a handsome person, and was consequently in possession of every requisite to make a reasonable discreet woman happy.' Such a one was more suited to her taste than a Klopstock; and Providence had ordained for the poet an amiable woman, capable of sympathising with his tenderest feelings in their sublimest moods. For the year

year 1751, in which his mind was agitated with these contentions, we have no ode. But this conflict of feeling was not without a beneficial effect on his poetical character. It awakened the inherent sensibilities of his heart, which, perhaps, might have remained dormant, and unknown even to himself, had not the finger of love's lightning 'touched it to fine issues.' Such are the agitations of mind—the agonies of heart, by which genuine poets are instructed in the mysteries of human emotion. But these sorrows, though intense, are such as

'... oft excel

All joys in joy.'

They cleanse and purify the spirit, and make it conscious of its own power and greatness. The poetry of Klopstock is the very offspring of his own personal experience. His Odes are the diary of the growth of his mind and heart. In comparing his correspondence and his lyrical productions together, we frequently discover the same thoughts and images—these productions were the exact transcript of his actual impressions, recomposed into artful combination. The following Ode is of this description:—

'THE LAKE OF ZURICH, 1750.

Fair, Mother Nature, is the cunning pomp
Bestrown o'er earth by thee;—more fair the face
That, radiant with the thought
Of thy creation, smiles!

Come, from the glittering lake's grape-clustered banks,
Or hast thou soared again to heaven, oh come!

In the roseate ray that tints
The evening zephyr's wing,
And teach my song to be like youth serene,
Sweet Joy! as thou—like the exulting life
That leaps in youth, and yet
Like feeling Fanny soft.

Already far behind us Uto lay,
At whose foot Zurich in the peaceful vale
Rears freemen—many hills
Vine-covered had fled by.
Now the far Alp its silver brow unveiled,
And the youth's heart-pulse beat more tenderly,
And his companion fair
More eloquently wooed.

Then Hirzel's Daphne, worthy she the song,
Sang "Haller's Doris"—Hirzel loved by Kleist,*

And

* The original is—

' "Haller's Doris," die sang, selber des Liedes werth,
Hirzel's Daphne, den Kleist innig wie Gleimen liebt.'

'And Gleim—and we youths sang,
 And felt, like Hagedorn.
 Soon the plain brought us to the shadowy arms
 Of the cool forest, that o'ercrowns the isle—
 There, there, Joy! camest thou
 Down on us plenteously.
 Thee, goddess! we felt thee,—Joy's very self
 Wert thou! twin sister of Humanity,
 Mate of thine innocence,
 Shed all abroad on us!
 Sweet, frolic Spring! thy spirit breathes above
 The meads where thou art born, and melts the hearts
 Of youths and tender maids
 With influences soft.
 Thou makest Feeling victor; heaves through thee
 Each blooming breast more fair, more tremblingly;
 With disenchanted mouth,
 Love louder speaks through thee!
 Lovely the Wine that woos the feelings well
 To softer bliss, to interchange of thought,
 In the Socratic cup,
 Wreathed with the dewy rose;
 That penetrates the heart, and wakes resolves
 The drunkard knows not, while exciting thought,
 And teaches scorn of all,
 Unworthy of the wise!

Fame's

Mr. W. Taylor of Norwich, in his excellent work, the 'Historic Survey of German Poetry,' has published a critique on this Ode. Has he not, however, mistranslated the above passage, by the following lines?

'And Haller's Doris sang, the pride of song,
 And Hirzel's Daphne, dear to Kleist and Gleim.'

He supposes that Haller and Hirzel, with the Daphne and Doris whom they had celebrated, were of the party, which he states to have been "select." Hirzel and Daphne, we have reason to believe, only were present, and she sang 'Haller's Doris'—the wife of that Hirzel who was equally beloved by Kleist and Gleim. We notice this mistranslation, because it has led to a whimsical error in the critic's account of the poet Haller, in which he raises a probability on his own mistranslation. 'In the summer of 1731, *probably*, Haller made a tour through Zurich with his bride; and was of the water party, whose visit to an island in the lake Klopstock recollected still in 1750 so vividly, and immortalised in the finest of his Odes.' The whole particulars—scenery and visit, are given in a letter of Klopstock to Schmidt, as having occurred in 1750, and it contains no vivid recollections of what happened in 1731. Besides, is it probable that Klopstock was at Zurich in 1731, or ever at Zurich at all before his visit to Bodmer? He writes in a letter to Bodmer, dated Nov. 28, 1749, 'I am already well acquainted *in idea* with a certain country, which I call Zurichia. Perhaps, I may have *formed* a mistaken notion of it: but, in the mean while, I please myself with *imagining* a country more beautiful than any other in the world. According to my ideas, there belong to a fine country mountains, vallies, lakes, and, what is far preferable, the abode of friends. How distant, and in what situations, dwell Breitinger, Hirzel, Waser, Ischamer?' This, we think, is decisive of the question. In 1731 Klopstock was only seven years of age.

Fame's silver voice with strong attraction charms
 The thrilling heart,—and immortality
 Is a great thought, and worth
 The sweat of noble souls.
 To be to the fourth generation of
 Our children, with the tone of ecstasy,
 Oft mentioned by the name,
 Oft from the grave invoked;
 Their gentle hearts to form, and thee, oh, Love!
 And thee, oh, holy Virtue! there diffuse;
 By Heaven! it is worth
 The sweat of noble souls!
 But sweeter, lovelier, more attractive still,
 O, Fame! on a friend's arm to prove a friend!
 And thus enjoy the life,
 That might eternal be!

In tender thought, within the airy shades
 Of the dim forest, mutely, with sunk gaze,
 Fixed on the silver wave,
 I mused the pious wish:
 "Were you with us, who love me, though afar,
 Whom, on the bosom of our father-land
 Lone-cast, my seeking soul,
 In happy hour, once found;
 Oh! we would build us huts of friendship here,
 And here for ever dwell!" The shady wood
 To Tempe changed; the vale
 Into Elysium!

Klopstock himself has almost precluded criticism on this fine Ode. He has given a full account of the excursion which it celebrates in a letter to Schmidt. The letter begins in this manner:—

'I know not, indeed, when I have enjoyed such a succession of lively, natural pleasures, as this delicious day afforded.'

Shortly after he thus proceeds:—

'Hirzel's wife, a young woman, with speaking blue eyes, who sings Haller's "Doris" with incomparable pathos, was the queen of the party; and I of course, as occupying the post of honour, was expected to be her loyal knight. Unfortunately for the credit of my fidelity, there was in our party a Miss Schlnz, (the sister of a very agreeable young man, who was also present) a black-eyed girl, who was the youngest and the prettiest of the group: at the first glance my heart beat with emotion, for I saw in her the exact counterpart of the girl who, in her thirteenth year, had pledged herself to be mine.'

In the above Ode, the poet proceeds, in rapid transition, to
retrace

retrace the scenery, circumstances, and feelings, of that day's pleasure on the lake. Mount Uto, and the vine-covered hills, had fled by; and some Alpine summit ever and anon unveiled its silver brow, while the boat progressed on its quiet way. The poet recalls his interesting conversation with the little girl of seventeen*, who suggested to his sensitive mind reminiscences of his boyish love, and the pleasure which he had received from the incident of the queen of the party having sung the poem composed by Haller in praise of Mariana Wyss von Mathod, under the poetical name of 'Doris.' The party was numerous, sixteen in number, composed of strangers; but the Episode of the Wife of Hirzel singing the poem of 'Doris' was peculiarly grateful to the poet—it was Hirzel's Daphne who sang Haller's 'Doris,' the Daphne of that Hirzel who was dear to his absent friends, Kleist and Gleim. He felt inspired, and with the young men of the party joined in song. By a natural transition he was awakened to the picturesque beauty around him, and interpreting the feelings of the others by his own, and, perhaps, concluding from their conversation, he exclaims, 'that they sang and felt like Hagedorn—sang like the poet of that name, and felt like his brother, the critic on painting and landscape!'

The spirit of the poet now kindled by appropriate stimulants, thoughts of Haller, and Kleist, and Gleim, and Hagedorn, occur to his imagination; and he expresses his preference for the joys of friendship before the spring with its feelings of love;—yea, before 'wine quaffed in the society of genius;' and even the love of fame, 'that last infirmity of noble minds!' No sooner is he landed on the island, and stationed in the forest, than he wishes for the presence of his friends, to participate in his enjoyment; and, abstracted in thought from the rest of the company, he indulges silently in the pleasing vision, that he and his friends might live together in so sweet a spot for ever! So felt Klopstock for his friends. Among strangers, his thoughts wandered to them; even in the happiest moments of existence, his heart yearned for their presence.

So felt Klopstock for his friends! In the 'Journal of the Excursion to Zurich,' he performs a promise which he had made, to describe the scene from whence *he beheld in beatific vision the phantoms of his dear distant friends.* Schmidt he perceived from a wooded cliff, standing by a young fir, on which he had inscribed his name, not without the hope of attaining to

* This is the spiritual gallantry to which Schmidt alluded—'What will you say,' he asks Gleim, 'to the shy little Schinz, and of her interesting, timid attitude, when addressed by Klopstock with his half-spiritual, half-friendly gallantry. I have a lively image of her in my mind's eye.'

coeval longevity;—he beheld his sister gliding on a crimson cloud, refulgent with the setting sun, through a young plantation of beech trees, till lost, at length, in the misty shadows of the darker wood. Cramer, and his consort, next appeared, rapt in ecstasy, whilst listening to some heavenly voice which issued from a ridge of orient clouds, and whose strain was such as might have been breathed by some departed spirit, ere admitted to the communion of immortal beings. Gleim he observed standing on the margin of a clear brook, and complaining, with an air of lassitude and melancholy, that he had so long been separated from Kleist. In a most delicious valley, Gartner and his wife were reclining on the fresh green bank, and exchanging smiles of mutual love and felicity; these were soon greeted by Gellert—Gellert, whose looks were grave and frigid, whilst his soul overflowed with the tenderest affections. Smiling at the foot of a cliff sat Rabener, but could find no subject for ridicule in the simple peasants labouring in the valley: then Ebert, bounding from a hill, laid down his ‘Pope,’ and talked to himself of his absent friends. In the shadiest spot, Kleist,—the incomparable Kleist,—with a mien that bespoke the philanthropist, having listened intensely to the music of the nightingale, raised his eyes, and gazing on a beauteous vision in the distant horizon, invoked the name of ‘Doris.’ Hagedorn, and Gesike, no less worthy than Hagedorn, were seen together; and supported between them, he discerned the image of true happiness, whom they had rescued from the half-virtuous, half-witted crowd, who had presumed to claim acquaintance with the goddess. Olde was also with them, and with one indignant glance rebuked the boldest of those intruders who ventured to pursue their steps.

What fine materials these for an Ode! But Klopstock had already written a long lyric on his friends, to which he afterwards gave the name of ‘Wingolf.’

‘Wingolf,’ or ‘the Temple of Friendship,’ is embellished with allusions to the Scandinavian mythology. It consists of eight songs. We had translated the whole, but, for want of space, can only give the introductory song.

‘WINGOLF. ’

FIRST SONG.

Proud and impetuous with the fire of youth,
As Gna pledged on the wing,—as fed from out
Iduna's golden vase divinely,—
Sing I my friends in bolder numbers.
O grove-song! wilt thou into strophes grow?]
Wilt thou, like Ossian's rapture lawlessly,

Like

Like Uller's dance on Ocean's crystal,
 Soar freely from the poet's spirit?
 The floods of Hebrus rolled, with eagle speed,
 The Celt's lyre down their stream, which had constrained
 The woods, and taught the rocky summits
 Forth from amidst the clouds to wander.
 So flowed the Hebrus. Shadow-softener!
 Thy flying head, with dead and bloody brow,
 Borne with that lyre of thine succeeded,
 High in the noise of falling billows.
 So the wood-stream towards the ocean flows!
 So flows my song too, strong and full of thought,
 That I deride the pseudo critic
 Who hears, and from the glass drops coldly.
 Him bless, oh song, to festal meeting bless,
 With friendly salutations welcome him,
 Who over Wingolf's stately threshold,
 Serene, wreathed in the grove, now enters.
 Thy bard waits. Minion of soft Hlyn, oh, where
 Remain'st thou? Com'st thou from the inspiring mount,
 Achaian-Hæmus? or arrivest
 Thou from the seven hills immortal?
 Where the descendant of the Scipios,
 Flacci and Tullii, meditating them,
 More sounding spake and sang—where Maro
 Is than the capitol more deathless—
 Securely proud, the eternity it saw
 Of the high marbles: thou shalt be a wreck,
 Be dust, be play-fellow of tempest,
 Thou capitol—thou God of thunders!
 Or tarriest thou hereover from the isle
 Of Albion. Love her, Ebert, only her!
 They are of German stem—descendants
 Of those who boldly rode the billows.
 Let me salute thee. Wished for aye thou com'st,
 Where'er thou com'st from, minion of soft Hlyn,
 From Tiber loved, thrice loved from Hemus,
 Loved if from Britain's haughty island;
 But more beloved, when full of father-land,
 Thou comest from those groves where the band's choir
 With Braga sing, and where the Telyn
 Sounds to the flight of native numbers.
 Thence now thou comest, from the Mimer hast
 Already drawn the spritful silver flood—
 The intoxication of the fountain
 Shines, Ebert, from thine eyes enraptured—
 "Whither conjurest thou thy followers,
 Poet?—what drank? what see I? Build'st again

Tanfana? or, as on the Dirce,
 Amphion walls, Walhalla's temple?"
 The whole of the spring-plain my genius strewed,
 Which thus invokes my friends, that we may now,
 Here in the Wingolf's bright halls, under
 The wings of joy, embrace each other!"

Of the persons celebrated in these songs, many are only remembered by their names thus preserved. That they were Klopstock's friends, and acknowledged as such by him, is, perhaps, their greatest merit. But that *a* Klopstock, in that period of his native literature, when it was but just emerging from barbarism, could find so many minds capable of sympathy with his own, of appreciating his genius, and having sufficient genius to be appreciated by him, is among the fortunate circumstances of his life and time. There have been, however, in all countries, eras in which genius appears to have awakened out of a long trance; and, as if to redeem the time which it had slept away, to manifest itself in many souls at once, and speak by a manifold instrumentality. Then, having thus laid the ground of a national literature, it remains content, for its continuance, to speak out once an age by some voice of power. Thus it was with Shakespeare, who, in his time, was but the loftiest and comeliest of many giant intellects—the mightiest of many mighty. With the 'Messias' the modern literature of Germany commenced. The circumstances out of which it grew were not of that spirit-stirring and primitive quality as those which moulded the great men of the Elizabethan age. No great political or moral change preceded immediately this new birth of the Teutonic muse. Its poetry was the quiet produce of literary imitation—its origin was of English growth. Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Harvey's 'Meditations,' Mrs. Rowe's 'Friendship in Death,' were the source of much of Klopstock's inspiration, strengthened and fortified, however, by the study of Milton, to whose great work, from the similarity of subject, he was induced frequently to recur. The other three, however, we suspect, were greater favourites in Germany than the poet of 'Paradise;' and Klopstock himself was of opinion, that Glover's blank verse was superior to Milton's!

At any rate, the next period of German literature was a sort of 'Olla Podrida,' (as a great English poet, philosopher, and critic, so characteristically observes,) 'composed of Harveyisms in style, and, for subject-matter, of the strained thoughts, figurative metaphysics, and solemn 'Epigrams' of Young,—the loaded sensibility, the minute detail, the morbid consciousness of every thought and feeling in the whole flux and reflux of the mind; in short,

short, the self-involution and dream-like continuity of Richardson,—highly seasoned with the horrors, and the mysteries, the ruffianism, the ruined castles, dungeons, trap-doors, skeletons, flesh-and-blood ghosts, and perpetual moonshine, of Mrs. Ratcliffe and Horace Walpole.'

But the school of Klopstock was of a purer character, though not free from that feminine sentimentality which, however amiable, 'sicklies o'er with the pale cast of thought' the nobler enterprises, and manlier energies, of genius. Klopstock also was an admirer of Ossian. There is that in Ossian which is exactly suited to that cast of mind: his sketchy descriptions of nature, hints of landscape, rhapsodies to sun, and moon, and stars; his shadowy, indefinite mythology, his misty ghosts; above all, the *goodness* of his heroes, are precisely the materiel on which the amiable, though enervate, sentimentalist would most delight to brood. The following indicates study both of Harvey and M'Pherson, and, perhaps, of Glover; having, indeed, most of their defects, though reaching to beauties to which only Klopstock could have attained.

'THE SOLEMNIZATION OF SPRING.

Not into th' ocean of the universe
 Seek I to plunge me, nor to hover where
 The first-create, the choral sons of light,
 Deeply adore, and sink in ecstasy,
 Only around the drop upon the bucket;
 Around the earth, I hover and adore.
 Praise to the Lord! The drop upon the bucket
 Flowed from the hand of the Almighty too!
 When from the hand of the Omnipotent
 The greater earths outwelled,
 The streams of light forth rushed,
 And filled the planets seven;
 Then flowedst thou, oh drop,
 From the Almighty's hand.
 When rushed a stream of light,
 And sprang our sun to birth;
 A cataract of luminous waves
 Poured, as adown a rock,
 The tempest from a cloud,
 And girt Orion's orb;
 Then flowedst thou, oh drop,
 From the Almighty's hand!
 What are the thousands thousand fold,
 And what the myriads all,
 Who do the drop inhabit now,
 Who have the drop inhabited?
 And what am I?

Glory

Klopstock's Life and Odes.

Glory to the Creator! More than all,
 The earth's that from his hand outwelled,
 More than the planets seven,
 Of lucid rays composed.

But thou, thou worm of spring,
 That greenly golden, twinkles me before,
 Thou livest; and, haply, yet,
 Ah, not immortal art!
 Forth went I to adore;

And weep I now? Forgive—forgive—
 This tear unto the finite one,
 Oh, thou who shalt endure!

Thou wilt all doubts to me unveil,
 Oh, thou, who through the valley dark
 Of Death wilt guide me! Then may I
 Learn if the golden worm
 Had an immortal soul!

Art thou but fashioned dust,
 Thou son of May? So then become
 Scattering dust again—
 Or what th' Eternal wills!

Shed thou anew, my eye,
 The tears of joy!

Anew, my harp,
 Praise thou the Lord!

'Tis wreathed again, with palms
 My harp is wreathed. I sing the Lord!
 Here stand I. Round about me—lo,
 All is omnipotence—is miracle!

With awe profound, I look on the creation,
 For thou,
 Thou nameless One,
 Createdst it!

Airs! that about me blow and breathe
 Soft coolness on my glowing brow,
 The Lord, the Infinite,
 Sent you, ye wond'rous airs!

But now they hush—they scarcely breathe—
 More sultry glows the morning sun—
 Clouds stream on high—and visibly
 He comes—th' Eternal comes!

Now swoop the winds, they rush, they whirl—
 How bows the wood, how swells the stream!
 Visible as thou canst to mortals be,
 Oh, visibly thou comest—Infinite!

The forest bends,—the stream recedes; yet I
 Fall not upon my countenance,
 Before the coming Deity!

Lord

Lord—Lord—God, merciful and full of grace,
On me have mercy too!

Lord! art thou wroth,
That night thy garment is?
This night is *blessing* to the earth.
Father! thou art not wroth!
It cometh—to refresh
The life-sustaining corn,
The heart-rejoicing grape;
Father! thou art not wroth!

All before thee is still,—Thou coming God!
All round about is still;
Also the worm with gold bedeckt,
Up-looketh!—it may be
Not soul-less,—haply, it
Immortal is!

Oh! for the power to praise thee as I would!
Ever more glorious thou thyself revealest;
Ever more dark the night about thee grows,
More full of blessing too!

See ye the token of the present God?—
The quivering beam!
Hear ye Jehovah's thunder?—hear ye it?
Hear ye the shattering thunder of the Lord?
Lord—Lord—God!

The Merciful, the full of Grace!
Adored and lauded be
Thy glorious name!
And the storm-winds? Thy thunders they do bear!
How rush they! how they stream,
With loud waves through the wood!
And now they hush—
Slow wanders the swart cloud.

See ye the new sign of the present God?
The flashing beam!
Hear ye Jehovah's thunder high in heaven?
He calls—Jehovah calls!
The smitten forest smokes!
But not our hut!
Our Father bade

His dread destroyer overpass,
And spare our humble hut!
Already rushes!—ah! already rushes
The heaven and earth with the all-gracious rain—
Now is—(how thirsted it!)—the earth requickened,
And heaven of its full blessing is unburthened—
Lo, now in storms Jehovah comes no more—

In

In murmurs soft and still,
 Jehovah comes!
 And arches under him the bow of peace!"

One lesson of no inconsiderable importance to a poet may be learned, both from the above Ode, and the one on 'Zurich Lake.' Both are descriptive. But it is worthy of remark, that they deal not exclusively in pictures of inanimate nature, that they dwell rather upon the feelings of friendship and piety, which such scenes are calculated to excite, which are rather esteemed as symbols of the affections, and occasions of devotion, than for any intrinsic value in themselves. This, though in a lower degree, is the same in kind as the principle which gives so much life and energy to the descriptions of Hebrew poetry, and to the poetry of Wordsworth.

But there is another, and equally important lesson, which poets may, in general, learn from Klopstock; one that imports their own personal well-being. Klopstock looked on the art which he had adopted as one of sacred origin, and appears, with a truly Miltonic spirit, to have cultivated his faculties as a religious duty. Poetry he made the business of his life, and was not ashamed of it; indeed he was anxious, at the outset of his career, to make it, if possible, his only business; and this is the true secret of excellence in a poet. He loved his art for itself—alone. He valued it not for any extrinsic reward, (if we except the sublime recompense of love and friendship—which, however, are not external guerdons, but matters of the heart within,) but for the personal satisfaction which it was capable of affording to his own mind and feelings—for the honour which it could procure him from the great and good; and, above all, for the glory which would thereby accrue to his country.

With no less worthy aims than these should the poet, who is solicitous of genuine happiness, adopt the practice of the divinest of all arts. To give breath to that aspiration after those purer, lovelier, mightier, and sublimer attributes of being, of which the germs are infolded in the energies of this present life—to develop the processes of nature, and the antagonism of spirit, and to manifest those powers of growth and perfectibility, which are the instincts of the human soul—is a task of no vulgar attainment, and not at all to be reached by one who would make a trade of his inspiration, and set his feelings up to sale. In success, from these sources of worldly prosperity, he may be disappointed; but the genius which looks to the more certain sources of success—in the increasing life of the eternal soul, the awakened and ever more awakening might of the indefatigable imagination, the heightened and ever more majestic stature of the

the immortal mind,—shall find its reward in its own progression, in its union with universal being—its sympathy with unearthly intelligence—and its anticipation of those excelling states of power, and glory, and beauty, and blessedness, whereof the promise is the food of faith, which are themselves the objects of hope, and shall only be realised in the full development of the energies and activities of imperishable love.

In his national Odes, Klopstock employed the machinery of the Runic fables, interweaving in his own original compositions the marvellous legends of Scandinavia, with the romantic traditions of his forefathers. Under the popular name of Herman, he thus celebrated the renowned Arminius.

In the following Ode the poet's affection for his country is expressed in a manner so generally pleasing, and yet so personally illustrative of the sentiments and character of the poet, that we cannot refrain from inserting it here.

‘MY FATHER-LAND, 1768.

So silent long the youth,
Whose generous ardour felt
The fading of few springs !
Now he resolves to seek
The silver-haired, the deed-surrounded,
And in the interchange of talk,
And in the fellowship of thought,—
The flame-word from his heart forth stream,
How much the sire he loved !
Impetuous he, at mid of night,
Starts up with glowing soul ;
The wings of morning wave, and he
Hastes to the reverend man—
But saith it not !

So silent I. For Modesty,
Me stedfastly restraining, still to me
Signed with her iron arm.
The wings they waved, the lute emitted light,
And of itself began to sound—
But my hand trembled yet.
I hold it out no longer !—I
The lute must take, and soar
The daring flight of song !
Must speak—I can no more conceal
The feelings of my heart !
Spare me ! thy sacred head
Is garlanded about
With thousand years' renown !

With

With stately step thou walkest,
 Even as the Immortals walk,
 I'th' sight of many lands!
 O spare me! thee I love,
 Love thee, my Father-land!

Ah! it falls from me, I have dared it;
 Adown its chords my hand now trembles—
 Spare! spare! how waves thy holy garland!
 Oh! how divinely movest thou,
 Thy stately bearing, the Immortals'!

I see a tender smile,
 That swift to me the heart unburthens;
 With grateful gladness, to the echo
 I sing, this smile was meant for me!

Early to thee have I myself devoted;
 Soon as my heart first with ambition throbb'd,
 I chose, among the lances and the corslets,
 To sing of Henry, thy deliverer!

But I beheld the higher path,
 And, animate by more than mere ambition,
 Preferred it greatly. It leads up,
 Up to the Father-land
 Of all the human race!

Still on that path walk I, and when
 I sink thereon beneath the mortals burthen,
 Sidewards I turn myself, and take
 The Telyn of the bard,
 And sing thyself to thee,
 O Father-land!

For him who thinks, and him who acts, thou plantest!
 Thy grove shades far and cool,
 Stands and derides the storms of time,
 Derides the bushes round it!

He, whom the dancing happy hour,
 And the keen glance conducts,
 He breaks into thy shade—
 No fable it,

The spell-rod, that attracted by the treasure,
 Quivers towards the brighter gold,
 The new-suggested thought.

Often into their thinner woods,
 The kingdom of the Rhone,
 The country of the Thames,
 Took one of thy young trees;—
 Why should they not? For ay,
 Soon other stems arise to thee!

Besides

Besides they ay belong to thee.
—For thou thy warriors sentest forth,
Then clanged the arms!
Then swiftly sounded their decision!
Franks let the Gauls be named;
Britons be English called!
Let thou the arms clang louder yet!
High Rome her warlike pride
Sucked from the savage wolf;
Long, long was she the tyrant of the world.
Thou hurledst down, bathed in her blood,
High Rome, my Father-land!
Never unto the stranger's land,
Another country was so just as thou.
Oh! be not all too just!
Nobly enough they think not, to perceive
How beautiful thy fault!
Of manners simple—wise, art thou,
Of spirit earnest—more intense;
Power is thy word, thy sword decision;
Yet willingly thou changest
The sword into the sickle,
And droppest not, oh, well for thee!
With the blood of other worlds.
Her iron arm signs to me! I am silent,
Till, haply, she again may slumber,
And meditate the noble awful thought,
Worthy of thee to be,
My Father-land!

The Odes of Klopstock are so little known in this country, that we have felt ourselves justified in giving these abundant specimens, most of which, we believe, have never before been translated. 'I never purposed to myself,' said Klopstock, 'to compose odes, and yet it so happens that I have written several.' This he said in the spring and morning of his day; their number increased with the number of his years. Herein lies the true secret of their worth. They were not written as a task, as a trial of skill, or a mean of raising supplies, but they are the expression—the outpouring of the poet's experience—of his feelings—in one word, of his genius. His great epic is chargeable with defect of plan; his dramas are wanting in many essential elements; but it was not without reason and right, that he valued himself on the plan of his Odes, and accused, in this respect, the modern lyrical writers of gross deficiency. So much more perfect are the productions of nature, than those of the finest art; the latter 'not only want life's variety, but life.'

These

These poems are living, vigorous things; nay, of a fiery and inspired energy, that alone belongs to those effusions, which are the spontaneous offspring of such occasional impulses as the mind feels once, and once only;—those favourable moments of enraptured conception, which, if they come at all, come unbidden, and are not to be supplied by any mechanical expedient.

Of our author's Odes on the French Revolution we do not intend to give specimens, being reluctant, by the introduction of such a topic, to disturb the harmony of impression which we desire to leave on the mind of the reader—to say nothing of their being inferior compositions—strained and artificial*.

The Odes of Klopstock are written in the ancient measures without rhyme. He had a horror of confining his free, exuberant soul within arbitrary limits. Depth of thought, brevity of expression, conciseness of diction, elevation of idea, strength and energy, and a love of startling effect, are the principal characteristics of these magnificent rhapsodies; and they needed not to make concession to vulgar taste, to which they appeal not at all for acceptance, or the 'tuneful jingle of like endings,' to atone for the deficiency of those higher qualities, of which rhyme is often found incapable.

We, however, have frequently thought, that, notwithstanding such considerations, these sublime poems might, in some instances, be better represented in English in a rhymed translation. Abrupt and unornamented, and mainly relying on their enthusiasm, affecting a nakedness of manner, and presenting rather a boldness of outline, than a graceful filling up and connexion of the parts, with a soft and harmonious tone of colouring, and a nice disposition of light and shade;—rhyme, perhaps, would serve as no inappropriate drapery to cover the abrupt projections of the hugely-jointed limbs, and abate the gigantic proportions of their super-human stature. They are mainly composed in irregular strophes of four lines each. The translator might collect several of these into one, and by the addition of rhyme, the omission of some repetitions, and the introduction of some detail, produce a series of poems generally acceptable, and for which he would

* For these let the remarks of an eminent opinionist suffice: 'At the beginning of the French Revolution, Klopstock wrote Odes of congratulation, and received some honorary presents from the French Republic (a golden crown, I believe); and, like our Priestley, was invited to a seat in the Legislature, which he declined. But when France liberty metamorphosed herself into a fury, he sent back these presents with a *Palinodia*, declaring his abhorrence of their proceedings; and since then has been, perhaps, more than enough Antigallican. I mean, that in his just contempt and detestation of the crimes and follies of the Revolutionists, he suffers himself to forget, that the Revolution itself is a process of Divine Providence; and that as the folly of men is the wisdom of God, so are their iniquities instruments of his goodness.'—*Coleridge's Biographia Literaria*.

deserve

deserve more praise than can possibly fall to the lot of a mere translator.

Hitherto, indeed, these Odes have been thought untranslatable. We mention not this to bespeak praise for our temerity, but to conciliate the reader's forbearance for our, at best, imperfect success in a task so difficult. The following, which is the last we shall quote, is translated in rhyme; and may, perhaps, enable the reader to judge of the effect likely to be produced by such a mode. It is not, however, rendered upon the plan which we have recommended, for we wished to remain as true as possible to the original text.

'THE OMNIPRESENT, 1758.

When thou with Death,—with Death, hadst wrestled sore,
And prayed for agony the more,
When on the earth was poured the flood
Of thy mingled sweat and blood;

In that deep and solemn hour,
Was this great truth made manifest in thee,
That truth will be,
Long as the veil of dust obscures the soul of power.

These soothing words, yet thrilling,
To the sleeping thou didst speak—
Your Spirit aye is willing,
But the flesh indeed is weak!

This mortal lot, this earthy weight,
Enthral my soul else free,
When she herself would elevate,
Thou, Infinite! to thee!

Lo, Father! in the dust I sink adoring,
Hearken my prayer, a mortal's plea,
My soul, for her true life imploring,
Would fain ascend to thee—to thee!

Father, present every where!
Thou embracest me e'en here—
O thought of joy! Be hushed, my heart—
God is, where thou now beating art!*

What, Omnipresent, will it be
To contemplate thee visibly,
When strong as heaven is the thought of thee?
What will it be to contemplate
Thee,—in thine infinity?

* For this line we are responsible. The original simply is—

'Allgegenwärtig, Vater,
Schliessest du mich ein!
Steh hier, Betrachtung, still, und forsche
Diesem Gedanken der Wonne nach.'

That

That hath no Eye beheld, that heard no Ear,
 That in no Heart hath entered, howsoe'er
 It wrestled, howsoever it might thirst
 For God, for God, for the unending First,
 Hath entered yet into no human heart,
 Not in the heart of him by sin ensnared,
 Made of the earth, and mortal every part,
 What God for them who love him hath prepared.

Few only, few, alas! are they, -
 Whose Eye in the creation
 Discerneth the Creator!—few, whose ear
 Him heareth in the mighty storm-blast's sway,
 Thee, in the rolling thunder, or the lisping undulation
 Of the gentle brook, perceiveth, uncreate!
 Few Hearts with sacred awe, and holy fear,
 God's omnipresence meditate!

In the Sanctuary, let me,
 Omnipresent, constantly
 Thee seek and find! and from my heart,
 Should the eternal thought depart,

Let me intensely praying then,
 From the seraphic choir above,
 With loud tears of joy and love,
 Call it hither down agen!

So I may prepare,
 And consecrate my mind,
 To behold thee where
 In the Holiest thou art shrined.

I lift mine eye, and look,
 And lo, the Lord is every-where!
 Earth, from whose bosom dust he took,
 And formed the first of men while-ere,
 Whereon I live the life I breathe,
 Wherein this flesh of mine shall perish,
 Whereout I shall arise from death—
 God with his presence deigns thee to preserve and cherish.

With holy dread I tremble,
 And pluck the flower, a symbol
 Of God's creating power,
 God is where is the flower!

With holy dread, I feel the breathing air,
 I hear it rushing! Bad it breathe and rush
 The Eternal! The Eternal
 Is where the breeze blows vernal,
 Is where the thunder-storm's impetuous gush
 Hurls down the cedar fair!

Oh,

Oh, body! joy thee of thy death,
 Where thou wilt corrupt beneath,
 There will he,
 The Eternal, be!
 Joy of thy death, oh body! in the deeps,
 In the heights of creation, will thy wrack blow away;
 There, also, where thou wilt anew decay,
 There where its dust in sightless ruin sweeps,
 There will he,
 The Eternal, be!
 The heights shall bow!
 The deeps adore,
 While the Omnipresent, now,
 Creates immortals of the dust once more.
 Your palms and crowns, ye perfect ones! down fling,
 Halleluja! the Creator! sing—
 To the Destroyer raise the strain,
 Halleluja! and let heaven again
 With halleluja! the Creator! ring.
 I lift mine eye, and look,
 And lo, the Lord is every where!
 Suns, earths, and moons; worlds—words of God's great book*—
 The eternal presence fills each rolling sphere.
 Night of the worlds! as in the dark Word we
 Him who is eternal see;
 So mystery-full Night, in thee,
 So discern we and adore
 Him who is for evermore.
 Here stand I, Earth! what is this slumberous frame
 To those bright worlds e'en angels cannot name?
 What are those worlds e'en angels cannot number,
 To my soul that ne'er shall slumber?
 To her—immortal and redeemed—art thou
 Nearer allied than to the worlds on high;
 They think not on thy presence now,
 They feel not thine ubiquity.
 With still and pious earnestness,
 I thank thee, when I think on this!
 With nameless joy, with tearful zeal,
 I thank thee, Father, when I feel!
 Moments of mercy! when into mine essence
 Thou shedst this feeling of thy presence;
 As the dry bones for resurrection pine,
 Thus thirsts my soul for moments so divine!

* 'Words of God's great book' belong to the translator. They are, however, in harmony with the 'dark word' of the next stanza.

On my face I lie before thee—
 Might I more humbly yet adore thee!
 Bowed in the dust, e'en where thou willest,
 The lowest of the world thou fillest!
 My soul! thou thinkest, feelest yet,
 Thou who wilt be—
 Thou who wilt think more elevate,
 Will feel more blessedly—
 Who wilt the beatific vision see
 Of manifested Deity—
 Through whom, my soul? Through Him, e'en he
 Who was, who is, and who shall be!
 Thou whom words may utter not,
 Thy presence, though unseen it be,
 Enlightens and exalts my thought;
 Conduct it, Uncreate, to thee!
 The presence of thy Deity,
 Enflames and wings for happy flight,
 My feelings with sublime delight;
 Conduct them, Uncreate, to thee!
 Who am I, oh first of Being?
 And who art thou, oh God all-seeing?
 Establish thou this life of mine,
 That I may be for ever thine.
 Without him who has taught me what thou art,
 And died for me, I could not thine have grown;
 Thought of thy presence then had awed my heart,
 With horror of the Omnipotent unknown!
 Earth and heaven shall pass away,
 But thy promise never may!
 Saviour divine!
 From the first who fell, e'en on
 To the last redeemed by thee,
 Whom the trump at the judgment-day
 Shall change anon,—
 Thou hast ever been with thine,
 Thou with thine wilt ever be!
 Thy wounded hands I touched not with my finger,
 Thy wounded side my hands did not explore,
 Not faithless, to believe I may not linger;
 Thou art my Lord and God, the God whom I adore!

'Klopstock,' exclaimed Gleim, on his reading his collected
 Odes, 'thou art neither Pindar, nor Homer, but Eloa!' The old
 man had waited with impatience for the collective publication of
 the Odes, which had been long promised, and did not take place
 till

till 1798. His only wish was, in his eightieth year, that he might read them ere he died in peace, for every line, that Klopstock had written, was engraven on his soul. Three years previously, after many anxious inquiries, he had learned that the *Odes* were intended for publication, but that Nikolovius had refused Klopstock his price. 'What is that price,' he inquired, 'let me know; and if it exceed not the measure of my fortune, I engage to advance the stipulated sum, and shall think myself amply repaid by seeing the *Odes* on this side the grave.' Nikolovius, however, had offered Klopstock one thousand dollars, with which he was not dissatisfied.

'The Omnipresent' is the only Ode written in 1758—the year in which Meta Klopstock died. It may, perhaps, be considered as her husband's tribute to her memory; for he wrote no poem expressly on that event. He gives his reasons in his Introduction to her posthumous writings, but we are not able to find room for the extract.

We cannot dismiss the present article without adding a brief notice of this interesting woman, whom Cramer justly calls 'Klopstock in feminine beauty.' They became acquainted at the time when the indifference of her, who had first engaged his affections weighed so heavily on Klopstock's too sensitive spirit, that it began to rebel somewhat indignantly against the intolerable burthen. In one happy night, Margaret Moller, of Hamburg, read the 'Messias.' The next day, she asked one of his friends who was its author? Then, for the first time, she heard his name. From that moment her thoughts were filled with him. Unexpectedly she heard that he was to pass through Hamburg; she immediately wrote to the same friend to procure her the means of introduction. Klopstock was told that a certain girl in Hamburg wished to see him, and was shewn some letters in which she had criticised his verses. The Poet passed four days with her. He found her so lovely, so amiable, so full of attractions, that he could at times scarcely forbear to give her the name which was to him the dearest in existence. He was often with her alone; and, in those moments of unreserved intercourse, was insensibly led to communicate his melancholy story, like another Othello—only *his* perilous adventures were of the heart. The sympathy expressed by this noble minded maiden touched the chords of all his former feelings; every painful circumstance was recalled, every keen sensation renewed, and he was more than ever conscious of his present wretchedness and desolation. 'It was a strong hour,' says Meta, *—'the hour of his departure.' He wrote soon after, and

* 'Meta' was an abridgment of Margaret, by which Klopstock by-named his wife.

their correspondence became diligent. Her friends rallied her, and said she was in love: she replied, that 'they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as a woman.'

Thus things continued for eight months. In the mean while, the estrangement of the Schmidt family from Klopstock proceeded; and his father, and all his friends, were desirous of disabusing Klopstock of the enchantment which still bound him to misery and humiliation. He was at length released from all obligation, and he was no longer an outcast from happiness.

The poet having been invited to Copenhagen, to be presented to the king, he had been obliged to leave Meta and Hamburgh. They had on other accounts to wait two years for their wedding. Her mother was not willing that she should marry a stranger. She might have married without her consent, as, by the death of her father, her fortune depended not on her mother's concurrence; but that for her was an horrible idea, and she thanked Heaven that she prevailed by her prayers. The mother was afterwards strongly attached to Klopstock, and the daughter became the happiest wife in the world. This is the history of their love, told almost in their own words.

They were married four years, and had no child. She proudly anticipated that in the November of 1758 she should be the mother of a child of Klopstock's; but on the 28th of that month she died. The letters of this charming woman, as given in Richardson's 'Correspondence,' must make her dear to every feeling bosom.

Her widowed husband, as we have seen, edited her *posthumous* writings. They consist, first, of their correspondence—then follows a correspondence of a peculiar nature. Klopstock was very partial to the writings of Mrs. Rowe. In imitation of her, his beloved Meta wrote a series of letters from the 'Dead to the Living.' They are exceedingly beautiful, and excel their model. Among them is one supposed to be addressed from Klopstock to herself, under the name of Cidli, by which he distinguished her in the poems addressed to her, in which she seizes her husband's manner admirably. This is succeeded by her answer. There is also a serious drama on the 'Death of Abel,' sweetly written by her in the pure language of the affections.

Of this we would have given a specimen, did not the want of space oblige us to conclude. A mere perusal, however, will, we think, be sufficient to justify Cramer's saying, that Meta was 'Klopstock in feminine beauty.'

Thus have we fulfilled our present purpose, which was to represent,

represent, from his lyrical productions, Klopstock in the several relations of his character. There yet remain his Bardits, and sacred Dramas, which are very little, if at all, known to the English reader. The Messiah also awaits examination. But justice could not be done to these great works without drawing out this already lengthy paper to an unseemly extent—at a more fitting occasion we may resume our task.

ART. IV.—F. G. L. KOSEGARTENII *Chrestomathia Arabica ex codicibus manuscriptis Parisiensibus, Gothanis et Berolinensibus collecta.* XXIV. & 547 pp. 8vo. Lipsiae, 1828.

THE publication of the work, at the head of this article, was, several years since, announced in the catalogue of the literary fair at Leipzig. Its appearance has, since that period, been eagerly expected, at all the German universities, by those who were in any way conversant with Arabian literature; and it may now be said to supply a want generally felt, in that country, since the revival of oriental learning.

The study of Eastern languages does not enjoy those political advantages in Germany, which so essentially contribute to excite its cultivation in France, Russia, and Great Britain. The intercourse with Eastern nations is, there, extremely limited. Austria is, in fact, the only German country, for which the knowledge of oriental languages is of practical importance; and Vienna the only place, where an oriental academy exists for the education of interpreters and diplomatic agents, to be employed in the transaction of affairs with the Sublime Porte. In all other parts of Germany the oriental languages are studied for the sole purpose of literary inquiries; and these were for a long time almost exclusively limited to the elucidation of the Old Testament. The number of those scholars, who attained any proficiency in eastern literature generally, was very scanty till the end of the last century. Reiske alone makes a brilliant exception to this remark. His works are still unexhausted stores of information, to which the linguist as well as the historical inquirer must constantly refer.

A new period in the study of the Arabic language and literature in Germany, commences with the time when Baron Silvester de Sacy took the Arabic chair at the Oriental School of Paris. While the literary world at large is indebted to this eminent philologist for so many learned works of the greatest importance, and for the light which he has shed over so many dark passages in history and science, Germany owes him particular

cular obligations for those distinguished Arabic scholars, who, guided for a time by his instructions, and assisted by his advice, are now among the chief ornaments of her national universities. Of these, M. Freytag at Bonn, and M. Kosegarten at Greifswald, stand foremost; each having largely contributed to the cultivation of oriental study. M. Freytag published his *Selecta ex Historiâ Halebi* at Paris (1819. 8vo.) He continued publishing extracts from Arabic historians on the same subject, (the History of the Town of Aleppo) in his *Regierung des Saahd-Aldaula*, (Bonn, 1822. 4to.) and in a choice collection of easy texts for beginners, under the title of *Locmani fabulae et plura loca ex codicibus maximam partem historicis selecta*. (Bonn, 1823. 8vo.) Besides this he gave a critical edition of the *Kasidah* of Caab ben Soheir. (Bonn, 1823. 4to.) Of late years Professor Freytag was occupied with preparing a new edition of *Goliush*. But under his superintendence M. Horst published a valuable edition of a poem of Motenabbi; M. von Bohlen, now Professor at Königsberg, a Dissertation on the Life and Genius of that Poet (1824. 8vo.); M. Hengstenberg, now Professor of Divinity at Berlin, the *Moallakah* of Amrulkais; and M. Vullers the *Moallakah* of Hareth. (1827. 4to.)

Whilst Professor Freytag exclusively directed his attention to the language of the Arabs, different branches of Eastern literature enjoyed the cultivating care of Professor Kosegarten. He at first introduced himself to the learned world by his *Triga carminum Orientalium*. (Stralsund, 1815. 8vo.) He afterwards published interesting extracts of the Journal of an Arabian traveller,* and an excellent edition of the *Moallakah* of Amru ben Kelthum.—(Jena, 1819. 4to.) About the same time appeared his German translation of the Sanscrit poem *Nalas*, published by Professor Bopp. Besides this, M. Kosegarten is the author of several valuable papers, printed in the *Mines de l'Orient*, published at Vienna, in the great *Encyclopædia* of Ersch and Gruber, and in the *Hermes*, a periodical publication, which appears quarterly at Leipzig. He is moreover one of the few German scholars who have directed their attention to the remnants of ancient Egyptian literature. His observations on the Demotic text of a papyrus preserved in the Royal Library at Berlin, appeared in 1824; and he has just published the first part of a more exten-

* *De Mohammede Ebn Batuta ejusque itineribus Commentatio. Jenae, 1818. 4to.* The subject was continued by M. H. Apetz, a disciple of Kosegarten, in his *Descriptio terræ Malabar ex Arabico Ebn Batutæ itinerario. Jenae, 1819.* A complete English translation of an Abridgment from Ebn Batuta's work, by Professor Lee, of Cambridge, is about to be published, being the first work which appears under the auspices of the Oriental Translation Fund, in connexion with the Royal Asiatic Society of London.

sive work on this subject : *De Priscâ Aegyptiorum Litteraturâ.* (Weimar, 1828. 4to.)

This short account of the exertions of two German professors of oriental literature cannot fail to justify the high regard in which they are both held by the whole literary public in Germany. We have to add, that each of them is at present engaged in a new and more important undertaking for Arabic literature : Professor Freytag, with a complete edition of the *Hamāsah*, a collection of ancient Arabic songs, with the original commentary of Tebrizi ; Professor Kosegarten with an edition of the great Arabic historian Tabari.

Undertakings of such extent were for a long time scarcely thought of in Germany. Reiske himself did not live to see his *Abulfeda* published. Even in our present days the printing of an oriental work requires a considerable sacrifice on the part of the editor ; and instances of disinterestedness, such as these given by Professors Freytag and Kosegarten, are of very rare occurrence.

But while the progress of Germans in oriental literature is thus checked by external difficulties, we must joyfully hail the rise of a new constellation in our own country, which seems to portend a more successful period to the cultivation of Eastern learning. Our readers, no doubt, are already aware of the existence of the Oriental Translation Committee, formed under the auspices of the Royal Asiatic Society of London. The rapidity with which, through the zeal of its enlightened founders, the resources of this committee daily increase, as well as the number of illustrious names by which the list of its members is adorned, furnishes a gratifying proof of the general interest now prevailing for oriental literature. The principles, according to which the proceedings of the committee are regulated, are the soundest and most liberal. The original text and translation of any oriental work, of which no translation yet exists, will be printed at the expense of the managing body : the scholars of this, as well as of other countries, are invited to avail themselves of the opportunity, which the committee affords for the publication of their works ; and prizes and medals are proposed as encouragements to further exertion.

The committee published last Spring a Report of the proceedings at its first general meeting, and this report has recently been reprinted in the Appendix to Vol. II. Part 1. of the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society. We are very happy to inform our readers, that there is good ground for hoping for the fulfilment of those expectations which were excited by the Prospectus of the Committee. The translation of the Travels of

of Ebn Batuta, by Professor Lee, is now printing; and M. von Hammer's translation of Evlia Effendi's Travels, Dr. Dorn's History of the Afghans, and the translation of the Bostan of Sadi, by Mr. Ross, are ready for press, and in the hands of the committee. There is every reason to believe that at their next general meeting a selection of Eastern works will be laid before the subscribers, which the whole literary public must gratefully accept as a valuable gift, entirely resulting from their munificent patronage.

But to return to our immediate subject. It is not Baron de Sacy's only merit, that he excited a more general zeal and interest for the Arabic language: he was also the first who introduced an accurate and truly critical mode of studying it. His Arabic Grammar, the result of a diligent perusal of the most approved original compositions of the Arabs on the structure of their language, first brought into full light the whole system of that language. The numerous niceties of the grammar, overlooked as unimportant by Arabists of former times, who were satisfied to catch only the sense of a passage, without giving much attention to its structure, were now felt to be of consequence, because it was perceived, that in them the true genius of the language shines forth most clearly.

It is quite natural that this change in the whole view of the study had an essential influence upon the mode of teaching the Arabic language. Works formerly published for the benefit of beginners, could no longer be useful. Most of them were destitute of the vowel points, which not only determine the true pronunciation, but also the construction and the mutual influence of the words upon each other; and even where these points were added, their correctness was far from general. M. Kosegarten deserves therefore the thanks of all those who commence the study of the Arabic language, for having supplied them with a collection of original texts, gradually proceeding from the easy style of those charming tales, known under the name of the Arabian Nights, to the more difficult diction of the poets and historians: the whole carefully provided with the vowel-points, and accompanied by a glossary, which is not, as usual, taken from Golius, but constantly refers to the more profound authority of Firusabadi's Kamoos itself.

Correct printing is no small recommendation in a work, in which typographical errors are so liable to be overlooked. We understand that the particular care, which the author himself devoted to the troublesome duty of correcting the press, was one of the circumstances which so long delayed the publication of the work.

Mr.

Mr. Kosegarten has always given the vowel-points according to the strict rules of grammar, even in poetry, where the metre would sometimes require a slight change in the pronunciation. He writes, page 24:—

wa dakhalto dārahom osāyilo anhom,

which, according to the metre, *Al-kāmelo*, would be:—

wa dakhalto dārahomu osāyilo anhomu.

Mr. Kosegarten had already adhered to the same principle in his edition of the *Moallakah* of Amru ben Kelthum. Alterations of this kind may be considered as indifferent, because they cannot mislead the reader who is once aware of the rule followed by the editor. When the grammar does not interfere, we would always vocalize the text according to the metre: for instance, at page 57, the particle *walakinna* ought, we think, to be altered into the synonymous *walakin*, which makes the verse agree with the metre *Motakarib*:—

walākin laka 'lhamda fī dā wa dāka.

Mr. Kosegarten has given a particular value to his work, by the taste and judgment with which he has selected the extracts. They are all from works hitherto unpublished, and therefore entirely new to the greater part of Arabic scholars.

The *Chrestomathy* begins with a tale from the *Arabian Nights*. It has been said that the trouble of learning Spanish would be amply repaid by the pleasure of reading *Don Quixote* in the original. The same observation may be made with equal justice on the Arabic language with regard to the *Arabian Nights*. A complete edition of them in the original text was commenced at Calcutta in 1818, but it has not proceeded beyond the second volume, which concludes with the 200th night. Another edition has lately been undertaken in Germany by Mr. Habicht, Professor of Arabic at the University of Breslau. Four neat volumes in octavo have already appeared, and we trust that the enterprising editor will in a few years publish the whole.

We next meet with another tale, extracted from a Paris manuscript of a work similar to the *Arabian Nights*, the author of which is not known. It is the history of a merchant at Bagdad, who lavishes a large property upon a beautiful female slave, whom poverty at last obliges him to sell. He is in despair; but after many vicissitudes he regains possession of her. In order to give our readers an idea of the style, we subjoin the following literal translation of a passage in which the despairing lover himself is introduced speaking:—

‘ I left the spot, not knowing whither to go: for I could not prevail upon myself to return to my house, which now, wanting her,
was

was a solitude. At length I entered a mosque, where I rested, placing the bag with her price under my head. Long did I weep, until slumber overcame me. I awoke by a movement under my head: a thief had seized the bag. I sprang up, and would have run after him; but, alas, he had tied my foot with a rope to a pillar, and thus escaped before I succeeded in untying it. Despairing as I was, I covered my face and cast myself into the Tigris, to seek death in its waves: but I was drawn out by those who were standing by, and who believed that I had accidentally fallen into the river. I told them my fate. Some blamed, others pitied me. An old man, who was amongst them, stepped forward and admonished me. "Thou art not the first person," said he, "who has become poor after having been rich; but let the loss of thy wealth suffice to thee, and do not murder thyself, in order that thou mayest not die unjustly as a destroyer of life, and fall into the eternal fire!" I now grew pacified for a while: but again my grief and my sorrow overcame me. I went to a friend, and complained to him. He advised me to leave Bagdad, and to seek somewhere for a clerkship in the house of some rich man, because my handwriting was very beautiful. He at the same time gave me fifty pieces of silver. I now determined to go down the river to the town of Waset, where I had a friend, who was himself a clerk. I went to the river, and found a vessel beautifully adorned, which was about to sail for that place. I asked the sailors to take me down with them. They answered: "We will readily take you down for two dirhems: but this vessel belongs to a certain Hashemite, who will not like to have a stranger with him; therefore disguise yourself in a habit like ours, as if you were a sailor." Now it came into my mind, that this vessel might happen to belong to the person who had purchased my beloved slave. If it be so, said I to myself, then I may still enjoy the sweetness of her voice on the way: I therefore purchased a sailor's garment, and under this disguise took my place among the sailors—when, behold! before I was aware of it, my slave with her new master came on board. She took her place under a pavilion which was prepared for her; and we set sail. Towards the evening, when they took their meal, I heard him say to her: "How long shall this grief and melancholy prevent you from singing? Are you the first maiden who has lost her master?" Thus pressed, she at length took her lute, and sang:—

"Your rival went forth, and you know with whom; they set out at night, intending to murder you.

"And it was to her as if the bones of her breast had been coals of *Gadha*-wood, glowing in a covered place."*

Tears checked her voice, the lute fell from her hands, and she arose.

* The obscurity in the first part of these verses arises from their being apparently a fragment of some ancient larger poem, which the girl recites from memory: similar perhaps to that which we find in the *Hamasah*, page 37, ed. Freytag. *Gadha* is a kind of wood, which, when burnt, retains a glowing heat for a considerable time.

Mr. Kosegarten gives copious extracts from the Paris manuscript of a work entitled *Eswāk el Eshwāk*, by *El-Bikāi*. One of the chapters taken from this work, relates some curious examples of faith and constancy in love and friendship. The Arabian authors are very fond of introducing on such occasions either a quotation from the Koran, or some tradition of the life of Mohammed himself. We find the following passages introduced at page 50.

“ Abu-Bekr Ahmed ben Ali el-Hafiz (to whom Allah be merciful !) relates : the Envoy of Allah (upon whom may the blessing of Allah repose !) said : ‘ Who loves and is continent and secret and dies, dies as a martyr.’ ”

“ Ibn Marsobān, known under the name of Mohammed ben Khalaf, relates : ‘ I heard from Saïd ben Yahya el-Korashi, who received the account through Isa ben Yunis from several old men who had been among the first assistants of Mohammed ; they said : On the day of the battle of Ohod the dead bodies of Abdallah ben Amru and Amru ben Djamuh were brought before the Prophet (upon whom may the blessing of Allah repose !) ; and he said : Place them together in one tomb, because they were faithful friends through life.’ ”

Another chapter of the extracts from *El-Bikāi*’s work is inscribed : *On some pious persons*. The examples of sudden conversion and of the powerful influence of religion on the souls of men, which we find under this head, are very remarkable, because they present to us new proofs of a general law, which regulates the developement of the human mind. Wherever an isolated beam of truth unexpectedly breaks forth, like lightning from a darkened sky, its sudden radiance powerfully influences the whole spiritual system. The universal history of religions and philosophy, as well as the inward life of individuals, offer a thousand remarkable instances illustrative of this observation. Every degree in the progress of ideas is marked by a period of fermentation, where the human mind is not yet sufficiently enlarged to comprehend a thought which suddenly presents itself, and where the soul by manifold exertions strives to alleviate the painful weight of a truth which it is not yet able to sustain. Such, we think, is the principle of the wondrous effect which the doctrines of Christianity still call forth among many of the uncultivated nations to whom it is introduced ; such also among ourselves is the source of the total change in the conduct of those who, from a life of frivolous dissipation, are accidentally converted to pietism and seclusion. Surrendering to the truth suddenly perceived, the mind is hurried as it were from

from all its former habits and ways of thinking; it lives in a new element, to the untried powers of which it can offer no resistance.

We shall quote only one passage from this chapter.

‘The Fakir Abu Hashem el Modsakkir happened to travel from Bagdad to Basra in the same vessel with a wealthy Arab. The latter was accompanied by a female slave, who was an accomplished lute-player. In the evening, the Fakir was admitted to the Arab’s banquet; the beautiful slave herself presented the cups of delicious palm-wine, and exalted the general cheerfulness by the sweet melody of her songs. “Can you imagine any thing more beautiful than this song?” said the Arab to the Fakir, when she had finished. “Yes, I know what is more beautiful,” answered the Fakir, and quoted the following words from the Koran: “When the sun shall be darkened, and when the stars shall be thrown down, and when the mountains shall be shaken.” The Arab began to weep; but the Fakir proceeded till he came to the words: “And when the Book shall be opened.” Here the Arab interrupted him, and exclaimed: “O maiden, go and be free on account of Allah!” and took the cup of palm-wine and poured it out into the river, and seized the lute and broke it into pieces. He then embraced the Fakir, and said: “O my brother, dost thou believe that the supreme God will admit my repentance?” “Allah,” answered the Fakir, “loves those who repent and endeavour to be pure.” And from hence they lived together like brothers for forty years, till the Arab died before the Fakir.’

Among the other extracts, we must not forget to mention a considerable fragment of the famous romantic tale of ‘Antara,’ known to the English public by the elegant translation of Mr. T. Hamilton. Next we meet with specimens of the style of some of the most renowned Arabic historians, namely: part of the history of the Khaliph Almansur, from the annals of Tabari; the history of the murder of the Khaliph Elmoktadir, in the year 320 after the Hegira, from a Gotha manuscript, which Mr. Kosegarten proves to be the *Akhbār es-semān* of Masudi; a fragment from a manuscript, which seems the only one known, of Makrizi’s history of the Fatemide Khaliphs; an article from the biographical collection of Ibn Khallikan, and one from the *Kitāb el Aghāni* of El Isfahāni.

The article from Ebn Khallikan, page 124—129, gives an account of the life of Hammād, a poet, and a man of an extraordinary power of memory, who lived in the second century after the Hegira. He had made a particular study of the ancient Arabic songs, and knew a great number of them by heart. The Khaliph Al Walid ben Yezid (who died in 126) once asked him,
‘How

‘How he came to be surnamed Er-Rāwiyah?’ (the Reciter;)
 Hammād’s answer was, ‘Because I can recite verses of any
 poet whom you know, O Commander of the Faithful, or whom
 you have only heard of, nay, even of more than those; and
 nobody will lay an old and a modern poem before me, but I dis-
 tinguish the old one from the modern one.’ The Khaliph He-
 sham once called him from a distance of twelve days’ journey to
 his court at Damascus, and on his arrival said to him, ‘I have
 sent for you on account of a verse, which came into my mind,
 and of which I do not know the author :

‘They called for the morning wine, when a maiden appeared with a
 bowl in her right hand.’

Hammād answered, ‘that this verse occurred in a poem of Aïd
 ben Zeid el-Ebādi,’ from which, at the Khaliph’s request, he im-
 mediately recited the following lines from the context :

‘Early at the first dawn of morning the deriders said to me, “Re-
 cover!”

And scorned me on thy behalf, O daughter of Abdallah; but my
 heart remained with thee.

I knew not—when they continued their mockery, whether they
 were friends or foes, who thus jeered at me.

They called for the morning wine, when a maiden appeared with a
 bowl in her right hand,

Which contained wine; sparkling like the eye of the cock; the juice
 of which had been cleared by a sieve :

Sour before it was mixed, but after the mixing sweet and pleasing
 to those who tasted it.

Bubbles red like rubies floated upon its surface, after the filtering.

It was mixed with water from the clouds, not with water from foul
 and sloughy bogs.’

In conclusion, Mr. Kosegarten gives a choice collection of
 poems on different subjects, and selected from the works of
 various authors. But instead of subjoining here any of these
 fragments, we prefer submitting to our readers an entire poem
 of the celebrated Motenabbi, lately printed in the ‘*Anthologie
 Arabe*’ of Mr. Grangeret de Lagrange (Paris, 1828, 8vo.) a
 work which Mr. Kosegarten, in his preface, recommends to be
 studied by those who, from the perusal of his ‘*Chrestomathia*,’
 have already obtained some knowledge of the Arabic language.

‘How long must we wander in darkness at night, like the stars?

Their march is tireless, they have nor hoofs, nor footsoles;

They feel no weary eyelids, as feels

The sleepless wanderer, who roams unresting through the night.

The sun has darkened the whiteness of our brows,

But darkens not the whiteness of our faded locks and hair.

Could

Could we have craved the sentence of an earthly judge,
Both had been then of undistinguished hue.

We have heed, that the water on our journey fail us not :
Down-streaming from the clouds it streams into our flasks.

I hate not the camels ; rather through them do I secure
My frame from sickness, and my heart from sorrow.

I bade them forth from Misr,* their hind-feet driving their fore-
feet onwards,

Till they had swiftly borne us by Djaush and by Alam.

The ostriches of the desert † vied with them in the race,
So that leading-cords and bridles came abreast.

I departed with youths who value not their lives,
Who are prepared for all, as they who sport with arrows.

When they lay aside their turbans, we see
The dark turbans without chinbands,‡ which nature has given them

Their cheeks are fair, yet they overthrow
All horsemen whom they meet, and rush to the spoil.

They achieved by their lances more than they could hope,
But the longing of their inward hearts was unfulfilled.

As in the time of ignorance § they fought,
But by their valour were secure as in the sacred month.

They seized their lances, which were dumb,
And taught them bird-like voices in the combat's whirl.

Our beasts hasten with us. White are their lips from foam :
Their hoofs are green, from rogl and yanem. ||

Laden with the treasures of the tribe, we drive them
From the fields of pasture to the field of fame.

Yet where to find this field ? since he is now no more,
Abu Shodjaa, the hero of the Arab and the stranger.

No second Fatik ¶ is in Misr, to whom we now can go ;
None to succeed him has he left among mankind.

To him, whom living none could equal in bravery,
Soon will the dead be equal in dust.

I have lost him, and it is as though I were wandering forth to
seek him ;

But this my loss the world cannot replace.

My camels smiled when they beheld

For whom their hoofs with blood were painted.

* Egypt.

† i. e. the horses.

‡ Dark hair, but no beards.

§ The age of universal war before the time of Mohammed. The hostilities of the tribes ceased during the sacred month, which is still distinguished in the Mohammedan calendar by the name of *Moharram*, i. e. the forbidden.

|| Two sorts of herbs.

¶ Abu Shodjaa Fatik is the complete name.

I travelled

I travelled with them to idolaters, whom I visited,
But in whom I found not the innocence of their idols.

I returned to my home, and my kalams* thus address'd me :
" Glory is for the sword, glory is not for the pen !

Write with us when thou hast written with the sword,
For the pen is but the servant of the sword !"

Thus said ye, and ye counsell'd for my healing ;
If I have been regardless, my malady was a bounded understanding.

He who pursues his wish without the Indian sword,
Shall answer every question as to his success with—no.

The tribe to which we travelled, deemed distress had driven us
to them.

Something, indeed, there was in the manner of our visit to justify the
thought.

The want of honesty increases ever among men,
Even though they be of one womb born.

Then no visit will we pay to them,
Unless the sharpened swords be in our hands ;

Each of which by its blow of death decides
Who shall the victor, who the vanquished prove.

We have preserved their points from the foe,
And in our hands they are in no unworthy place, nor vile.

Accustom thine eye to sights of horror,
For what the waking eye beholds is but a passing dream.

Complain not unto men ; for thus thou gladdenest them,
As the plaint of the wounded gladdens the vulture and the raven.

Be guarded before men, and veil thy thoughts ;
Nor let the smile upon their lip betray thee.

Faith has vanish'd—thou find'st her not in promises ;
Truth no longer lives in converse, or in oaths.

Praise to the Maker of my soul ! How is it that her joy
Is what by other souls is deemed the overflow of sorrow ?

Fate, wondering, beholds me bear her blows,
And how my body stands against her hard decrees.

Time fleets away ! O that my life-time had been
In another generation, of the generations that are gone !

Their sons found Time in her youth, and she rejoiced them ;
We have found her in her waning age.'

* Writing canes.

ART. V.—*Historia Juris Romani. Scripsit Wenceslaus Alexander Maciejowski, J. U. D. Lycei et Universitatis Litterariae Varsaviensis Professor, etc. Editio secunda. Varsaviae, 1825, 8vo.*

THE history of the Roman law, and the general history of the Roman state, if studied to much advantage, must be studied in conjunction with each other. Without a familiar knowledge of the institutions, manners, and character of a people, it is always difficult, if not impossible, to comprehend the spirit of their laws: many legal forms and enactments must appear unmeaning or absurd, if we are unable to trace the origin of those forms and enactments in the peculiar habits and circumstances of the age and nation. An intimate acquaintance with the history and antiquities of Rome is therefore indispensable to a civilian; and a comprehensive knowledge of the Roman jurisprudence is not less requisite to him who is anxious to understand the genuine history of Rome.

Modern civilians have divided the history of the Roman law into *external* and *internal*. The terms were first employed by Leibnitz, but with some difference in their application. The external history details the various sources of the law, and the labours of those who have digested, preserved, and cultivated it; while the internal history embraces the doctrines of the law themselves, with their principal changes and modifications. Many works, published under the title of histories of the civil law, are almost entirely confined to its external history: books of this description are better adapted to the taste of those readers who have not devoted themselves to juridical studies; but a knowledge of the internal history of the Roman law is an essential part of the knowledge which ought to be acquired by every civilian, who is entitled to that appellation.

The lawyers of the middle ages, being unacquainted with philology, which is the handmaid of history, were grossly ignorant of the history and antiquities of the Roman law.* On the revival of elegant letters, this branch of study did not long continue to be entirely neglected. Among the earliest scholars who applied the light of classical learning to the civil law, we must not fail to mention Angelo Poliziano, who died at a pre-

* "The first attempts of this kind were pretty modest, only by explaining the text in short glosses, which was Accursius's method: but he not having had the assistance of human learning, and particularly of the Greek tongue, the want of these have betray'd him to gross and childish mistakes; and it is a wretched gloss, where a sentence of Greek occurs in the text, *Haec Graeca sunt, quae nec legi nec intelligi possunt.*" (Baker's Reflections upon Learning, p. 189, 5th edit. Lond. 1714, 8vo.)

mature age in the year 1494. He was a person of singular talents and attainments, who only required a greater length of days to have earned the highest reputation. To the celebrity of an Italian and Latin poet, and of a classical critic, he was solicitous to add that of a civilian: he first directed the attention of modern lawyers to the valuable paraphrase of the Institutes by Theophilus; * and he was the first who attempted a collation of the renowned Florentine manuscript of the Pandects. † In the course of the ensuing century, Italy could boast of Alciatus, and other learned men who were capable of availing themselves of the treasures of ancient erudition, and of applying them to the illustration of ancient jurisprudence. Portugal produced Antonio Gouvea, better known by the name of Goveanus, who was alike eminent as a critic and a lawyer; and about the same period, Spain produced Antonio Agustin, or Augustinus, the illustrious archbishop of Tarragona, whose indefatigable labours have reflected much light on various departments of history, antiquities, and law. ‡ He was alike eminent as a civilian and canonist. In France, Budaeus had previously begun to apply himself to the philological illustration of the Roman law; but, according to Gravina, he is to be regarded as ‘emendator magis librorum juris, quam interpres, nec tam legum, quam eruditionis earum doctor.’ § In the career of erudition he was followed by Balduinus, Contius, Hotman, and many other French lawyers of great attainments; but in this department of study the most illustrious of modern names is that of Cujacius, who conjoined a masterly knowledge of ancient literature with the most consummate knowledge of the law. || He was born in

* Mylii Theophilus, sive de Graecarum Juris Institutionum earundemque Auctoris Historia, Aetate, Auctoritate, Fatis, Dotibus, Naevis, Liber singularis, p. 40. Lugd. Bat. 1761, 8vo.

† Brenkmanni Historia Pandectarum, p. 306. Traj. ad Rhen. 1722, 4to. Bandini, Ragionamento Storico sopra le Collazioni delle Fiorentine Pandette fatte da Angelo Poliziano. Livorno, 1762, 4to.

‡ An account of his life has been written by another eminent civilian of the same nation, Don Gregorio Mayans y Siscar. This biography, extending to 183 pages, is appended to Agustin's *Dialogos de las Armas y Linages de la Nobleza de España*. Madrid, 1734, 4to. The archbishop was born in 1517, and died in 1586.

§ Gravinae Origines Juris Civilis, p. 128. edit. Maseovii.

|| “Horum ille Cujacius vestigiis insistens, linguarum, antiquitatum, et historiarum lautissima instructus suppellectile, optimorumque in omni disciplinae genere scriptorum veterum studiosissima lectione, ac pertinaci praestantissimorum, qui illic latebant, thesaurorum veluti effossione, universam hac eadem ratione jurisprudentiam illustrare aggressus est, non Romanam solum, cujus nihil reliquit intactum, verum jus quoque feudale et canonicum: ac de ipsis etiam patriae suae consuetudinibus idem aliquando consilium agitavit. Illaque universa tali modo effecta dedit, ut eadem opera nullum non genus scriptorum adjuvaret, exponeret, emendaret. Is quoque cuilibet rei sua propria assignavit principia, singulasque jurium species accurate distinxit et separavit.” (Schultingii Oratio de Jurisprudentia Historica: Jurisprudentia Ante-Justiniana, p. 928. Lugd. Bat. 1717, 4to.)

1522, and died in 1590. It was by the persevering and united efforts of such able men as these that the spirit and the history of the civil law were at length fully understood; and although none of them has undertaken a work strictly historical, their labours have smoothed the way for all succeeding historians of the Roman jurisprudence.

We cannot discover that a regular history of law was attempted by any ancient writer. The only relique which makes an approach to this description is the extract from the *Enchiridion* of Pomponius inserted in the title of the Pandects,* *De Origine Juris et omnium Magistratuum, et Successione Prudentium*. Sextus Pomponius, who appears to have survived till the reign of the Antonines, was a lawyer of eminence; but the historical notices which we thus derive from his work have not been found accurate or satisfactory.† This fragment has been illustrated by many different commentators; and Bynkershoek, one of the most able of their number, professes to supply what his predecessors have left deficient.‡

The earliest attempt at a history of the civil law, so far as we have been able to ascertain, was that of Aymarus Rivallius; whose *Historia Juris Civilis* is said to have been first printed in the year 1515.§ After some preliminary discussion, he exhibits an outline of the history of the seven kings of Rome, and traces their supposed influence on the legislation of the state. In the second book, which occupies much more than one half of the volume, he treats of the twelve tables, and recites many

* "The civilians, who pretend that, if the Latin tongue were lost, it might be found in the book of Pandects, would take it ill to be thought mistaken in the word Pandect; which, altho' a masculine, is generally used by them in a feminine signification." (Baker's Reflections upon Learning, p. 182.) In confirmation of this remark, he refers to H. Stephanus de Abusu Linguae Graecae, p. 12. See likewise a short tract prefixed to the work of Augustinus de Nominibus Propriis του Πανδectarου Florentini. Tarracône, 1579, fol.

† See Reinoldi Opuscula juridica, p. 502. and the preface of Heineccius to Opuscula ad Historiam Juris, et maxime ad Pomponii Enchiridion illustrandum, pertinentia, collegit Jo. Ludovicus Uhlius. Halae, 1735, 4to.

‡ Bynkershoek Praetermissa ad l. 2. D. de Origine Juris: Opera, tom. iii. p. 1. See likewise Wächterli Opuscula juridico-philologica, p. 726. Traj. ad Rhen. 1733, 8vo.—The most copious, though not the most valuable, commentary was published by G. vander Muelen: In Historiam Pomponii de Origine Juris et omnium Magistratuum, et Successione Prudentium, Exercitationes. Trajecti ad Rhenum, 1691–3, 3 part. 8vo.

§ Valentinæ, 1515, 8vo. Mogunt. 1527, 8vo. Ibid. 1530, 8vo. Ibid. 1533, 8vo. These editions are mentioned by Haubold, Institutionum Juris Romani Privati historico-dogmaticarum Lineamenta, p. 26. edit. Lips. 1826, 8vo. A copy in our possession bears the following title: "Aymari Rivallii Allobrogis, Jure consulti eruditissimi eloquentissimique, Civilis Historiae Juris, sive in XII. Tab. Leges, Commentariorum libri quinque, jam denuo diligenter recogniti. Historiae item Juris Pont. liber singularis." Lugduni, 1551, 8vo. Pp. 272. The running title of the principal part of the volume is *Historia Juris Civilis*.

laws which he imagines them to have contained. He afterwards proceeds to enumerate various laws of a more recent origin. "Sed ut primam juris disciplinae speciem absolvamus, memorare consules et alios magistratus convenit, qui post XII. Tab. leges ad populum tulerunt. Dicemus igitur post Livium, Nepotem, Gell. et Macrobius Satur. iii. Blondumque in Roma triumphante, et jureconsultos, Philolphum et alios, quas leges post XII. Tab. populus Ro. consule et alio magistratu interrogante constituerit. Non omnes leges tamen enumerare proponimus, sed eas tantum, quarum vetusti scriptores crebrius meminerunt." P. 155. The third book relates to *Senatusconsulta* and *Praetorum Edicta*, the fourth to *Decreta Principum*. In the fifth book, he treats of the *Responsa Prudentum*, and introduces slight notices of those lawyers, "qui imperatorum autoritate responderunt, et juris scientiam in hac ultima reipub. specie professi sunt." The volume concludes with a very brief *Historia Juris Pontificii*, consisting of only seven pages. In such a production as this, it would be unreasonable to expect any very profound research, or any great nicety of criticism; but Rivallius had at least the merit of setting a good example.

After an interval of several years, the conjunction of history and jurisprudence was strenuously recommended by Franciscus Balduinus, a man of a fervid spirit, and of multifarious erudition. He did not himself undertake a history of the civil law; but in a publication intended as the precursor of a more extensive performance, he strongly urges the necessity of its historical study.* Nor must we overlook the eminent services of his contemporary Carolus Sigonius, who, although not a lawyer by profession, has very ably illustrated various departments in the legal antiquities of Rome. His treatise "*De Senatu Romano*," published under the name of Joannes Sarius Zamoscus, is best known to classical scholars; but his two books "*De antiquo Jure Civium Romanorum*," his three books "*De antiquo Jure Italiae*," his three books "*De antiquo Jure Provinciarum*," and his three books "*De Judiciis*," are well known and much esteemed among civilians.

Rivallius was followed by Valentinus Forsterus; of whose history of the civil law it is more safe to commend the design than the execution. His work is a folio volume of 265 pages,

* De Institutione Historiae universae, et ejus cum Jurisprudentia Conjunctione, Περί του ιστοριαν libri II. Fr. Balduini. Parisiis, 1561, 4to.—This work was reprinted in a curious collection, entitled "Jo. Bodini Methodus Historica, duodecim ejusdem argumenti Scriptorum, tam veterum quam recentiorum, Commentariis adaucta," Basileae, 1576, 8vo.

and is but slight and unsatisfactory.* A considerable proportion of his pages he has devoted to the succession of the ancient and modern lawyers; but his notices are too superficial to excite any great degree of interest.†

The next history is that of Jacobus Gothofredus, entitled *Historia seu Progressus Juris Civilis Romani*, and forming the first part of his *Manuale Juris*.‡ This historical sketch is of small extent, but is able and comprehensive. The author, who was born in 1587, and died in 1652, was professor of law at Geneva, and is deservedly classed with the greatest civilians of modern times. In general erudition he was superior to most of them; profoundly skilled in the ancient languages, and familiarly acquainted with ancient history, both civil and ecclesiastical; and it is only to be regretted that he was not master of a more fluent and polished style. His works are numerous, and are uniformly distinguished by a prodigious mass of learning; but his *Fontes quatuor Juris Civilis*, and his commentary on the Theodosian Code, must here be particularly mentioned for the strong light which they reflect on the history of the Roman jurisprudence.

The next writer whom it seems necessary to mention, is Dr. Duck, chancellor of the diocese of London, and one of the few English civilians who enjoy any share of continental reputation. He is the author of an elaborate treatise on the use and authority of the Roman law in the dominions of Christian princes.§ Of the general history of that law he has introduced a brief outline, and has bestowed much patient investigation in tracing its progress in various portions of modern Europe.

* Valentini Forsteri Jureconsulti de Historia Juris Civilis Romani libri tres; in quibus traditur ortus Romani Imperii, subjiciuntur mutationes insignes Magistratum in Repub. Rom. et causae, initia et progressus Juris Civilis, &c. Basileae, 1565, fol.

† "Superest historia prudentum, quam describere quidam aggressi sunt, sed parce ac timide. Post hos Forsterus idem ausus, sed infelicitur; ut quemque hortari possim serio, caveat illum. Miseret sane Christophori Besoldi, qui plus illi tribuit, quam fas erat." (C. A. Ruperti ad Enchiridion Pomponii de Origine Juris libri III. Animadversionum, secunda elaborati cura, p. 301. Jenae, 1661, 12mo.)

‡ Of the *Manuale Juris* of Gothofredus, an edition was published by the late Professor Berthelot. Paris. 1806, 8vo. There are many other separate editions; and it is inserted in Troitz's collection of the author's *Opera juridica miscra*. Lugd. Bat. 1733, folio.

§ De Usu et Autoritate Juris Civilis Romanorum, in Dominis Principum Christianorum, libri duo, auctore Arthuro Duck, LL.D. Lond. 1649, 8vo. Lond. 1653, 8vo. Lugd. Bat. 1654, 12mo. Lipsiae, 1676, 12mo. Magdeburgi, 1676, 12mo. Leodii, 1679, 12mo. Lond. 1679, 8vo.—Camus or his editor Dupin mentions a French translation, published at Paris, 1689, 12mo. (Lettres sur la Profession d'Avocat, et Bibliothèque choisie des Livres de Droit, tom. ii. p. 293.) The Magdeburg and Liège editions of the original work are here enumerated on the same authority.

In

In his researches he was greatly aided by Dr. Langbaine, the learned provost of Queen's College, Oxford;* and his publication exhibits the peculiarity of each chapter bearing the signature of that very distinguished prelate Dr. Usher, archbishop of Armagh.† The utility of Duck's labours has been generally acknowledged. "In justice to the authority of this writer," says Barrington, "I cannot but mention that Giannone and other the most celebrated civilians style him their coryphaeus: we are too apt in this country to defer to foreign authors, as the Roman law is so little attended to, or practised in England."‡—Dr. Browne has mentioned it as a presumption of the real merit of his work, that it was reprinted at Leyden and at Leipzig.§ No other English writer, so far as we recollect, had attempted any historical sketch of the Roman jurisprudence; for Sir Thomas Ridley's *View of the Civile and Ecclesiastical Law*, although it includes an account of the different books which form the body of the civil law, contains few or no historical details. The great object of the author is to shew "wherein the practice of the civil and the ecclesiastical law is straitened, and may be relieved within this land."||

After a moderate interval followed the tract of Simon van Leeuwen, or Leewius, entitled "*De Origine, Progressu, Usu, atque Autoritate Juris Civilis Romani, ejusdemque varia Editione atque Emendatione, historica Narratio.*"¶ The author, a practising lawyer, possessed a great degree of industry, but was less remarkable for his critical discernment; nor was he sufficiently skilled in the niceties of the Latin language. These observations may be verified by an examination of his well-known edition of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, published in folio in the year 1663. The historical sketch of the Roman law consists of only 37 pages. A more ample narration was soon afterwards

* Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses*, vol. iii. col. 258. Bliss's edit. "In which book Dr. Gerard Langbaine's labours were so much, that he deserved the name of co-author."

† "Approbatio operis per D. Jacobum Armachanum Archiepiscopum, rogatu Autoris, ad finem singulorum capitum est apposita."

‡ Barrington's *Observations on the more ancient Statutes*, p. 76. 3d edit. Lond. 1769, 4to.

§ Browne's *Remarks on the Study of the Civil Law*, p. 28. Edinb. 1828, 8vo.

|| Ridley's *View of the Civile and Ecclesiastical Law*, and wherein the Practice of them is straitened and may be relieved within this Land. Lond. 1607, 4to. Oxford, 1634, 4to. Oxford, 1662, 8vo. Oxford, 1675, 8vo. All these editions, except the first, contain notes by John Gregory, A.M. of Christ Church.

¶ *De Origine et Progressu Juris Civilis Romani Auctores et Fragmenta veterum Jurisconsultorum, cum notis Arn. Vinnii, et variorum: auctore et collectore S. Leewio*, J. C. Lugd. Bat. 1672, 8vo. The historical tract occurs in p. 711 of this collection.

published by Donjat, a professor in the university of Paris, who has likewise written a history of the canon law.* About this period, the historical study of the Roman law began to make some progress in Germany; and one of the attempts to promote it was the publication of Schubart, a professor at Jena, *De Fatis Jurisprudentiae Romanae*. This work made its appearance in the year 1696;† and the efforts of the author were seconded by Christianus Thomasius, a professor in the newly founded university of Halle, who set the first example of reading academical lectures in the German language. Thomasius, who was born in 1655, and died in 1728, was a person of a shrewd intellect, and was much disposed to think for himself; but he was deficient in philological learning, and greatly deficient in elegance of taste. He published a short compendium under the following title, which is sufficiently barbarous: “*Delineatio Historiae Juris: accedit in fine accuratio Formatio Status Controversiae de Usu moderno Juris Romani in Germania.*”‡ This work merely consists of a scanty outline; but the example and the lectures of the author seem to have produced a very beneficial effect in the German Universities. He was the preceptor of Heineccius, who, possessing a more classical taste, and a greater extent of erudition, had no small influence in recommending this branch of study.

Contemporary with Thomasius was Janus Vincentius Gravina, who has been considered as the most elegant of all the more recent civilians. This distinguished person, a poet and a critic, as well as a lawyer, was a native of Calabria, and professor of the civil law at Rome.§ He was born in 1664, and

* Doujat's history of the civil law was published in Latin, under the title of *Historia Juris Civilis Romanorum*. Paris. 1678, 12mo. His history of the canon law was published in French: *Histoire du Droit Canonique*. Paris, 1677, 12mo.

† The latest edition of Schubart's work was published under the superintendence of Tilling. Lipsiae, 1797, 8vo.

‡ This work of Thomasius is reprinted in Hoffmann's *Hist. Juris Romani*, tom. i. The date of the first edition we have not been able to ascertain.

§ Carafa de Gymnasio Romano, et de ejus Professoribus, lib. ii. p. 432. Romae, 1751, 4to. See likewise Fabronii *Vitae Italorum Doctrina excellentium*, tom. x. p. 1. There is an elegant account of Gravina, published under the title of “*J. Andree Ser-rai de Vita et Scriptis Jani Vincentii Gravinae Commentarius.*” Romae, 1758, 4to. A collective edition of his works, Latin and Italian, was published at Naples by Sergio, 1756-8, 3 vols. 4to. All his Latin works are not to be found in the edition of Moscow. Lipsiae, 1737, 4to. A collection of his *Opuscula* was published by Dr. Burgess, the present bishop of Salisbury. Oxon. 1792, 8vo. Gravina's learned repose was not a little disturbed by a series of very bitter, and certainly very ingenious satires, published under the name of Q. Sectanus, the real author of which was at length discovered to be L. Sergardi. In these compositions Gravina is most cruelly vilified under the name of Philodemus. The works of Sergardi may be found in a collective form. Luciae, 1783, 4 tom. 8vo.

died

died in 1718. His generous patronage of Metastasio is well known to many individuals, who feel no particular interest in the history of the civil law.* His *Origines Juris Civilis*, which first appeared in 1701, embrace a very elegant and classical account of the history, internal as well as external, of the Roman jurisprudence: it is a work of various learning, and is eminently adapted to the taste of liberal scholars, who have not made the law their particular study. It has frequently been remarked that Gravina is greatly indebted to the previous labours of Sigonius, Cujacius, Gothofredus, and other writers; but if he has borrowed with some degree of freedom, he has at least employed their materials with much taste and judgment. His work was received with peculiar favour in Germany, where it passed through several editions, and was illustrated by the able annotations of Mascow.†

Another history of the civil law was about this period produced by Ferriere, dean of the law-faculty in the university of Paris.‡ The work, a duodecimo volume of considerable extent, was probably of some use to the French students of that era: it was more than once reprinted; and an edition of it appeared so late as the year 1788. It was translated into the English lan-

* See Dr. Burney's *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Metastasio*, vol. i. p. 3—14.

† Mascow is himself the author of a very learned and ingenious contribution to the history of the Roman law. It bears the title of "*Gotfridi Mascovii de Sectis Sabinianorum et Proculianorum in Jure Civili Diatriba. Inserta est Disquisitio de Herciscundis.*" Lipsiae, 1728, 8vo. Many able disquisitions may likewise be found in his "*Opuscula juridica et philologica: recensuit, praeatus est, et animadversiones nonnullas adpersit J. L. E. Puttmannus.*" Lipsiae, 1776, 8vo. Puttmann has published a separate account of his life, under the title of "*Memoria Gotfridi Mascovii.*" Lipsiae, 1771, 8vo. Dr. Douglas, the late bishop of Salisbury, who attended his lectures at Leipzig, has mentioned him in the following terms. "Mascow has a brother, who is professor of the law of nature and nations; a very singular man, of great learning indeed, but I fear much learning has made him mad. He lives for months without stirring from his lodging; and in the intervals of his lectures amuses himself with translating Latin epigrams into Greek. He is an excellent classical scholar, and a great civilian, especially in the antiquities of the Roman law, but unfortunately he has not a happy talent of communicating his knowledge to others." (*Douglas's Select Works*, p. 35. Salisbury, 1820, 4to.)

‡ *Histoire du Droit Romain, contenant son origine, ses progrès, &c.* par M. Claude-Joseph de Ferriere, Doyen des Docteurs-Régens de la Faculté des Droits de Paris, et ancien Avocat au Parlement. Paris, 1718, 12mo. Paris, 1760, 12mo. Paris, 1788, 12mo. The History of the Roman or Civil Law, shewing its origin and progress, &c. written originally in French by M. Claude-Joseph de Ferriere: to which is added, Dr. Duck's Treatise of the Use and Authority of the Civil Law in England: translated into English by J. B. Esq. Lond. 1724, 8vo. The dedication is signed John Beaver. Mr. Cooper, who describes the translator as Dr. Beaver, has perhaps confounded him with Dr. Thomas Bever. See the preface to "*The Institutes of Justinian, with notes by Thomas Cooper, Esq.*" Philadelphia, 1812, 8vo. Dr. Bever has erroneously mentioned this as a complete translation of Duck's treatise. (*Hist. of the Legal Polity of the Roman State*, p. xi.)

guage by John Beaver. But such a history, we may venture to assert, would not be found altogether satisfactory by the pupils of Blondeau. The history of the Roman law, written by Struvius, a professor in the university of Jena, was published during the very same year with that of Ferriere, and is a work of more research and value.* The author is at least entitled to the praise of an industrious compiler; and notwithstanding the augmented number of publications on the same subject, his *Historia Juris Romani* may still be recommended as an useful book of reference. A more copious, and indeed a more able history of the law was written by his contemporary C. G. Hoffmann, a professor in the university of Frankfort on the Oder.† This work extends to two quarto volumes, which are however swelled by certain tracts of Hotman, Selden, Thomasius, and other writers. In the second volume, which is only to be viewed as supplementary to the first, he has collected and illustrated the fragments of the regal laws; of the Grecian laws, as elucidating the origin of those of the Romans; the fragments of the laws of the twelve Tables, and of the *Edictum perpetuum*.

Brunquell's history of the Roman law was published in the year 1727.‡ The author was a professor in the university of Jena, and having been invited to the newly founded university of Göttingen, he died there in 1735, within three months after his arrival, and before he had completed the age of forty-two. He was conversant with elegant literature, and produced a very useful and readable book, which has not yet been entirely superseded. But he soon met with a formidable rival in Heineccius, of whose general merits we had occasion to speak in a former article, § and whose *Historia Juris Civilis Romani ac*

* Bernardi Gotthelfi Struvii *Historia Juris Romani, Justiniani, Graeci, Germanici, Canonici, Feudalis, Criminalis, et Publici, ex geminis monumentis illustrata*. Jenae, 1718, 4to.

† Christ. Godofr. Hoffmanni *Historia Juris Romano-Justiniani*. Lipsiae, 1718—26, 2 tom. 4to. The first volume was reprinted in 1734.—“Hofmannus in *Historia Juris, quae duobus voluminibus in quarto* 1734. Lipsiae locupletissima prodit, caeteris omnibus legum historicis palmam praeripuit. Interelementarios autem libellos Brunquelli *Historia Juris Romani et Germanici* eminet, quam in plerisque capitibus Heineccianae multum praefero.” (Hommellii *Litteratura Juris*, p. 53. Lipsiae, 1761, 8vo.)

‡ Jo. Salom. Brunquelli *Historia Juris Romano-Germanici*. Jenae, 1727, 8vo. Amst. 1730, 8vo. Amst. 1738, 8vo. Amst. et Lugd. Bat. 1751, 8vo.—Haubold speaks of the author as “jurisconsultus omnino litteratissimus, e cujus *Historia Juris Romano-Germanici* multa minime vulgaria disci possunt.” (*Institutiones Juris Romani Litterariae*, p. 167. Lipsiae, 1809, 8vo.) His other works are published under the title of “*Opuscula ad Historiam et Jurisprudentiam spectantia: collegit atque edidit D. Hen. Jo. Otto Koenig*.” Halae Magd. 1774, 8vo.

§ See Foreign Review, vol. ii. p. 46.

Germanici, first printed in the year 1733, is to be classed among the best of his publications. It afterwards received considerable improvements from Ritter, whose annotations are learned and able.* This work of Heineccius, together with most of those which have hitherto been enumerated, relates almost exclusively to the external history of the law; but another publication of the same meritorious and indefatigable individual is justly regarded as a very important contribution to the internal history. It was published in the year 1719, under the title of "*Antiquitatum Romanarum, Jurisprudentiam illustrantium, Syntagma, secundum ordinem Institutionum Justiniani digestum*;" and no fewer than nineteen editions have now appeared. For the last, as well as the best edition, we are indebted to the learned and judicious Haubold,† whose loss will long be deplored by the lovers of ancient jurisprudence. This book, and this edition, we strongly recommend to our numerous friends at Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh.

A copious and somewhat pompous history of the Roman jurisprudence was published during the middle of last century, by Antoine Terrasson, an advocate in the parliament of Paris, and afterwards professor of the canon law in that university.‡ The work exhibits a sufficient parade of erudition, but is by no means remarkable for solid learning or accurate research. Even in that portion which specially relates to his native country, his information is less curious or interesting than might reasonably have been expected. A particular example will render this criticism more fair, and more intelligible. With no small parade, he produces an *arrêt* of the parliament, dated on the second of April 1576, and authorizing Cujacius to read lectures on the civil law in the university of Paris: this document, he assures his readers, had never before been communicated to the public; and in the preface to his work he states in due form, '*c'est encore à Monsieur Joly de Fleury père, Procureur Général, que j'ai obligation de la connoissance et de la communication de cet arrêt.*' But this very document, which is of some importance, had been inserted by Menage in his remarks on the life of

* Jo. Gottl. Heineccii *Historia Juris Civilis Romani ac Germanici*. Halæ, 1733, 8vo. Lugd. Bat. 1740, 8vo. Cum observationibus Jo. Dan. Ritteri. Lugd. Bat. 1748, 8vo. Cum obs. Ritteri et Jo. Mart. Silberradii. Argentorati, 1751, 8vo. Cum obs. Ritteri et Silberradii. Argent. 1765, 8vo.

† *Frankfurti ad Moenum*, 1829, 8vo.

‡ *Histoire de la Jurisprudence Romaine, contenant son origine et ses progrès, &c.* par M^e. Antoine Terrasson, Ecuyer, Avocat au Parlement. Paris, 1750, fol.

Ayrault,

Ayrault, seventy-five years before the appearance of Terrasson's history. *

A more masterly history of the Roman jurisprudence was published in 1754 by Jo. Augustus Bachius, or Bach, an extraordinary professor of law in the university of Leipzig. † Four years afterwards, he died at the premature age of thirty-seven. ‡ Being intimately acquainted with the classical languages and literature, he possessed a manifest advantage over some of his predecessors. His history is written with learning, ability, and judgment; and in some respects it has not been surpassed by any that has yet appeared. It only embraces the external history, but in this department it has uncommon merit: the author traces the progress of public as well as private law; his information is carefully drawn from the original sources; and he exercises those critical talents which he had cultivated in the school of Ernesti, and which recommended him to the warm approbation of Wyttenbach. §

Pursuing the chronological order to which we have hitherto adhered, we discover, after a considerable interval, 'The History of the Legal Polity of the Roman State,' written by Dr. Bever, an advocate at Doctors Commons. || He was likewise a fellow of All Souls College at Oxford, and had read lectures on the civil law in that university. He has produced a copious, and we fear a somewhat tedious work, which however is not destitute of merit. It was translated into the German language by Völkel, who has corrected many of his errors, for the author left many errors to correct. Bever writes like a scholar, and a man of talents; but he laboured under the disadvantage of

* Menagii Vitae Petri Aerodii et Guillelmi Menagii, p. 164. Paris. 1675, 4to.

† Jo. Augusti Bachii Historia Jurisprudentiae Romanae. Lipsiae, 1754, 8vo. Lips. 1765, 8vo. Lips. 1775, 8vo. Lips. 1782, 8vo. Cum observationibus Aug. Corn. Stockmann. Lips. 1796, 8vo. Cum iisdem. Lips. 1807, 8vo. For several years, a new edition has been expected from Professor Wenck, the learned and able successor of Haubold.

‡ According to the expression of Cramer, he was disputed to death by his colleague Sammet. "Er war ein gewaltiges *animal disputax*, hatte, wie er selbst erzählte, Bach zu Tode disputirt, und den Befehl bewirkt, dass bey seinem Erscheinen im Petrinum, die vier Decane sich einstellen müssten, um allenfalls Namens des Kurfürsten zu intercediren." (Haus-Chronik, S. 79. Hamburg, 1822, 8vo.)

§ "Habeat Ernestus disciplinae alumnum Bachium, elegantissimae juvenem doctrinae, insigne decus jurisprudentiae, veteres Cujacios et Gothofredos relaturum, nisi longiorem ei vitam fata invidiasent." (Wyttenbach Vita Davidis Ruhnkenii, p. 47. Lugd. Bat. et Amst. 1799, 8vo.)—Besides his history of the Roman jurisprudence, Bachius had published "De Legibus Trajani Commentarius." Lipsiae, 1747, 8vo. And after his death appeared a collection entitled "Jo. Augusti Bechii Opuscula ad Historiam et Jurisprudentiam spectantia: collegit et praefatus est Christ. Adolphus Klotzius." Halae, 1767, 8vo.

|| The History of the Legal Polity of the Roman State, and of the Rise, Progress, and Extent of the Roman Laws; by Thomas Bever, LL. D. Lond. 1781, 4to.

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being in a great measure unacquainted with the best civilians of the continent, more especially those of a recent date: the only modern names which he mentions in his introduction are those of Bynkershoek, Vander Muelen, Hoppius, Gravina, Mascow, Heineccius, Ferriere, and his own countryman Dr. Duck. This is certainly a very scanty catalogue of 'those writers who, having confined their researches to juridical subjects alone, come under the particular denomination of civilians.' He appears at the same time to have been very indifferently acquainted with their personal history: Bynkershoek, who was president of the supreme court of Holland, he describes as a celebrated advocate; and Heineccius, whom every body knows to have been a German, he describes as 'a Dutch writer of extensive learning and abilities.' But instead of *Dutch*, his table of errata admonishes us to read *Prussian*. To some readers, such criticisms as these may appear minute, and even trifling; but we consider it of some consequence to warn the successors of Dr. Bever against this supine method of conducting their researches.

It was the plan of this writer to prosecute his learned enquiries to a much greater extent.

"The volume," he remarks, "now respectfully submitted to perusal, (with which his inquiries might properly end) includes the whole history of the Roman laws, so long as they preserved their influence over this immense and variable empire. In the twelfth century, however, they revived in a new shape; not as an uniform body, to be received in any given country by the force of their original authority; but as a plentiful mine of miscellaneous and valuable materials, for the common use of all mankind. In this state, they became connected with the feudal and canon laws, which were generated from the barbarity and superstition of the intermediate ages; while the western world was held in a comfortless suspense between Paganism and Christianity. Every constitution of modern Europe being founded upon an union of these three celebrated systems, it will be a work of no less utility than entertainment, to follow them in their progress to these later times, and to point out their effects upon the government of those countries which have been pleased to adopt them. In the course of this pursuit, due attention will be paid to their various operations in the different parts of the British empire, especially in the maritime and ecclesiastical courts, wherein the civil and canon laws more immediately prevail, under the authority of the legislature. Should the present attempt, therefore, have the good fortune to merit a favourable reception from the public, the remainder will be made the subject of a second volume, as soon as ever the author's professional engagements will afford him leisure."

But this plan was never carried into execution; and indeed such

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an undertaking was probably more laborious and difficult than the learned author might at first imagine.*

Dr. Bever's work was soon followed by an historical view of the Roman law, written by another member of the university of Oxford, Mr. Schomberg, a fellow of Magdalen College.† His mode of writing is much more concise, and he was more extensively acquainted with the works of the civilians; but his notices are generally too brief to satisfy the curious enquirer. Schomberg's book was translated into French, and, in that language, passed through more than one edition. But the English civilians have all been totally eclipsed by Mr. Gibbon, who in the forty-fourth chapter of his history has introduced a very able and a very striking sketch, partly historical, of the Roman jurisprudence. Of the necessity of acquainting himself with the Roman law he seems to have been fully aware when he undertook to write the history of the Roman empire; and although his early studies had not received such a direction, he speedily discerned the spirit of the ancient and modern civilians, and he drew many valuable illustrations from their works. He even obtained, what he perhaps did not anticipate, a conspicuous place among the civilians of the age. Dr. Ferguson did not however profit by this example when he prepared his history of the Roman republic: he has very rarely availed himself of the same copious source of information; and this cannot but be regarded as a manifest defect in a work which is not without a considerable share of merit. It must indeed be admitted that his volumes are deficient in general erudition, and that they display but a small portion of the eloquence which characterizes his earlier *Essay on the History of Civil Society*.

Gibbon has introduced a new method of arranging the principal eras in the history of the law. "The revolution," he remarks, "of almost one thousand years, from the twelve Tables to the reign of Justinian, may be divided into three periods almost equal in duration, and distinguished from each other by the mode of instruction and the character of the civilians." The first period extends from the age of the twelve Tables to the

* A manuscript work of Dr. Bever, entitled *A short History of the Legal and Judicial Constitution of Great Britain*, was lately sold at an auction in Edinburgh, for the sum of 6*l.* 10*s.* It is a quarto volume of 132 pages, written in a large and regular hand, and bearing the date of 1759.

† An Historical and Chronological View of the Roman Law, with notes and illustrations; by Alexander C. Schomberg, M. A. Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Oxford, 1785, 8vo. It appeared in a French dress, under the title of "*Précis Historique et Chronologique sur le Droit Romain, avec des notes et des éclaircissemens, traduit de l'Anglais par M. H. Boulard.*" Paris, 1793, 12mo. Paris, 1808, 12mo. Mr. Schomberg, who died in the year 1792, is likewise the author of "*A Treatise on the Maritime Laws of Rhodes.*" Oxford, 1786, 8vo.

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birth of Cicero; the second from the age of Cicero to that of Alexander Severus; and the third from the age of Alexander to that of Justinian. This arrangement has been adopted by Hugo, who however has necessarily ascended to an earlier era.

The earliest publication of this very distinguished professor was a German translation of Gibbon's chapter on the Roman law, accompanied with annotations.* It was printed at Göttingen in 1789; and the first edition of his *Geschichte des Römischen Rechts* appeared at Berlin in the course of the following year. This book, which has now arrived at the tenth edition, contains a very able sketch of the internal as well as the external history of the law, and is indeed regarded as a work of the highest authority. Being originally intended as a text-book for his own pupils, it is on that account less adapted for those readers who have not had the advantage of attending his lectures; and it presents some peculiarities of style and manner which may justly be considered as faults. It is nevertheless the production of a writer possessing great natural perspicacity, improved by long and assiduous study. But having already given a more detailed account of Hugo's public services, it is not here necessary to prosecute the subject.

The French revolution had at first a very unfavourable influence on the study of ancient literature and ancient jurisprudence. Many of the principal actors in its dreadful scenes were chiefly distinguished by their vulgar ferocity: the nation had too much cause to complain of real grievances, and many essential changes were expedient and even necessary; nor was it altogether unnatural, in such a situation, for the minds of men to be impelled with a blind and indiscriminating zeal to alter whatever had been long established. The study of the civil law languished in the native country of Cujacius; nor did it begin to revive till after the restoration of the ancient dynasty. While France was yet controlled by "the destiny of the emperor," M. Dupin, an eminent advocate of Paris, attempted to publish a very brief historical sketch of the Roman law; but as some of his reflections on the past were supposed to admit of an inconvenient application to present times, his harmless little work was suppressed by the vigilance of the police. The first edition was destroyed in 1809, and the second was not published till after an interval of ten years.† A more copious work on the same subject was soon afterwards produced by M. Berriat St. Prix, a

* See Foreign Review, vol. ii. p. 50. 63.

† Précis Historique du Droit Romain, depuis Romulus jusqu'à nos jours; par M. Dupin, Avocat à la Cour Royale de Paris. Paris, 1819, 12mo.

professor

professor of law in the university of Paris.* This history was not altogether unsuited to the exigencies of the age and nation; but it has not received unqualified praise from the civilians of other countries. It was reviewed in a somewhat sarcastic tone by Professor Rossi of Geneva, who has evinced himself very capable of estimating the merits and defects of such a performance.† It solely relates to the external history; and we must admit that some portions of it are too superficial to be either interesting or useful. The author is unfortunately ignorant of the German language; and his acquaintance with the German civilians who have written in Latin, is very far from being extensive. The most valuable part of his volume is the appendix, which contains the most elaborate and satisfactory life of Cujacius that has hitherto appeared.

Dr. Schwegge, who was formerly a professor at Göttingen, and is now a judge of the court of appeal at Lübeck, has more recently published a work which embraces the internal as well as the external history of the law.‡ Various errors, contained in the first edition, have been corrected in the second. A history of the Roman law, upon a more ample scale, was about the same period undertaken by Dr. Zimmern, a professor in the university of Jena. The first volume, divided into two parts, has already made its appearance, and his plan extends to three volumes.§ The author has received such a share of public approbation as cannot fail to encourage him in the prosecution of his design.

Something approaching to a history of the Roman law was published at Cambridge within the last two years.|| The author, who modestly conceals his name, is evidently a scholar and a man of talents; but he is not sufficiently acquainted with the writings of his predecessors, and therefore labours under some obvious disadvantages. The only historians of the civil law whom we remember to have seen quoted in his book are Gravina, Heineccius, Hugo, and Berriat St. Prix. Hugo, of whose merits he seems to be fully aware, is only quoted in the French translation; and we may safely suppose the English author to

* *Histoire du Droit Romain, suivie de l'Histoire de Cujas*; par M. Berriat-Saint-Prix, Professeur de Procédure Civile, et de Droit Criminel, à la Faculté de Droit de Paris. Paris, 1821, 8vo.

† *Annales de Législation et de Jurisprudence*, tom. ii. p. 383.

‡ *Römische Rechtsgeschichte und Rechtsalterthümer*, mit erster vollständiger Rücksicht auf Gajus, von Albrecht Schwegge, Dr. ehemaligem Professor zu Kiel und zu Göttingen, jetzigem Oberappellationsrathe zu Lübeck. Göttingen, 1822, 8vo.

§ *Geschichte des Römischen Privatrechts bis Justinian*; von Dr. Sigmund Wilhelm Zimmern, ordentlichen Professor des Rechts in Jena. Heidelberg, 1826, 8vo.

|| *An Historical Essay on the Laws and the Government of Rome*; designed as an introduction to the Study of the Civil Law. Cambridge, 1827, 8vo.

be altogether unacquainted with the German language, which however is a very necessary acquisition for any person who now undertakes to write the history of the Roman jurisprudence. This anonymous author concludes his work with the following paragraph :

‘ The tide of desolation which inundated the whole of Europe during the early part of the middle ages, and swept away every vestige of civilization, carried with it the venerable fabric of the Roman jurisprudence. Those mutilated remains of it which had been inserted in the code of Alaric were all that were preserved ; and it was not till the beginning of the twelfth century that the productions of Justinian’s reign were rescued from oblivion. The eagerness with which they were then sought after, and the ardour with which they were studied throughout Europe, are well known to all who are conversant with the literary history of those times. And let it be remarked that the influence which the Roman law rapidly acquired was due to its intrinsic merits alone. Those who have pretended, on the authority of a few detached sentences, that the whole system was calculated to further the interests of despotism, have only shewn their entire ignorance of it. The zeal with which the study of it was cultivated, could have no such motive. The adoption of the many rules of legal wisdom, with which, by the confession of its most determined opponents, it abounds, did not necessarily entail a submission to two or three constitutional doctrines, which stand isolated as it were from the body of the law. By far the greater part of its regulations were quite as well fitted to a free as to a despotical constitution : many of them, indeed, had been actually framed at a time when Rome was a republic, and the change of dynasty had altered nothing of their spirit. It was [as] a “ collection of written reason,” the most flattering appellation a body of law can receive, that the civil law of Rome forced its way into the favour of the very small portion of the community, which, at the time of its discovery, was competent to understand the language in which it was written, or to appreciate its merits. The regulations that had maintained the order and harmony of society in Rome, were found to be equally capable of producing the same effects in France, in Germany, or in modern Italy ; and their intrinsic value was enhanced by their practical utility. It is not true, therefore, that motives of personal interest, or of party spirit, led to their adoption among the different nations of Europe. The nation among whom they had originated was no more : neither the majesty of her name, nor the terror of her arms, could longer inspire veneration, or enforce submission ; yet her laws were respected and obeyed. Even now, ages after the downfall of the Roman empire, they still remain in force, and are unquestionably the chief surviving record of its former greatness.’

This passage we quote with the double view of convincing our readers that he is no despicable writer, and that his information

mation is nevertheless too limited for an historian of the civil law. Here we have the antiquated tale of the temporary extinction of all knowledge of the Roman jurisprudence, together with an obvious allusion to the sudden resuscitation after the notable siege of Amalfi. For this student of Cambridge, Savigny has in vain written his history of the Roman law during the middle ages.*

They order these things better in Poland. Dr. Maciciowski, professor of the civil law in the university of Warsaw, has evinced an intimate acquaintance with the writings of all the eminent civilians of Germany: he is fully apprized of all the recent discoveries and speculations; and possessing a sound and enlightened spirit of criticism, he is always capable of applying his knowledge to an useful purpose. He is evidently a person of an acute intellect, improved by systematic and persevering study, and is little disposed to adopt without examination the statements or inferences of former writers. Possessing such qualifications as these, he has undertaken a task which is by no means easy, but for which he is eminently prepared. Of his Latinity we cannot indeed speak without some small abatement of this general commendation. The countryman of Casimir might naturally be expected to have attained a superior degree of elegance in Latin style: but the pursuits of lawyers are too frequently hostile to the graces; and, as Hume has remarked, they are seldom models of elegance in any country. The words which he employs are sometimes barbarous in their origin, or in their application; and his combinations of words are occasionally liable to objections equally valid. But if he does not rise to the classical elegance of Gravina, neither does he descend to the utter barbarism of Thomasius: he generally expresses himself, if not with idiomatic purity, at least with vivacity; and, in one word, he uniformly writes like a man of talents.

The work now under our consideration was originally published in the year 1820. After the German fashion, it contains two separate titles, the first of which is, '*Principiorum Juris Romani tomus I. Historiam hujus ipsius Juris continens.*' This volume, which embraces the external history of the law, is to be followed by other two volumes, relating to the internal history; but, in one respect, it may be considered as complete in itself.

* *Geschichte des Römischen Rechts im Mittelalter*, von Friedrich Carl von Savigny. Heidelberg, 1815-26, 4 Bde. 8vo.—We have lately had the pleasure of hearing that the very distinguished author of this work has so far recovered his health as to be capable of resuming his public lectures and his private studies. Warnkœnig, of whose publications we gave some account in a former number, is now a professor of the civil law in the university of Louvain; and Göschen, the learned editor of Gaius, has accepted of an invitation to the new university of Munich.

The prolegomena, extending to twenty-two pages, contain several interesting discussions, which are well calculated to give the reader a favourable impression of the author's acuteness and intelligence. In p. 11. he has inadvertently confounded Frontinus with Fronto: 'Frontinus, cujus opera invenit nuper Angelus Majus.' Frontinus has long been known as a writer on the stratagems of war: the fragments of Fronto were recently discovered by Angelo Mai, and, after having been published by him, were again edited by Niebuhr.

Among his preliminary speculations, he takes occasion to state the maxim of the civilians, that as laws may be established by long and continued custom, so they may likewise be abrogated by desuetude, or, in other words, they may be annulled by contrary usage. This maxim receives his unqualified approval; and indeed he seems to consider it as too evident to require any illustration. 'Jura populorum ita nascuntur, propagantur, senescunt et cadunt, ut eorum mores consuetudinesque dilabi et interire solent: quare rectissime illud receptum est, ut leges non solum suffragio legislatoris, sed etiam tacito consensu omnium per desuetudinem abrogentur.' P. 4. On this subject however our prejudices as civilians do not lead us so far as to acquiesce in the current doctrine.

"Ea vero quae ipsa sibi quaeque civitas constituit, saepe mutari solent, vel tacito consensu populi, vel alia postea lege lata."* These are the words of the Institutes, and the same principle is distinctly stated in the Pandects. Inveterate custom, we are there informed, is not improperly observed as law; and this is that law which is said to be established by the habits and circumstances of a people. For as laws are only binding from their being approved by the judgment of the people, so those which they have confirmed without any formal enactment, must deservedly be considered as of general obligation.† For of what importance is it, whether the people declare their will by their suffrages, or by facts themselves? It is therefore very properly held, that laws may be abrogated, not only by the suffrage of a legislator, but also by the tacit consent of the community.‡—This is the doctrine of the civil law; and this doc-

* Institut. lib. i. tit. ii. § 11.

† "Quantum autem," says Noodt, "debeat esse tempus, ut longa sit consuetudo, quia in jure non est expressum, jadicis arbitrio relinquendum est." (Commentarius ad Digesta, p. 15.)

‡ "Inveterata consuetudo pro lege non immerito custoditur, et hoc est jus quod dicitur moribus constitutum. Nam cum ipsae leges nulla alia ex causa nos teneant, quam quod judicio populi receptae sunt, merito et ea quae sine ullo scripto populus probavit, tenebunt omnes: nam quid interest, suffragio populus voluntatem suam declaret, an rebus ipsis et factis? Quare rectissime etiam illud receptum est, ut leges non solum suffragio legislatoris, sed etiam tacito consensu omnium per desuetudinem abrogentur." —(Digest. lib. i. tit. iii. fr. 32. § 1.)

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trine has to a great extent been adopted by the law of Scotland. When this tacit mode of abrogating laws was some years ago mentioned in the House of Commons, it excited the utmost surprise and even astonishment among the English members; and some of them were very much disposed to deny that such a maxim had ever been devised. But their astonishment would have been less if their academical studies had embraced the first elements of the Roman jurisprudence; and it admits of no controversy that this is the maxim of the Scottish lawyers, who hold that a statute may fall into desuetude, and thus lose the force and efficacy of law. Lord Stair, the great oracle of their law, has remarked that "acts of parliament in this are inferior to our ancient law, that they are liable to desuetude, which never encroaches on the other."* Thus we perceive that a statute may be abrogated by the force of custom, which cannot however be opposed to customary law. It is indeed to be recollected that, in all countries, the common or customary law derives its vital strength from the remotest ages of social union, and becomes so completely assimilated with the habits, the feelings, and the prejudices of the people, that they might almost as soon be expected to abandon the use of their mother tongue. There is a considerable variety of opinion with respect to the application of a principle which they all admit; some maintaining that sixty, and others that one hundred years are required to constitute this state of desuetude. A distinction has sometimes been made between statutes which are partly obsolete, and those which are in *viridi observantia*, or in fresh observance.—"Such," says Sir George Mackenzie, "is the force of custom or consuetude, that if a statute, after long standing, has never been in observance, or, having been, has run into desuetude, consuetude prevails over the statute, till it be renewed, either by a succeeding parliament, or by a proclamation from the council; for although the council cannot make laws, yet they may revive them."† With respect to this arbitrary and dangerous power of the privy council, the law remains unaltered; but there is something so rotten in this state of administration, that the power may perhaps be supposed to be sufficiently controlled by the spirit of the age. Among Scottish lawyers there is another rule of interpretation, on which we do not think it superfluous to bestow a cursory

* Stair's Institutions of the Law of Scotland, b. i. tit. i. § 16.

† Mackenzie's Institutions of the Law of Scotland, b. i. tit. i. § 10. Erskine has without hesitation delivered the same doctrine: "Where the usage contrary to a statute hath not yet acquired strength enough to abrogate it, the king and council may by proclamation prohibit the further observance of such usage, and thereby restore the statute to its first vigour."

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notice. "This power in custom," says Erskine, "to derogate from prior statutes, has been confined by most writers to those concerning private right; and it hath been adjudged once and again, that laws which regard the public policy cannot fall into disuse by the longest contrary usage."* By adhering to this rule, the crown lawyers of more flagitious times must have been better enabled to satisfy their employers.

With respect to the abrogation of statutes, the law of England follows a different, and, in the opinion of many, a much safer maxim; namely, that every statute continues in force till repealed by another statute. A remarkable instance of the application of this maxim occurred in an appeal of murder, heard at the bar of the king's bench in the year 1818.† After the preliminary proceedings in this case, namely that of Ashford against Thornton, the appellee threw down his glove, and formally challenged the appellant to single combat. If any analogous case had occurred in the court of justiciary, the judges would have been very much inclined to decide that the law now pleaded had fallen into desuetude;‡ but the judges of the king's bench were bound to decide, and did accordingly decide, that this law, being unrepealed, was still the law of the land.—"However averse I am myself to the trial by battle," said the chief justice, Lord Ellenborough, "it is the mode of trial which we, in our judicial character, are bound to award. We are delivering the law as it is, and not as we wish it to be; and we must pronounce our judgment, that the battle shall take place, unless the other party reserves for our consideration, whether, under the circumstances of the case, the appellee is entitled to go without a day." The counsel for the appellant afterwards mentioned to the court that, as their lordships had decided that the appellee Thornton was entitled to his wager of battle, it was his duty, on the part of the appellant Ashford, to state that having duly considered that judgment, he had no further prayer to make. By consent of both parties, the court ordered that judgment be stayed on the appeal, and that the appellee be discharged. A bill was soon afterwards brought into one of the houses of parliament to repeal the law respect-

* Erskine's Institute of the Law of Scotland, b. i. tit. i. § 45.

† See Barnewall and Alderson's Reports, vol. i. p. 405, and Kendal's Argument for construing largely the Right of an Appellee of Murder to insist on Trial by Battle, 3d edit. Lond. 1818, 8vo.—The right of appeal derived its origin from the common law, but had been regulated by statute.

‡ It may be proper to state, in the words of Professor Erskine, that "no statute can however be repealed by mere non-usage or neglect of the law, though for the greatest length of time; for non-usage is but a negative, which cannot constitute custom: there must be some positive act that may discover the intention of the community to repeal it."

ing appeals of murder, as well as that respecting wager of battle. This is the competent remedy which the law of England has in such cases provided; and we will venture to affirm that, upon the whole, it is greatly preferable to that adopted by the law of Scotland. The progress of society, and the gradual improvement of civil institutions, may doubtless render the principles of many laws completely obsolete; and, by slow and imperceptible degrees, it may become absurd or oppressive to enforce their execution. It has been remarked by Mr. Barrington, who was one of the Welsh judges, that "many acts of parliament fortunately, for the most part, lie buried in the statute-book, till the spleen and resentment of individuals calls them forth, to the disgrace of the law, and the distress of the person prosecuted."* It may therefore be urged that by means of the principle recognized in the law of Scotland, the court could frequently prevent old and disgraceful laws, such as the spirit of the age abhors, from being converted into instruments of oppression; and this seems to be the strongest argument that can be advanced in favour of such a principle. Many disgraceful laws still continue unrepealed in the statute-book; and the English legislators have a very strong propensity to revere whatever has been impressed with the stamp of antiquity. This however is a species of zeal that is not always according to knowledge: those who upon all occasions are ready to extol the wisdom of our ancestors, are seldom conspicuous for their own wisdom; nor is it too rash to aver that the folly of our ancestors has at least been equally prominent. *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*, is a sentiment perpetually repeated with unabated approbation. It is a sentiment first uttered in a barbarous age, and altogether worthy of such an origin. Let us ascend no higher than the reign of the amiable Queen Mary, or that of her gentle sire Henry the Eighth; let us then extol the wisdom of our ancestors, and consider whether it is not as well that the laws of England have been gradually subjected to a few changes and modifications. The nature of man himself is progressive; in his political institutions, as well as in his individual existence, he gradually passes from infancy to manhood: what was useful or pleasant in childhood, is not to be endured in a maturer age; and what was suitable in one stage of intellectual or political improvement, is altogether unsuitable in another. It is therefore evident that in a country where laws cannot be allowed to fall into desuetude, they may often subside into the condition of a dead letter. But, on the other hand, the

* Barrington's Observations on the more ancient Statutes, p. 500.

application to particular cases, of this principle of a tacit abrogation, may be considered as of too delicate and dangerous a nature to be safely entrusted to every judge at every period; especially when we recollect that the precise interval required to class any statute with those which have fallen into desuetude has never been sufficiently defined. Should we chance to reside in Scotland, we may easily ascertain how many years are necessary to complete our prescriptive right to an acre of land, while we are left in a state of some uncertainty how many are necessary to exempt us from the operation of a law which may award the punishment of death.

In the general plan of his work, Macielowski in a great measure adheres to the subdivisions of Gibbon and Hugo; and here it may perhaps be thought unnecessary to remark that he always applies the word *periodus* in the unclassical signification of a period of time. The professor of Warsaw is not however to be compared to a certain provost of Trinity College, Dublin, who, at the examinations for fellowships, was accustomed to use such phrases as "*quo periodo*."* The history of each era is distributed into three sections, which are again subdivided into different chapters. The first section relates to the political condition of the people; the second to the sources of the law; and the third to the study of the law, including an enumeration of the most celebrated lawyers. His sketches of political history are generally very brief, and frequently very able. He is not a compiler from former compilers; he is not satisfied with borrowing the facts, and repeating the observations of his predecessors, but is always disposed to examine and to judge for himself. In investigating the primitive history of Rome, he evinces his acuteness as well as his learning. This portion of history is involved in doubts and difficulties which we can scarcely hope to see removed or overcome: here, as in many other cases, it is not so easy to build as to demolish. Of the historical labours of Niebuhr, he expresses no unfavourable opinion, so far as relates to the ability of the author; but he is by no means prepared to acquiesce in all his conclusions. "*Nuper etiam post Bellefortium (Beaufort) adgressus est Bartoldus Niebuhr (Geschichte von Rom. Tomi II. Berolini 1811-16.) scribere historiam populi, cujus nos juris historiam adumbrare constituimus: a quo antiqua Romani imperii fundamenta, tot annorum fide corroborata, machinis et tormentis, verberata sunt; ut vix stare potuissent, nisi subsidio viri aequae docti venissent, quos inter singulariter Wachs-*

* See Dr. Duigenan's *Lachrymæ Academicæ*, or the present deplorable State of Trinity College, Dublin, p. 75. Dublin, 1777, 8vo.

muth (Aeltere Gesch. des Roem. Staats, Halle 1819.) laudandus est. Uter sit in omnibus partibus verior, inter plurimos quidem quaeritur. Sed uterque multas venerandae quidem, at saepe fabulosae antiquitatis, alta caligine res mersas, partim illustravit, partim incertae esse originis multas docuit, simulque monstravit qua via debeant ire investigaturi fabulas ejusdem fictas etiam nonnunquam incondite. Quod nos attinet, omnis, qui paulo attentius hanc nostram scriptionem legerit, facile animo consequetur, in multis divortium a Niebuhrio nos fecisse. Speciosa enim sane maxime atque sagacissima prodidit ille multa; sed quantumvis probabilia ea esse videantur, vereor tamen vehementer, ut accurate omnibus consideratis universa probentur. Nempe ei accidit, quod vulgo scriptoribus accidere solet, ut homines cum sint, aliquid humani pati cogantur.”—p. 18.

Directing a scrutinizing glance at the ancient state of Italy, Maciejowski discovers among the people of Tuscany some vestiges of the feudal system, which is not unfrequently supposed to derive its origin from a much more recent era in the history of mankind. “Antiquitus non videntur pertinuisse ad *populum* nisi patricii, moribus Etruscorum id ita serentibus; apud quos minime totus populus libertate gavisus est, sed jus, quod dicitur feudale, ibi valuit.” p. 36. It has been remarked by Mr. Pinkerton, that “Montesquieu has begun his account of the feudal system with that of the ancient Germans, given by Tacitus; and prides himself in leaving off where others began. A writer more profound would leave off where Montesquieu begins.”* This last sentence may be considered as a modest attempt at impressing the reader with an opinion, that Pinkerton is a writer more profound than Montesquieu;† but, at all events, it must be admitted that of the feudal system many different authors have taken a view much too narrow and limited. This peculiar relation of lord and vassal, of territorial grants and the tenure of military service, is to be traced in very remote ages and nations. The custom established among the ancient Franks is obviously to be found among the modern Turks. “The Spahyes,” says Dr. Thomas Smith, “are another great support of the Turkish empire; soldiers who are obliged to

* Pinkerton's Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians or Goths, p. 140. Lond. 1787, 8vo.

† The same modest and candid writer has thus discussed the merits of a great historian: “Mr. Hume, who knew nothing about Goths, nor the Gothic constitution, who is so shallow, that, far from reaching the bottom, he has not reached the bottom of the surface, but merely skimmed its top, observes in his own Life, that it is ridiculous to look on the English constitution as a regular plan of liberty before the death of Charles I. A profound remark truly, and most sagacious!” (Pinkerton's Dissertation, p. 142.)

serve on horseback by the tenure of the lands (*timars*) and estates they are possess of; these being not only the reward of their sweat and blood, but ties and obligations to further service in the field upon the first summons; each bringing so many horses with him according to the value of what he holds, which is the reason they do not receive an asper of pay out of the Grand Signior's exchequer, and are therefore known by the name of *Timar-Spahyes*, or *Feudatory*, to distinguish them from other Spahyes who live in the cities, and have not obtained a piece of land.”*

A learned civilian, Dr. Dorn-Seiffen, has endeavoured to account for various peculiarities in the manners and in the laws of the Romans, by ascribing them to a people whose character was formed by the avocations of a pastoral life.† The senate, the magistrates, the assemblies of the people, and many of their religious rites, display, according to this writer, the clearest indications of having proceeded from an association of sturdy shepherds. Wherever he turns his eyes, he discovers the deepest and most certain traces of the *vita nomadica*; and, without the aid of this discovery, he supposes it to be impossible for any person to comprehend the spirit of the Roman history and jurisprudence. “Hinc autem multum lucis et Romanae historiae et jurisprudentiae accendi, quis non videt? Quum enim Romanae reipublicae annales evolvimus, plerosque Romanorum aut suae ipsorum originis imperitos, aut inani superbia hanc ignorari prae se ferentes, ea regum et posteriorum legislatorum curae ac studio tribuisse videmus, quae non nisi priscae nomadicae vitae originem debent; quamobrem mirum videri haud potest, permultos huc usque in antiquis moribus ac legibus Romanorum interpretandis, jureconsultos aliosque, de Romanorum literarum studio ceteroque bene meritos viros, aliam rationem secutos, in multos incidisse errores, quos quidem evitare haud poterant, plurima vero explicari non potuisse, quae, hujus nomadicae vitae ratione habita, jam cuique satis sunt aperta, et multis aliis rebus lucem afferunt.” p. viii. We are however inclined to believe that this hypothesis of Dorn-Seiffen has appeared less satisfactory to others than to himself; and it is totally rejected by Maciejowski, no incompetent judge of its merits or defects.

* Smith's Remarks upon the Manners, Religion, and Government of the Turks, p. 133. Lond. 1678, 8vo.

† Vestigia Vitae Nomadicae, tam in Moribus quam Legibus Romanorum conspicua, cura G. Dorn Seiffen, Phil. Theor. Mag. Lit. Hum. et Jur. utr. Doct. Trajecti ad Rhenum, 1819, 8vo.—He is the author of another learned work connected with our present enquiries: “Specimen historico-juridicum, sistens Jus Feminarum apud Romanos tam antiquum quam novum.” Traj. ad Rhem. 1818, 8vo. This is the second edition.

Of the laws of the twelve Tables, a very curious branch of his subject, Macielowski has given a more brief account, in consequence of having discussed their history in a previous work.* In a tract entitled *Excursus ad Livii Historiarum lib. iii. cap. 31. sqq.* he has instituted an elaborate enquiry into the supposed origin of the decemviral laws, and has endeavoured to shew that Livy's narrative is in this instance altogether unworthy of credit. Having in the first edition of his history expressed his disbelief in the story of the embassy to Greece, his opinion was publicly controverted by Professor Ciampi of the same university.† To this antagonist he replies in the *Excursus*, but without mentioning his name.

The commonly received account of this embassy was called in question by Giambattista Vico,‡ a professor of rhetoric, who ought to have been a professor of law, at Naples: he has been followed by Bonamy,§ Gibbon, Niebuhr, Wachsmuth, and many other writers, both civilians and historians. The current of opinion in Germany is decidedly in favour of his conclusion, which however we are not yet fully prepared to admit.||

It is stated by Livy, and by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, that ambassadors were sent to Greece, in order to procure information respecting the laws of that country; and the same account, or nearly the same, is repeated by many other ancient writers. Angelo Mai, adopting the opinion of Vico, has urged as an objection against this account, that it is nowhere mentioned in the writings of Cicero:¶ but if we were to admit the

* Wenceslai Alexan. Macielowski, Juris utriusque Doctoris, &c. *Opusculorum Sylloge prima*, p. 102. Varsoviae, 1823, 8vo.—This collection includes four different tracts. 1. De Vita et Constitutionibus G. Q. Messii Trajani Decii. 2. In M. T. Ciceronis Topica Animadversiones quaedam proponuntur. 3. Legum Solonis et Decemviralium Comparatio. Pars prima. De Debitoribus. 4. *Excursus ad Livii Historiarum lib. iii. cap. 31. sqq.*

† Sebastiani Ciampi novum Examen Loci Liviani, de Legatis, &c. Vileae, 1821, 8vo.

‡ J. B. Vico de Constantia Jurisprudentis, p. 224. Neapoli, 1721, 4to. See likewise the same author's *Principj di Scienza nuova d' intorno alla comune Natura delle Nazioni*, tom. i. p. 120. ed. Milano, 1801, 3 tom. 8vo.—“Hoc opus,” says Fabroni in allusion to the latter work, “ei in amore et deliciis fuit, et gloriam affirmabat se posteris monumentum reliquisse, ex quo judicium facere possent, quantum in hoc studiorum genere valeret, quantumque elaborasset.” (*Vitae Italorum Doctrina excellentium*, tom. xii. p. 285.)

§ Dissertation sur l'Origine des Loix des XII. Tables, par M. Bonamy: *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, tom. xii. p. 27.

|| On the subject of this controversy, two articles, written by Berriat St. Prix, may be found in that valuable repository the *Thémis, ou Bibliothèque du Jurisconsulte*, tom. iv. p. 304. tom. vi. p. 269.

¶ “Nullam tamen facit Cicero mentionem Romanorum in Graeciam legatorum ad Solonis leges petendas: cujus rei altum silentium est in aliis quoque Tullii scriptis. Immo is de Or. i. 44. leges Romanas aperte anteposit incoeditis et ridiculis, ut ait, Lycurgi, Draconis, Solonisque legibus, quod facere vix debuit, si jus Romanum a Graeco haustum putavisset.” (Maius ad Ciceronem de Republica, lib. ii. cap. xxxvi. p. 201. Romae, 1822, 8vo.)

fact;

fact, it would not be necessary to admit the inference; for Cicero might or might not find occasion to refer to an event which, so far as we can discover, no person regarded as doubtful. The following expressions however seem to contain a manifest allusion to the influence of the Athenian upon the Roman laws: "Adant Athenienses, unde humanitas, doctrina, religio, fruges, jura, leges ortae, atque in omnes terras distributae putantur."* This passage occurs in one of his orations; and, in another work, Cicero notices the coincidence or identity of certain decemviral laws with those of Solon.† In the subsequent passage, Tacitus evidently alludes to a fact which must have been considered as incontrovertible: "Creatique decemviri, et accitis quae usquam egregia, compositae duodecim Tabulae, finis aequi juris."‡ The younger Pliny thus addresses one of his friends: "Habe ante oculos, hanc esse terram quae nobis miserit jura, quae leges non victa acceperit, sed petentibus dederit; Athenas esse, quas adeas; Lacedaemona esse, quam regas."§ Pomponius, whose name we have already had occasion to introduce, has likewise adopted the same account: "Postea, ne diutius hoc fieret, placuit publica auctoritate decem constitui viros, per quos peterentur leges a Graecis civitatibus, et civitas fundaretur legibus."¶ Many other passages of ancient writers might be accumulated, not to strengthen the original authority on which we find the fact stated, but to evince that this fact was generally, if not universally, admitted.

Maciejowski has directed the edge of his criticism against the character of Livy and Dionysius as historians; and we are ready to allow that on this subject his opinion is entitled to attention. The value and importance of Dionysius's work for the early history of the Roman law, has been learnedly discussed by Dr. Schulin;¶ and with respect to the character of Livy, we only think it necessary to remark that we regard him as no incompetent authority for such a fact as he has recorded. Had the fact of such a mission been very absurd or very incredible in itself, the state of the question would have been es-

* Ciceronis Orat. pro Flacco, § 26.

† Cicero de Legibus, lib. ii. cap. xxiii. xxv.

‡ Taciti Annal. lib. iii. cap. xxvii.

§ Plinii Epistolae, lib. viii. epist. xxiv.

¶ Digest. lib. i. tit. ii. fr. 2. § 4. These words of Pomponius, as they now stand, are at variance with the account given by Livy; and Bynkershoek very ingeniously conjectures that they ought to be transposed in the following manner: "Placuit publica auctoritate peterentur leges a Graecis civitatibus, et decem constitui viros, per quos civitas fundaretur legibus."

¶ De Dionysio Halicarnasense Historiae, praecipuo Historiae Juris Romani Fonte, Dissertatio inauguralis, in Academia Heidelbergensi praemio ornata: scripsit Phil. Frid. Schulin, Moeno-Francofurtanus, Juris utriusque Doctor. Heidelbergae, 1820, 4to.

entially

mentally different. It is urged by the professor of Warsaw, that all the ancient monuments of Roman history must have perished when the city was burnt by the Gauls. But it is not to be doubted that the laws of the twelve Tables, or at least ample portions of them, survived the destruction of the city: those laws are repeatedly mentioned by Cicero, as we should now mention the Great Charter, not as what has existed, but as what still exists;* at a later period they were the subject of various commentaries, nor do we meet with any hint or suggestion that such commentaries related to fragments, instead of the entire collection of laws. If then the laws of the twelve Tables were rescued from the ruins of the city, is there any difficulty in imagining, or any absurdity in believing, that their genuine history was likewise preserved? Let us even suppose that every written monument perished in the common wreck; yet the nation itself was not exterminated; and the oral tradition of one generation became the lettered record of the next.

The entire subject seems to be involved in unnecessary doubt and difficulty, by misapprehending the real state of the question. Maciejowski commences his enquiries in the following manner: "Multi iidemque literatissimi viri, quorum nomina infra laudabo, quæsivere, verane sint quæ de legatis a Romanis Athenas missis, ut conscriberent inclytas Solonis leges, aliarumque Graeciae civitatum, Livius, Dionysius, et qui eos sequuti sunt, in medium protulere; integrasne leges Solonis transtulerint in XII Tabulas decemviri, an, sumptis inde quibusdam, patrias illis admiscuerint." If any person imagines that the decemvirs transferred the entire laws of Solon, or of any other legislator, he manifestly entertains a very crude opinion; and he who opposes this opinion, can only be thought to combat a phantom. Let us examine the passage of Livy, as our original text: "Quum de legibus conveniret, de latore tantum discreparet, missi legati Athenas Sp. Postumius Albus, A. Manlius, Ser. Sulpicius Camerinus; jussique inclytas leges Solonis describere, et aliarum Graeciae civitatum instituta, mores, juraque noscere."† He soon afterwards states that those ambassadors were nominated among the decemvirs, for two reasons: "His proximi legati tres habiti, qui Athenas ierant; simul ut pro legatione tam longinqua praemio esset honos; simul peritos legum peregrinarum ad condenda nova jura usui fore credebant." Nothing can be more plain and intelligible than this account. Three ambassadors, or, as we

* "Discebamus enim pueri XII. ut carmen necessarium; quas jam nemo discit." Cicero de Legibus, lib. ii. cap. xxiii.)

† Livii Hist. lib. iii. cap. xxxi.

might perhaps with equal propriety describe them, three messengers were sent to Greece, with instructions to procure a copy of the laws of Solon, and to acquaint themselves with the laws and institutions of other states of Greece besides Athens. In the commission for compiling a body of laws, these three individuals were included, in order that this honour might compensate them for their former labours, and that the knowledge which they had acquired of foreign jurisprudence might be rendered useful in the compilation of a new body of laws.—The expression *ad condenda nova jura* certainly does not suggest the idea of transferring laws already made. If therefore the learned professor could prove, what it will however be very difficult to prove, that there is not a single coincidence between any existing fragment of the twelve Tables, and any existing fragment of the laws of Athens or any other state of Greece, no argument could thence be deduced against Livy's account of the mission. The Romans, at that period a rude and simple nation, were anxious to obtain some knowledge of the laws, customs, and institutions of a kindred people, before they attempted to reduce their own laws into something approaching to a systematic form; and in order to procure this knowledge, they adopted an expedient which must strike every person, who reflects on the state of society at that remote era, as the most obvious and practicable that could have been devised. But of the new laws with which they thus became acquainted, it is evident that many were utterly to be rejected, some to be abhorred; and they might learn what to avoid as well as what to imitate. We might as rationally expect one nation to adopt the entire language as the entire laws of another nation. When the decemvirs were employed in their important task, the city of Rome had seen three centuries of years, and during that period had partly been regulated by written, and partly by unwritten law. It is therefore to be supposed that the twelve Tables chiefly consisted of a digest of what was regarded as the best portion of their municipal enactments and customs: customary law, which acquires its vigour and consistency in the early stages of society, was doubtless a very essential part; and some modifications, perhaps various regulations entirely new, might be derived from a foreign source. This we conceive to be the authentic history, and these the genuine effects, of the famous mission into Greece; and in the general texture of this story we find nothing that exceeds the limits of rational belief.

“The Romans, while yet a rude people,” says Dr. Dunbar, “disdained not to appoint an embassy to enquire into the jurisprudence

prudence of the Greeks, and to supply, from that fountain, the deficiencies in their civil code. This embassy seems to have been suggested by Hermodorus, an exiled citizen of Ephesus, who afterwards eminently assisted in interpreting the collection of laws brought from Greece. His public services met with a public reward. A statue was erected to him in the Comitia at the public expense: an honour which the jealousy of Rome would have denied to a stranger in a less generous age. But, at this period, she acted from a nobler impulse; and the statue erected to Hermodorus was erected, in reality, to her own honour. Yet the name of this Ephesian, which casts a lustre upon Rome, seemed to cast a shade upon his native city; and that people, according to Heraclitus, deserved to have been extirpated, to a man, who had condemned such a citizen to exile.*—This agency of Hermodorus is not mentioned by Livy: but the erection of his statue is recorded by the elder Pliny;† and his connexion with the decemvirs is likewise stated by Pomponius: “Et ita ex accidentia appellatae sunt Leges duodecim Tabularum: quarum ferendarum auctorem fuisse decemviris Hermodorum quendam Ephesium, exultantem in Italia, quidam retulerunt.”‡ By the word *auctor*, as used in this passage, we are evidently to understand a person who advised or influenced the decemvirs; and, according to Pliny, his services were those of a translator or expounder. It is therefore highly probable that he was chiefly employed in expounding to them the Greek laws, of which they had obtained a transcript. As he appears to have been a person of superior talents,§ his own comments might be useful and important; but we are by no means inclined to estimate his services so highly as Professor Gratama, who represents him as the real author of the laws of the twelve Tables.||

Before we dismiss the history of the twelve Tables, we are tempted to notice an opinion which another modern author has delivered respecting one of their enactments. “Ancient histories,” says Lord Kames, “are full of incredible facts that passed current during the infancy of reason, which at present would be rejected with contempt. Every one who is conversant in the history of ancient nations, can recall instances without

* Dunbar's Essays on the History of Mankind in rude and cultivated Ages, p. 161. Lond. 1780, 8vo.

† “Fuit et Hermodori Ephesii in Comitio, legum quas decemviri scribebant interpretis, [statua] publice dicata.” (Plinii Natur. Hist. lib. xxxiv. cap. xi.)

‡ Digest. lib. i. tit. ii. fr. 2. § 4.

§ See Menagii Observationes in Diogenem Laertium, p. 393.

|| Serpii Gratama Oratio de Hermodoro Ephesio vero XII. Tabularum Auctore. Groningae, 1817, 4to.

end,

end. Does any person believe at present, though gravely reported by historians, that in old Rome there was a law for cutting into pieces the body of a bankrupt, and distributing the parts among his creditors?"* This is the too confident speculation of an ingenious man, who was not sufficiently acquainted with ancient jurisprudence and ancient manners. Annaeus Robertus† and Heraldus‡ have each proposed a mitigating interpretation of this law of the twelve Tables: Bynkershoek was solicitous to prove that the creditors were entitled to divide, not the body, but the price of the insolvent debtor;§ and his opinion has been adopted by the learned Dr. Taylor,|| and by some other civilians. But this opinion can neither be reconciled with the obvious meaning of the words, nor with the ancient mode of understanding them.¶ Those who consider such an enactment as altogether incredible, ought at the same time to consider the real character of the Roman people at that early period of their history. They certainly were not distinguished by the gentler virtues; and if their laws were altogether silent as to the treatment of debtors, we ascertain from other sources of information that it was extremely harsh and cruel. In more rude communities, where commerce is almost entirely unknown, and where the poor are in a great measure subjected to the rich, the insolvent debtor is very apt to be treated as a criminal. In ancient Rome, we know from historical records, not merely from the letter of the law, that he might be reduced to the condition of a slave; and it is obvious to every person acquainted with Roman history, that the unrelenting treatment of debtors was a ground of open dissension between the different orders of the people. The same laws which conferred on the father of a family the power of life and death over his wife and children, and which awarded capital punishment against the author of a satirical poem, may without much difficulty be conceived to have disposed of a poor debtor's person in the most summary manner.

To his history of the Roman law Maciciowski has subjoined an appendix, "*De fati Juris Romani, deque vicissitudinibus quas res litteraria hujus Juris, inde ab Justiniano usque ad*

* Kames's Sketches of the History of Man, vol. iii. p. 253.

† Roberti Rerum Judicatarum, libri iv. f. 137. b. edit. Paris. 1597, 4to.

‡ Heraldus de Rerum Judicatarum Auctoritate, libri ii. p. 518. Paris. 1640, 8vo.

§ Bynkershoek Observationes Juris Romani, lib. i. cap. i.

|| Taylori Commentarius ad L. Decemvirelem de inope Debitore in partis dissecando. Cantabrigiae, 1742, 4to.

¶ Dr. Valpy, a learned divine, has confuted the opinion of Bynkershoek and Taylor, in a long note subjoined to his *Sermons preached on public occasions*, vol. ii. p. 1. Lond. 1811, 2 vols, 8vo.

nostra tempora, subiit." A considerable portion of this appendix relates to the study and influence of the civil law in Poland. He mentions Jo. Sarius Zamoscius, or Zamoyski, as the author of the treatise *De Senatu Romano*, without any hint that it was actually written by Sigonius, whose property in the work is not commonly regarded as doubtful. Simon Starovolscius, or Starowolski, is commemorated as the first Polish writer who published a commentary on the Institutes of Justinian.* The catalogue of Polish civilians is neither ample nor imposing; and we scarcely recognize any other names with which we were previously acquainted. But we have no doubt that such able professors as Maciejowski will inspire the students with new ardour; nor can we refrain from expressing our regret that, in most of the learned countries of Europe, the study of historical jurisprudence is pursued with more zeal than in our own. "Perhaps," says Professor Wilde, "one of the great reasons of the civil law having fallen into such disrepute among us, has been an ignorance of its rise, progress, and authority, in this, and the other countries of modern Europe. The student is introduced, all at once, to the study of a system, in itself exceedingly deep and comprehensive, without any of that previous training which is necessary to give him proper ideas of the subject to which he is to apply his mind. It appears before him as a vast and confused object, of which his perceptions are exceedingly indistinct and uncertain. On the other hand, when he is led up to it through the avenue of historical knowledge, and when the prospect opens upon him easily and by degrees, his after acquaintance with it will be both more accurate, and more lasting. Accordingly, this of itself is a great and a powerful reason for introducing the study of the principles of the civil law by the study of its history."†

* This work was published at Cracow in the year 1638. (Maciejowski, p. 243.) The present writer has a copy of a subsequent edition, which bears this title: "Simonis Starovolscii Commentarius in IV. libros Institutionum Juris Civilis." Romae, 1646, 16to.

† Wilde's Preliminary Lecture to the Course of Lectures on the Institutions of Justinian p. 64. Edinb. 1794, 8vo.

ART. VI.—*Mémoires sur Voltaire, et sur ses Ouvrages, par LONGCHAMP et WAGNIÈRE, ses Secrétaires; suivis de divers Ecrits inédits de la Marquise du Châtelet, du Président Hénault, &c. tous relatifs à Voltaire* (Memoirs concerning Voltaire and his works, by Longchamp and Wagnière, his Secretaries; with various unpublished pieces by the Marquise du Châtelet, &c., all relating to Voltaire). 2 Tomes. Paris, 1826.

COULD ambition always chuse its own path, and were will in human undertakings synonymous with faculty, all truly ambitious men would be men of letters. Certainly, if we examine that love of power, which enters so largely into most practical calculations, nay which our Utilitarian friends have recognized as the sole end and origin, both motive and reward, of all earthly enterprises, animating alike the philanthropist, the conqueror, the money-changer and the missionary, we shall find that all other arenas of ambition, compared with this rich and boundless one of Literature, meaning thereby whatever respects the promulgation of Thought, are poor, limited and ineffectual. For dull, unreflective, merely instinctive as the ordinary man may seem, he has nevertheless, as a quite indispensable appendage, a head that in some degree considers and computes; a lamp or rush-light of understanding has been given him, which through whatever dim, besmoked, and strangely diffractive media it may shine, is the ultimate guiding light of his whole path: and, here as well as there, now as at all times in man's history, Opinion rules the world.

Curious it is, moreover, to consider, in this respect, how different appearance is from reality, and under what singular shape and circumstances the truly most important man of any given period might be found. Could some Asmodeus, by simply waving his arm, open asunder the meaning of the Present, even so far as the Future will disclose it, what a much more marvellous sight should we have, than that mere bodily one through the roofs of Madrid! For we know not what we are, any more than what we shall be. It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man, that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end! What is done is done; has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working Universe, and will also work there, for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time. But the life of every man is as the well-spring of a stream, whose small beginnings are indeed plain to all, but whose ulterior course and destination, as it winds through the expanses of infinite years, only

only the Omniscient can discern. Will it mingle with neighbouring rivulets, as a tributary; or receive them as their sovereign? Is it to be a nameless brook, and will its tiny waters, among millions of other brooks and rills, increase the current of some world's-river? Or is it to be itself a Rhene or Danaw, whose goings forth are to the uttermost lands, its flood an everlasting boundary-line on the globe itself, the bulwark and highway of whole kingdoms and continents? We know not: only in either case, we know, its path is to the great ocean; its waters, were they but a handful, are *here*, and cannot be annihilated or permanently held back.

As little can we prognosticate, with any certainty, the future influences from the present aspects of an individual. How many Demagogues, Crossuses, Conquerors fill their own age with joy or terror, with a tumult that promises to be perennial; and in the next age, die away into insignificance and oblivion! These are the forests of gourds, that overtop the infant cedars and aloe-trees, but, like the Prophet's gourd, wither on the third day. What was it to the Pharaohs of Egypt, in that old era, if Jethro the Midianitish priest and grazier accepted the Hebrew outlaw as his herdsman? Yet the Pharaohs, with all their chariots of war, are buried deep in the wrecks of time; and that Moses still lives, not among his own tribe only, but in the hearts and daily business of all civilized nations. Or figure Mahomet, in his youthful years, 'travelling to the horse-fairs of Syria'! Nay, to take an infinitely higher instance, who has ever forgotten those lines of Tacitus; inserted as a small, transitory, altogether trifling circumstance in the history of such a potentate as Nero? To us it is the most earnest, sad, and sternly significant passage that we know to exist in writing: *Ergo abolendo rumori Nero subdidit reos, et quæsitissimis pœnis affecit, quos per flagitia invisos, vulgus CHRISTIANOS appellabat. Auctor nominis ejus CHRISTUS, qui, Tiberio imperitante, per Procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat. Repressaque in præsens exitiabilis superstitio rursus erumpebat, non modo per Judæam originem ejus mali, sed per urbem etiam, quo cuncta undique atrocia aut pudenda confluunt, celebranturque.* 'So, for the quieting of this rumour,* Nero judicially charged with the crime, and punished with most studied severities, that class, hated for their general wickedness, whom the vulgar call *Christians*. The originator of that name was one *Christ*, who, in the reign of Tiberius, suffered death by sentence of the Procurator, Pontius Pilate. The baneful superstition, thereby repressed for the time, again broke out,

* Of his having set fire to Rome,

not only over Judea, the native soil of that mischief, but in the City also, where from every side all atrocious and abominable things collect and flourish.* Tacitus was the wisest, most penetrating man of his generation; and to such depth, and no deeper has he seen into this transaction, the most important that has occurred or can occur in the annals of mankind.

Nor is it only to those primitive ages, when religions took their rise, and a man of pure and high mind appeared not merely as a teacher and philosopher, but as a priest and prophet, that our observation applies. The same uncertainty, in estimating present things and men, holds more or less in all times; for in all times, even in those which seem most trivial, and open to research, human society rests on inscrutably deep foundations; which he is of all others the most mistaken, who fancies he has explored to the bottom. Neither is that sequence, which we love to speak of as 'a chain of causes,' properly to be figured as a 'chain,' or line, but rather as a tissue, or superficies of innumerable lines, extending in breadth as well as in length, and with a complexity, which will foil and utterly bewilder the most assiduous computation. In fact, the wisest of us must, for by far the most part, judge like the simplest; estimate importance by mere magnitude, and expect that what strongly affects our own generation, will strongly affect those that are to follow. In this way it is that conquerors and political revolutionists come to figure as so mighty in their influences; whereas truly there is no class of persons, creating such an uproar in the world, who in the long run produce so very slight an impression on its affairs. When Tamerlane had finished building his pyramid of seventy thousand human skulls, and was seen 'standing at the gate of Damascus, glittering in steel, with his battle-axe on his shoulder,' till his fierce hosts filed out to new victories and new carnage, the pale onlooker might have fancied that Nature was in her death-throes; for havoc and despair had taken possession of the earth, the sun of manhood seemed setting in seas of blood. Yet, it might be, on that very gala-day of Tamerlane, a little boy was playing ninepins on the streets of Mentz, whose history was more important to men than that of twenty Tamerlanes. The Tartar Khan, with his shaggy demons of the wilderness, 'passed away like a whirlwind to be forgotten for ever; and that German artisan has wrought a benefit, which is yet immeasurably expanding itself, and will continue to expand itself through all countries and through all times. What are the conquests and expeditions of the whole corporation of captains, from Walter the Pennyless to Napoleon Buonaparte,

* Tacit. *Annal.* xv. 44.

compared

compared with these 'moveable types' of Johannes Faust? Truly, it is a mortifying thing for your Conqueror to reflect, how perishable is the metal which he hammers with such violence: how the kind earth will soon shroud up his bloody footprints; and all that he achieved and skilfully piled together will be but like his own 'canvas city' of a camp,—this evening loud with life, to-morrow all struck and vanished, 'a few earth-pits and heaps of straw!' For here, as always, it continues true, that the deepest force is the stillest; that, as in the Fable, the mild shining of the sun shall silently accomplish what the fierce blustering of the tempest has in vain essayed. Above all, it is ever to be kept in mind, that not by material, but by moral power, are men and their actions governed. How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons, or immeasurable tumult of baggage-waggons, attends its movements: in what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating, which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority; for Kings and Emperors will be among its ministering servants; it will rule not over, but *in*, all heads, and with these its solitary combinations of ideas, as with magic formulas, bend the world to its will! The time may come, when Napoleon himself will be better known for his laws than for his battles; and the victory of Waterloo prove less momentous than the opening of the first Mechanics' Institute.

We have been led into such rather trite reflections, by these volumes of *Memoirs on Voltaire*; a man in whose history the relative importance of intellectual and physical power is again curiously evinced. This also was a private person, by birth nowise an elevated one; yet so far as present knowledge will enable us to judge, it may be said, that to abstract Voltaire and his activity from the eighteenth century, were to produce a greater difference in the existing figure of things, than the want of any other individual, up to this day, could have occasioned. Nay, with the single exception of Luther, there is, perhaps, in these modern ages, no other man of a merely intellectual character, whose influence and reputation have become so entirely European as that of Voltaire. Indeed, like the great German Reformer's, his doctrines too, almost from the first, have affected not only the belief of the thinking world, silently propagating themselves from mind to mind; but in a high degree also, the conduct of the active and political world; entering as a distinct element into some of the most fearful civil convulsions which European history has on record.

Doubtless, to his own contemporaries, to such of them at least as had any insight into the actual state of men's minds,
Voltaire

Voltaire already appeared as a note-worthy and decidedly historical personage : yet, perhaps, not the wildest of his admirers ventured to assign him such a magnitude as he now figures in, even with his adversaries and detractors. He has grown in apparent importance, as we receded from him, as the nature of his endeavours became more and more visible in their results. For, unlike many great men, but like all great agitators, Voltaire everywhere shows himself emphatically as the man of his century : uniting in his own person whatever spiritual accomplishments were most valued by that age ; at the same time, with no depth to discern its ulterior tendencies, still less with any magnanimity to attempt withstanding these, his greatness and his littleness alike fitted him to produce an immediate effect ; for he leads whither the multitude was of itself dimly minded to run, and keeps the van not less by skill in commanding, than by cunning in obeying. Besides, now that we look on the matter from some distance, the efforts of a thousand coadjutors and disciples, nay, a series of mighty political vicissitudes, in the production of which these efforts had but a subsidiary share, have all come, naturally in such a case, to appear as if exclusively his work ; so that he rises before us as the paragon and epitome of a whole spiritual period, now almost passed away, yet remarkable in itself, and more than ever interesting to us, who seem to stand, as it were, on the confines of a new and better one.

Nay, had we forgotten that ours is the 'Age of the Press,' when he who runs may not only read but furnish us with reading ; and simply counted the books, and scattered leaves, thick as the autumnal in Vallombrosa, that have been written and printed concerning this man, we might almost fancy him the most important person, not of the eighteenth century, but of all the centuries from Noah's flood downwards. We have *Lives* of Voltaire by friend and by foe : Condorcet, Duvernet, Lèpan, have each given us a whole ; portions, documents, and all manner of authentic or spurious contributions have been supplied by innumerable hands ; of which we mention only the labours of his various secretaries : Collini's, published some twenty years ago, and now these two massive octavos from Longchamp and Wagnière. To say nothing of the Baron de Grimm's Collections, unparalleled in more than one respect ; or of the six-and-thirty volumes of scurrilous eavesdropping, long since printed under the title of *Mémoires de Bachaumont* ; or of the daily and hourly attacks and defences that appeared separately in his lifetime, and all the judicial pieces, whether in the style of apotheosis or of excommunication, that have seen the light

since then; a mass of fugitive writings, the very diamond edition of which might fill whole libraries. The peculiar talent of the French in all narrative, at least in all anecdotic, departments, rendering most of these works extremely readable, still further favoured their circulation, both at home and abroad: so that now, in most countries, Voltaire has been read of and talked of, till his name and life have grown familiar like those of a village acquaintance. In England, at least, where for almost a century the study of foreign literature has, we may say, confined itself to that of the French, with a slight intermixture from the elder Italians, Voltaire's writings, and such writings as treated of him, were little likely to want readers. We suppose, there is no literary era, not even any domestic one, concerning which Englishmen in general have such information, at least have gathered so many anecdotes and opinions, as concerning this of Voltaire. Nor have native additions to the stock been wanting, and these of a due variety in purport and kind: maledictions, expostulations, and dreadful death-scenes painted like Spanish *Sanbenitos*, by weak well-meaning persons of the hostile class; eulogies, generally of a gayer sort, by open or secret friends: all this has been long and extensively carried on among us. There is even an English *Life of Voltaire**; nay, we remember to have seen portions of his writings cited, *in terrorem*, and with criticisms, in some pamphlet, 'by a country gentleman,' either on the Education of the People, or else on the question of Preserving the Game.

With the 'Age of the Press,' and such manifestations of it on this subject, we are far from quarrelling. We have read great part of these thousand-and-first 'Memoirs on Voltaire,' by Longchamp and Wagnière, not without satisfaction; and can cheerfully look forward to still other 'Memoirs' following in their train. Nothing can be more in the course of nature than the wish to satisfy oneself with knowledge of all sorts about any distinguished person, especially of our own era; the true study of his character, his spiritual individuality, and peculiar manner of existence, is full of instruction for all mankind: even that of his looks, sayings, habitudes, and indifferent actions, were not the records of them generally lies, is rather to be commended; nay, are not such lies themselves, when they keep

* 'By Frank Hall Standish, Esq.' (London, 1821); a work, which we can recommend only to such as feel themselves in extreme want of information on this subject, and except in their own language, unable to acquire any. It is written very badly, though with sincerity, and not without considerable indications of talent; to all appearance, by a minor; many of whose statements and opinions (for he seems an inquiring, honest-hearted, rather decisive character,) must have begun to astonish even himself, several years ago.

within

within bounds, and the subject of them has been dead for some time, equal to snipe-shooting, or Colburn-Novels, at least little inferior, in the great art of getting done with life, or, as it is technically called, killing time? For our own part, we say,—would that every Johnson in the world had his veridical Boswell, or leash of Boswells! We could then tolerate his Hawkins also, though not veridical. With regard to Voltaire, in particular, it seems to us not only innocent but profitable, that the whole truth regarding him should be well understood. Surely, the biography of such a man, who, to say no more of him, spent his best efforts, and as many still think, successfully, in assaulting the Christian religion, must be a matter of considerable import: what he did, and what he could not do; how he did it, or attempted it, that is, with what degree of strength, clearness, especially with what moral intents, what theories and feelings on man and man's life, are questions that will bear some discussing. To Voltaire individually, for the last fifty-one years, the discussion has been indifferent enough; and to us it is a discussion not on one remarkable person only, and chiefly for the curious or studious, but involving considerations of highest moment to all men, and inquiries which the utmost compass of our philosophy will be unable to embrace.

Here, accordingly, we are about to offer some further observations on this *questio verata*; not without hope that the reader may accept them in good part. Doubtless, when we look at the whole bearings of the matter, there seems little prospect of any unanimity respecting it, either now, or within a calculable period: it is probable that many will continue, for a long time, to speak of this 'universal genius,' this 'apostle of Reason,' and 'father of sound Philosophy;' and many again of this 'monster of impiety,' this 'sophist,' and 'atheist,' and 'ape-demon;' or, like the late Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, dismiss him more briefly with information that he is 'a driveller:' neither is it essential that these two parties should, on the spur of the instant, reconcile themselves herein. Nevertheless, truth is better than error, were it only 'on Hannibal's vinegar.' It may be expected that men's opinions concerning Voltaire, which is of some moment, and concerning Voltairism, which is of almost boundless moment, will, if they cannot meet, gradually at every new comparison approach towards meeting; and what is still more desirable, towards meeting somewhere nearer the truth than they actually stand.

With honest wishes to promote such approximation, there is one condition, which, above all others, in this inquiry, we must beg the reader to impose on himself: the duty of fairness

towards Voltaire, of Tolerance towards him, as towards all men. This, truly, is a duty, which we have the happiness to hear daily inculcated ; yet which, it has been well said, no mortal is at bottom disposed to practise. Nevertheless, if we really desire to understand the truth on any subject, not merely, as is much more common, to confirm our already existing opinions, and gratify this and the other pitiful claim of vanity or malice in respect of it, tolerance may be regarded as the most indispensable of all pre-requisites ; the condition, indeed, by which alone any real progress in the question becomes possible. In respect of our fellow-men, and all real insight into their characters, this is especially true. No character, we may affirm, was ever rightly understood, till it had first been regarded with a certain feeling, not of tolerance only, but of sympathy. For here, more than in any other case, it is verified that the heart sees farther than the head. Let us be sure, our enemy is *not* that hateful being we are too apt to paint him. His vices and basenesses lie combined in far other order before his own mind, than before ours ; and under colours which palliate them, nay, perhaps, exhibit them as virtues. Were he the wretch of our imagining, his life would be a burden to himself ; for it is not by bread alone that the basest mortal lives ; a certain approval of conscience is equally essential even to physical existence ; is the fine all-pervading cement by which that wondrous union, a Self, is held together. Since the man, therefore, is not in Bedlam, and has not shot or hanged himself, let us take comfort, and conclude that he is one of two things : either a vicious *dog*, in man's guise, to be muzzled, and mourned over, and greatly marvelled at ; or a *real man*, and, consequently, not without moral worth, which is to be enlightened, and so far approved of. But to judge rightly of his character, we must learn to look at it, not less with his eyes, than with our own ; we must learn to pity him, to see him as a fellow-creature, in a word, to love him, or his real spiritual nature will ever be mistaken by us. In interpreting Voltaire, accordingly, it will be needful to bear some things carefully in mind, and to keep many other things as carefully in abeyance. Let us forget that *our* opinions were ever assailed by him, or ever defended, that *we* have to thank him, or upbraid him, for pain or for pleasure ; let us forget that we are Deists or Millenarians, Bishops, or Radical Reformers, and remember only that we are men. This is a European subject, or there never was one ; and must, if we would in the least comprehend it, be looked at neither from the parish belfry, nor any Peterloo platform ; but, if possible, from some natural and infinitely higher point of vision. It

It is a remarkable fact, that throughout the last fifty years of his life, Voltaire was seldom or never named, even by his detractors, without the epithet 'great' being appended to him; so that, had the syllables suited such a junction, as they did in the happier case of *Charles-Magne*, we might almost have expected that, not *Voltaire*, but *Voltaire-ce-grand-homme* would be his designation with posterity. However, posterity is much more stinted in its allowances on that score; and a multitude of things remain to be adjusted, and questions of very dubious issue to be gone into, before such coronation titles can be conceded with any permanence. The million, even the wiser part of them, are apt to lose their discretion, when 'tumultuously assembled;' for a small object, near at hand, may subtend a large angle; and often a Pennenden Heath has been mistaken for a Field of Runnymede; whereby the couplet on that immortal Dalhousie proves to be the emblem of many a man's real fortune with the public:

And thou, Dalhousie, the great God of war,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar;

the latter end corresponding poorly with the beginning. To ascertain what was the true significance of Voltaire's history both as respects himself and the world; what was his specific character and value as a man; what has been the character and value of his influence on society, of his appearance as an active agent in the culture of Europe: all this leads us into much deeper investigations; on the settlement of which, however, the whole business turns.

To our own view, we confess, on looking at Voltaire's life, the chief quality that shows itself is one for which *adroitness* seems the fitter name. Greatness implies several conditions, the existence of which, in his case, it might be difficult to demonstrate; but of his claim to this other praise there can be no disputing. Whatever be his aims, high or low, just or the contrary, he is, at all times, and to the utmost degree, expert in pursuing them. It is to be observed, moreover, that his aims in general were not of a simple sort, and the attainment of them easy: few literary men have had a course so diversified with vicissitudes as Voltaire's. His life is not spent in a corner, like that of a studious recluse, but on the open theatre of the world; in an age full of commotion, when society is rending itself asunder, Superstition already armed for deadly battle against Unbelief; in which battle he himself plays a distinguished part. From his earliest years, we find him in perpetual communication with the higher personages of his time, often with the highest: it is in circles of authority, of reputation, at
lowest,

lowest, of fashion and rank, that he lives and works. Ninon de l'Enclos leaves the boy a legacy to buy books; he is still young, when he can say of his supper companions, 'We are all Princes or Poets.' In after life, he exhibits himself in company or correspondence with all manner of principalities and powers, from Queen Caroline of England to the Empress Catherine of Russia, from Pope Benedict to Frederick the Great. Meanwhile, shifting from side to side of Europe, hiding in the country, or living sumptuously in capital cities, he quits not his pen, with which, as with some enchanter's rod, more potent than any king's sceptre, he turns and winds the mighty machine of European Opinion; approves himself, as his schoolmaster had predicted, the *Coryphée du Déisme*; and, not content with this elevation, strives, and nowise ineffectually, to unite with it a poetical, historical, philosophic and even scientific pre-eminence. Nay we may add, a pecuniary one; for he speculates in the funds, diligently solicits pensions and promotions, trades to America, is long a regular victualling-contractor for armies; and thus, by one means and another, independently of literature which would never yield much money, raises his income from 800 francs a-year to more than centuple that sum*. And now, having, besides all this commercial and economical business, written some thirty quartos, the most popular that were ever written, he returns after long exile to his native city, to be welcomed there almost as a religious idol; and closes a life, prosperous alike in the building of country-seats, and the composition of *Henriades* and *Philosophical Dictionaries*, by the most appropriate demise; by drowning, as it were, in an ocean of applause, so that as he lived for fame, he may be said to have died of it.

Such various, complete success, granted only to a small portion of men in any age of the world, presupposes, at least, with every allowance for good fortune, an almost unrivalled expertness of management. There must have been a great talent of some kind at work here: a cause proportionate to the effect. It is wonderful, truly, to observe with what perfect skill Voltaire steers his course through so many conflicting circumstances: how he weathers this Cape Horn, darts lightly through that Mahlstrom; always either sinks his enemy, or shuns him; here waters, and careens, and traffics with the rich savages; there lies landlocked till the hurricane is overblown; and so, in spite of all billows, and sea monsters, and hostile fleets, finishes his long Manilla voyage, with streamers flying, and deck piled with ingots! To say nothing of his literary character, of which this

* See Tome ii. p. 328 of these *Mémoires*.

same dexterous address will also be found to be a main feature, let us glance only at the general aspect of his conduct, as manifested both in his writings and actions. By turns, and ever at the right season, he is imperious and obsequious ; now shoots abroad, from the mountain tops, Hyperion-like, his keen, innumerable shafts ; anon, when danger is advancing, flies to obscure nooks ; or, if taken in the fact, swears it was but in sport, and that he is the peaceablest of men. He bends to occasion ; can, to a certain extent, blow hot or blow cold ; and never attempts force, where cunning will serve his turn. The beagles of the Hierarchy and of the Monarchy, proverbially quick of scent, and sharp of tooth, are out in quest of him ; but this is a lion-fox which cannot be captured. By wiles and a thousand doublings, he utterly distracts his pursuers ; he can burrow in the earth, and all trace of him is gone*. With a strange system of anonymity and publicity, of denial and assertion, of Mystification in all senses, has Voltaire surrounded himself. He can raise no standing armies for his defence, yet he too is a 'European Power,' and not undefended ; an invisible, impregnable, though hitherto unrecognised bulwark, that of Public Opinion, defends him. With great art, he maintains this strong-hold ; though ever and anon sallying out from it, far beyond the permitted limits. But he has his coat of darkness, and his shoes of swiftness, like that other Killer of Giants. We find Voltaire a supple courtier, or a sharp satirist ; he can talk blasphemy, and build churches, according to the signs of the times. Frederick the Great is not too high for his diplomacy, nor the poor Printer of his *Zadig* too low† ; he manages the Cardinal Fleuri, and the Curé of St. Sulpice ; and laughs in his sleeve at all the world. We should pronounce him to be one of the best politicians on record ; as we have said, the *adroitest* of all literary men.

At the same time, Voltaire's worst enemies, it seems to us, will not deny that he had naturally a keen sense for rectitude, indeed for all virtue : the utmost vivacity of temperament characterizes him ; his quick susceptibility for every form of beauty is moral as well as intellectual. Nor was his practice without indubitable and highly creditable proofs of this. To the help-needing he was at all times a ready benefactor : many

* Of one such 'taking to cover' we have a curious and rather ridiculous account in this work, by Longchamp. It was with the Duchess du Maine that he sought shelter, and on a very slight occasion : nevertheless he had to lie perdue, for two months, at the Castle of Sceaux ; and, with closed windows, and burning candles in daylight, compose *Zadig*, *Babouc*, *Memnon*. &c. for his amusement.

† See in Longchamp (pp. 154—163) how by natural legerdemain, a knave may be caught, and the *change rendu à des imprimeurs infidèles*.

were

were the hungry adventurers who profited of his bounty, and then bit the hand that had fed them. If we enumerate his generous acts, from the case of the Abbé Desfontaines down to that of the widow Calas, and the Serfs of Saint Claude, we shall find that few private men have had so wide a circle of charity, and have watched over it so well. Should it be objected that love of reputation entered largely into these proceedings, Voltaire can afford a handsome deduction on that head : should the uncharitable even calculate that love of reputation was the sole motive, we can only remind them that love of *such* reputation is itself the effect of a social, humane disposition ; and wish, as an immense improvement, that all men were animated with it. Voltaire was not without his experience of human baseness ; but he still had a fellow feeling for human sufferings ; and delighted, were it only as an honest luxury, to relieve them. His attachments seem remarkably constant and lasting : even such sots as Thiriot, whom nothing but habit could have endeared to him, he continues, and after repeated injuries, to treat and regard as friends. To his equals we do not observe him envious, at least not palpably and despicably so ; though this, we should add, might be in him, who was from the first so paramountly popular, no such hard attainment. Against Montesquieu, perhaps against him alone, he cannot help entertaining a small secret grudge ; yet ever in public he does him the amplest justice : *l'Arlequin-Grotius* of the fire-side becomes, on all grave occasions, the author of the *Esprit des Loix*. Neither to his enemies, and even betrayers, is Voltaire implacable or meanly vindictive : the instant of their submission is also the instant of his forgiveness ; their hostility itself provokes only casual sallies from him ; his heart is too kindly, indeed too light, to cherish any rancour, any continuation of revenge. If he has not the virtue to forgive, he is seldom without the prudence to forget : if, in his life-long contentions, he cannot treat his opponents with any magnanimity, he seldom, or perhaps never once, treats them quite basely ; seldom or never with that absolute unfairness, which the law of retaliation might so often have seemed to justify. We would say that, if no heroic, he is at all times a perfectly civilized man ; which considering that his war was with exasperated theologians, and a 'war to the knife' on their part, may be looked upon as rather a surprising circumstance. He exhibits many minor virtues, a due appreciation of the highest ; and fewer faults than, in his situation, might have been expected, and perhaps pardoned.

All this is well, and may fit out a highly expert and much esteemed

esteemed man of business, in the widest sense of that term; but is still far from constituting a 'great character.' In fact, there is one deficiency in Voltaire's original structure, which, it appears to us, must be quite fatal to such claims for him: we mean his inborn levity of nature, his entire want of Earnestness. Voltaire was by birth a Mocker, and light *Pococurante*; which natural disposition his way of life confirmed into a predominant, indeed all-pervading habit. Far be it from us to say, that solemnity is an essential of greatness; that no great man can have other than a rigid vinegar aspect of countenance, never to be thawed or warmed by billows of mirth! There are things in this world to be laughed at, as well as things to be admired; and his is no complete mind, that cannot give to each sort its due. Nevertheless contempt is a dangerous element to sport in; a deadly one, if we habitually live in it. How, indeed, to take the lowest view of this matter, shall a man accomplish great enterprises,—enduring all toil, resisting temptations, laying aside every weight,—unless he zealously love what he pursues? The faculty of love, of admiration is to be regarded as the sign and the measure of high souls: unwisely directed, it leads to many evils; but without it, there cannot be any good. Ridicule, on the other hand, is indeed a faculty much prized by its possessors; yet intrinsically, it is a small faculty; we may say, the smallest of all faculties that other men are at the pains to repay with any esteem. It is directly opposed to Thought, to Knowledge, properly so called; its nourishment and essence is Denial, which hovers only on the surface, while Knowledge dwells far below. Moreover, it is by nature selfish and morally trivial; it cherishes nothing but our Vanity, which may in general be left safely enough to shift for itself. Little 'discourse of reason,' in any sense, is implied in Ridicule: a scoffing man is in no lofty mood, for the time; shows more of the imp than of the angel. This too when his scoffing is what we call just, and has some foundation on truth: while again the laughter of fools, that vain sound, said in Scripture to resemble the 'crackling of thorns under the pot,'—which they cannot heat, and only soil and begrime,—must be regarded, in these latter times, as a very serious addition to the sum of human wretchedness; and may not always, when considering the increase of Crime in the Metropolis, escape the vigilance of Parliament.

We have, oftener than once, endeavoured to attach some meaning to that aphorism, vulgarly imputed to Shaftesbury, which, however, we can find nowhere in his works, that *ridicule is the test of truth*. But of all chimeras, that ever advanced

vanced themselves in the shape of philosophical doctrines, this is to us the most formless and purely inconceivable. Did or could the unassisted human faculties ever understand it, much more believe it? Surely, so far as the common mind can discern, laughter seems to depend not less on the laugher than on the laughee; and who gave laughers a patent to be always just, and always omniscient? If the philosophers of Nootka Sound were pleased to laugh at the manœuvres of Cook's seamen, did that render these manœuvres useless; and were the seamen to stand idle, or take to leather canoes, till the laughter abated? Let a discerning public judge.

But, leaving these questions for the present, we may observe at least that all great men have been careful to subordinate this talent or habit of ridicule; nay, in the ages which we consider the greatest, most of the arts that contribute to it have been thought disgraceful for freemen, and confined to the exercise of slaves. With Voltaire, however, there is no such subordination visible: by nature, or by practice, mockery has grown to be the irresistible bias of his disposition; so that for him, in all matters, the first question is not what is true, but what is false; not what is to be loved, and held fast, and earnestly laid to heart, but what is to be contemned and derided, and sportfully cast out of doors. Here truly he earns abundant triumph as an image-breaker, but pockets little real wealth. Vanity, with its adjuncts, as we have said, finds rich solacement; but for aught better, there is not much. Reverence, the highest feeling that man's nature is capable of, the crown of his whole moral manhood, and precious, like fine gold, were it in the rudest forms, he seems not to understand, or have heard of, even by credible tradition. The glory of knowing and believing is all but a stranger to him; only with that of questioning and qualifying is he familiar. Accordingly, he sees but a little way into Nature: the mighty All, in its beauty, and infinite mysterious grandeur, humbling the small *Me* into nothingness, has never even for moments been revealed to him; only this and that other atom of it, and the differences and discrepancies of these two, has he looked into, and noted down. His theory of the world, his picture of man and man's life, is little; for a Poet and Philosopher, even pitiful. Examine it, in its highest developements, you find it an altogether vulgar picture; simply a reflex, from more or fewer mirrors, of Self and the poor interests of Self. 'The Divine Idea, that which lies at the bottom of Appearance,' was never more invisible to any man. He reads History not with the eye of a devout Seer, or even of a Critic; but through a pair of mere anti-catholic spectacles. It is not a mighty drama,

drama, enacted on the theatre of Infinitude, with Suns for lamps, and Eternity as a background ; whose author is God, and whose purport and thousand-fold moral lead us up to the 'dark with excess of light' of the Throne of God ; but a poor wearisome debating-club dispute, spun through ten centuries, between the *Encyclopédie* and the *Sorbonne*. Wisdom or folly, nobleness or baseness, are merely superstitious or unbelieving : God's Universe is a larger Patrimony of St. Peter, from which it were well and pleasant to hunt out the Pope.

In this way, Voltaire's nature, which was originally vehement rather than deep, came, in its maturity, in spite of all his wonderful gifts, to be positively shallow. We find no heroism of character in him, from first to last ; nay, there is not, that we know of, one great thought, in all his six-and-thirty quartos. The high worth implanted in him by Nature, and still often manifested in his conduct, does not shine there like a light, but like a coruscation. The enthusiasm, proper to such a mind, visits him ; but it has no abiding virtue in his thoughts, no local habitation and no name. There is in him a rapidity, but at the same time a pettiness ; a certain violence, and fitful abruptness, which takes from him all dignity. Of his *emportemens*, and tragi-comical explosions, a thousand anecdotes are on record ; neither is he, in these cases, a terrific volcano, but a mere bundle of rockets. He is nigh shooting poor Dorn, the Frankfort constable ; actually fires a pistol, into the lobby, at him ; and this, three days after that melancholy business of the '*Œuvre de Poésie du Roi mon Maître*' had been finally adjusted. A bookseller, that, with the natural instinct of fallen mankind, overcharges him, receives from this Philosopher, by way of payment at sight, a slap on the face. Poor Longchamp, with considerable tact, and a praiseworthy air of second-table respectability, details various scenes of this kind : how Voltaire dashed away his combs, and maltreated his wig, and otherwise fiercely comported himself, the very first morning : how once, having a keenness of appetite, sharpened by walking, and a diet of weak tea, he became uncommonly anxious for supper ; and Clairaut and Madame du Chatelet, sunk in algebraic calculations, twice promised to come down, but still kept the dishes cooling, and the Philosopher, at last, desperately battered open their locked door with his foot ; exclaiming '*Vous êtes donc de concert pour me faire mourir ?*'—And yet Voltaire had a true kindness of heart ; all his domestics and dependants loved him, and continued with him. He has many elements of goodness, but floating loosely ; nothing is combined in steadfast union. It is true, he presents in general a surface of smoothness, of cultured

cultured regularity ; yet, under it, there is not the silent, rock-bound strength of a World ; but the wild tumults of a Chaos are ever bursting through. He is a man of power, but not of beneficent authority ; we fear, but cannot reverence him ; we feel him to be stronger, not higher.

Much of this spiritual short-coming and perversion might be due to natural defect ; but much of it also is due to the age into which he was cast. It was an age of discord and division ; the approach of a grand crisis in human affairs. Already we discern in it all the elements of the French Revolution ; and wonder, so easily do we forget how entangled and hidden the meaning of the present generally is to us, that all men did not foresee the comings on of that fearful convulsion. On the one hand, a high all-attempting activity of Intellect ; the most peremptory spirit of inquiry abroad on every subject ; things human and things divine alike cited without misgivings before the same boastful tribunal of so-called Reason, which means here a merely argumentative Logic ; the strong in mind excluded from his regular influence in the state, and deeply conscious of that injury. On the other hand, a privileged few, strong in the subjection of the many, yet in itself weak ; a piebald, and for most part altogether decrepid battalion, of Clergy, of purblind Nobility, or rather of Courtiers, for as yet the Nobility is mostly on the other side : these cannot fight with Logic, and the day of Persecution is well nigh done. The whole force of law, indeed, is still in their hands ; but the far deeper force, which alone gives efficacy to law, is hourly passing away from them. Hope animates one side ; fear the other ; and the battle will be fierce and desperate. For there is wit without wisdom on the part of the self-styled Philosophers ; feebleness with exasperation on the part of their opponents ; pride enough on all hands, but little magnanimity ; perhaps no where any pure love of truth, only every where the purest, most ardent love of self. In such a state of things, there lay abundant principles of discord : these two influences hung like fast-gathering electric clouds, as yet on opposite sides of the horizon, but with a malignity of aspect, which boded, whenever they might meet, a sky of fire and blackness, thunderbolts to waste the earth, and the sun and stars, though but for a season, to be blotted out from the heavens. For there is no conducting medium to unite softly these hostile elements ; there is no true virtue, no true wisdom, on the one side or on the other. Never, perhaps, was there an epoch, in the history of the world, when universal corruption called so loudly for reform ; and they who undertook that task were men intrinsically so worthless. Not by Gracchi, but by
Cata-

Catalines ; not by Luthers, but by Aretines, was Europe to be renovated. The task has been a long and bloody one ; and is still far from done.

In this condition of affairs, what side such a man as Voltaire was to take could not be doubtful. Whether he ought to have taken either side ; whether he should not rather have stationed himself in the middle ; the partisan of neither, perhaps hated by both ; acknowledging and forwarding, and striving to reconcile, what truth was in each ; and preaching forth a far deeper truth, which, if his own century had neglected it, had persecuted it, future centuries would have recognised as priceless : all this was another question. Of no man, however gifted, can we require what he has not to give : but Voltaire called himself Philosopher, nay *the* Philosopher. And such has often, indeed generally, been the fate of great men, and Lovers of Wisdom : their own age and country have treated them as of no account ; in the great Corn-Exchange of the world, their pearls have seemed but spoiled barley, and been ignominiously rejected. Weak in adherents, strong only in their faith, in their indestructible consciousness of worth and well-doing, they have silently, or in words, appealed to coming ages, when their own ear would indeed be shut to the voice of love, and of hatred, but the Truth that had dwelt in them would speak with a voice audible to all. Bacon left his works to future generations, when some centuries should have elapsed. ‘ Is it much for me,’ said Kepler, in his isolation, and extreme need, ‘ that men should accept my discovery ? If the Almighty waited six thousand years for one to see what He had made, I may surely wait two hundred, for one to understand what I have seen !’ All this, and more, is implied in love of wisdom, in genuine seeking of truth : the noblest function that can be appointed for a man, but requiring also the noblest man to fulfil it.

With Voltaire, however, there is no symptom, perhaps there was no conception, of such nobleness ; the high call for which, indeed, in the existing state of things, his intellect may have had as little the force to discern, as his heart had the force to obey. He follows a simpler course. Heedless of remoter issues, he adopts the cause of his own party ; of that class with whom he lived, and was most anxious to stand well ; he enlists in their ranks, not without hopes that he may one day rise to be their general. A resolution perfectly accordant with his prior habits, and temper of mind ; and from which his whole subsequent procedure, and moral aspect as a man, naturally enough evolves itself. Not that we would say, Voltaire was a mere prize-fighter ; one of ‘ Heaven’s Swiss,’ contending for a cause which

which he only half or not all approved of. Far from it. Doubtless he loved truth, doubtless he partially felt himself to be advocating truth; nay we know not that he has ever yet, in a single instance, been convicted of wilfully perverting his belief; of uttering, in all his controversies, one deliberate falsehood. Nor should this negative praise seem an altogether slight one, for greatly were it to be wished that even the best of his better-intentioned opponents had always deserved the like. Nevertheless his love of truth is not that deep, infinite love, which beseems a Philosopher; which many ages have been fortunate enough to witness; nay of which his own age had still some examples. It is a far inferior love, we should say, to that of poor Jean Jacques, half-sage, half-maniac as he was; it is more a prudent calculation than a passion. Voltaire loves Truth, but chiefly of the triumphant sort: we have no instance of his fighting for a quite discrowned and outcast Truth; it is chiefly when she walks abroad, in distress, it may be, but still with queenlike insignia, and knighthoods and renown are to be earned in her battles, that he defends her, that he charges gallantly against the Cades and Tylers. Nay, at all times, belief itself seems, with him, to be less the product of Meditation than of Argument. His first question with regard to any doctrine, perhaps his final test of its worth and genuineness, is: can others be convinced of this? Can I truck it, in the market for power? 'To such questioners,' it has been said, 'Truth, who buys not, and sells not, goes on her way, and makes no answer.'

In fact, if we inquire into Voltaire's ruling motive, we shall find that it was at bottom but a vulgar one: ambition, the desire of ruling, by such means as he had, over other men. He acknowledges no higher divinity than Public Opinion; for whatever he asserts or performs, the number of votes is the measure of strength and value. Yet let us be just to him; let us admit that he, in some degree, estimates his votes, as well as counts them. If love of fame, which, especially for such a man, we can only call another modification of Vanity, is always his ruling passion, he has a certain taste in gratifying it. His vanity, which cannot be extinguished, is ever skilfully concealed; even his just claims are never boisterously insisted on; throughout his whole life he shows no single feature of the quack. Nevertheless, even in the height of his glory, he has a strange sensitiveness to the judgement of the world: could he have contrived a Dionysius' Ear, in the Rue Traversière, we should have found him watching at it, night and day. Let but any little evil-disposed Abbé, any Fréron, or Piron,

Pauvre

*Pauvre Piron, qui ne fut jamais rien,
Pas même Académicien,*

write a libel or epigram on him, what a fluster he is in! We grant he forbore much, in these cases; manfully consumed his own spleen, and sometimes long held his peace: but it was his part to have always done so. Why should such a man ruffle himself with the spite of exceeding small persons? Why not let these poor devils write; why should they not earn a dishonest penny, at his expense, if they had no readier way? But Voltaire cannot part with his 'voices,' his 'most sweet voices;' for they are his gods; take these, and what has he left? Accordingly, in literature and morals, in all his comings and goings, we find him striving, with a religious care, to sail strictly with the wind. In Art, the Parisian *Parterre* is his court of last appeal: he consults the *Café de Procope*, on his wisdom or his folly, as if it were a true Delphic Oracle. The following adventure belongs to his fifty-fourth year, when his fame might long have seemed abundantly established. We translate from the *Sieur Longchamp's* thin, half-roguish, mildly obsequious, most lackey-like Narrative:

'Judges could appreciate the merits of *Sémiramis*, which has continued on the stage, and always been seen there with pleasure. Every one knows how the two principal parts in this piece contributed to the celebrity of two great tragedians, Mademoiselle Duménil, and M. le Kain. The enemies of M. de Voltaire renewed their attempts in the subsequent representations; but it only the better confirmed his triumph. Piron, to console himself for the defeat of his party, had recourse to his usual remedy; pelting the piece with some paltry epigrams, which did it no harm.

'Nevertheless, M. de Voltaire, who always loved to correct his works, and perfect them, became desirous to learn, more specially and at first hand, what good or ill the public were saying of his Tragedy; and it appeared to him that he could nowhere learn it better than in the *Café de Procope*, which was also called the *Antre* (cavern) *de Procope*, because it was very dark, even in full day, and ill-lighted in the evenings; and because you often saw there a set of lank, sallow poets, who had somewhat the air of apparitions. In this *Café*, which fronts the *Comédie Française*, had been held, for more than sixty years, the tribunal of those self-called *Aristarchs*, who fancied they could pass sentence without appeal, on plays, authors and actors. M. de Voltaire wished to compeer there, but in disguise, and altogether *incognito*. It was on coming out from the playhouse that the judges usually proceeded thither, to open what they called their great sessions. On the second night of *Sémiramis*, he borrowed a clergyman's clothes; dressed himself in cassock and long cloak: black stockings, girdle, bands, breviary itself; nothing was forgotten. He clapt on a large peruke, unpowdered,

powdered, very ill combed, which covered more than the half of his cheeks, and left nothing to be seen but the end of a long nose. The peruke was surmounted by a large three-cornered hat, corners half bruised in. In this equipment, then, the author of *Sémiramis* proceeded on foot to the *Café de Procope*, where he squatted himself in a corner, and waiting for the end of the play, called for a *bavaroise*, a small roll of bread, and the gazette. It was not long till those familiars of the *Parterre* and tenants of the *Café* stepped in. They instantly began discussing the new Tragedy. Its partisans and its adversaries pleaded their cause, with warmth; each giving his reasons. Impartial persons also spoke their sentiment; and repeated some fine verses of the piece. During all this time, M. de Voltaire, with spectacles on nose, head stooping over the gazette which he pretended to be reading, was listening to the debate; profiting by reasonable observations, suffering much to hear very absurd ones, and not answer them, which irritated him. Thus, during an hour and a half, had he the courage and patience to hear *Sémiramis* talked of and babbled of, without speaking a word. At last, all these pretended judges of the fame of authors having gone their ways, without converting one another, M. de Voltaire also went off; took a coach in the Rue Mazarine, and returned home about eleven o'clock. Though I knew of his disguise, I confess I was struck and almost frightened to see him accoutred so. I took him for a spectre, or shade of Ninus, that was appearing to me; or at least, for one of those ancient Irish debaters, arrived at the end of their career, after wearing themselves out in school-syllogisms. I helped him to doff all that apparatus, which I carried next morning to its true owner,—a Doctor of the Sorbonne.

This stroke of art, which cannot in any wise pass for sublime, might have its uses and rational purpose in one case, and only in one: if *Sémiramis* was meant to be a popular show, that was to live or die by its first impression on the idle multitude; which accordingly we must infer to have been its real, at least its chief destination. In any other case, we cannot but consider this Haroun-Alraschid visit to the *Café de Procope* as questionable, and altogether inadequate. If *Sémiramis* was a Poem, a living Creation, won from the empyrean by the silent power, and long-continued Promethean toil of its author, what could the *Café de Procope* know of it, what could all Paris know of it, 'on the second night'? Had it been a Milton's *Paradise Lost* they might have despised it till after the fiftieth year! True, the object of the Poet is, and must be, to 'instruct by pleasing,' yet not by pleasing this man and that man; only by pleasing *man*, by speaking to the pure nature of man, can any real 'instruction,' in this sense, be conveyed. Vain does it seem to search for a judgement of this kind, in the largest *Café*, in the largest Kingdom, 'on the second night.' The deep,
clear

clear consciousness of one mind comes infinitely nearer it, than the loud outcry of a million that have no such consciousness; whose 'talk,' or whose 'babble,' ~~but~~ distracts the listener; and to most genuine Poets has, from of old, been in a great measure indifferent. For the multitude of voices is no authority; a thousand voices may not, strictly examined, amount to one vote. Mankind in this world are divided into flocks, and follow their several bell-wethers. Now, it is well known, let the bell-wether rush through any gap, the rest rush after him, were it into bottomless quagmires. Nay, so conscientious are sheep in this particular, as a quaint naturalist and moralist has noted, 'if you hold a stick upon the wether, so that he is forced to vault in his passage, the whole flock will do the like, when the stick is withdrawn; and the thousandth sheep shall be seen vaulting impetuously over air, as the first did over an otherwise impassable barrier!' A further peculiarity, which, in consulting Acts of Parliament, and other authentic records, not only as regards 'Catholic Disabilities', but many other matters, you may find curiously verified in the human species also!—On the whole, we must consider this excursion to *Procope's* literary Cavern as illustrating Voltaire in rather pleasant style; but nowise much to his honour. Fame seems a far too high, if not the highest object with him; nay, sometimes even popularity is clutched at: we see no heavenly pole-star in this voyage of his; but only the guidance of a proverbially uncertain *wind*.

Voltaire reproachfully says of St. Louis, that 'he ought to have been above his age;' but, in his own case, we can find few symptoms of such heroic superiority. The same perpetual appeal to his contemporaries, the same intense regard to reputation, as he viewed it, prescribes for him both his enterprises and his manner of conducting them. His aim is to please the more enlightened, at least the politer part of the world; and he offers them simply what they most wish for, be it in theatrical shows for their pastime, or in sceptical doctrines for their edification. For this latter purpose, Ridicule is the weapon he selects, and it suits him well. This was not the age of deep thoughts; no Duc de Richelieu, no Prince Conti, no Frederick the Great would have listened to such: only sportful contempt, and a thin conversational logic will avail. There may be wool-quilts, which the lath-sword of Harlequin will pierce, when the club of Hercules has rebounded from them in vain. As little was this an age for high virtues; no heroism, in any form, is required, or even acknowledged; but only, in all forms, a certain *bienséance*. To this rule, also, Voltaire readily conforms; indeed,

deed, he finds no small advantage in it. For a lax public morality not only allows him the indulgence of many a little private vice, and brings him in this and the other windfall of *menus plaisirs*, but opens him the readiest resource in many enterprises of danger. Of all men, Voltaire has the least disposition to increase the Army of Martyrs. No testimony will he seal with his blood; scarcely any will he so much as sign with ink. His obnoxious doctrines, as we have remarked, he publishes under a thousand concealments; with underplots, and wheels within wheels; so that his whole track is in darkness, only his works see the light. No Proteus is so nimble, or assumes so many shapes; if, by rare chance, caught sleeping, he whisks through the smallest hole, and is out of sight, while the noose is getting ready. Let his judges take him to task, he will shuffle and evade; if directly questioned, he will even lie. In regard to this last point, the Marquis de Condorcet has set up a defence for him, which has, at least, the merit of being frank enough.

‘The necessity of lying in order to disavow any work,’ says he, ‘is an extremity equally repugnant to conscience and nobleness of character: but the crime lies with those unjust men, who render such disavowal necessary to the safety of him whom they force to it. If you have made a crime of what is not one; if, by absurd or by arbitrary laws, you have infringed the natural right, which all men have, not only to form an opinion, but to render it public; then you deserve to lose the right which every man has of hearing the truth from the mouth of another; a right, which is the sole basis of that rigorous obligation, not to lie. If it is not permitted to deceive, the reason is, that to deceive any one, is to do him a wrong, or expose yourself to do him one; but a wrong supposes a right; and no one has the right of seeking to secure himself the means of committing an injustice.’—*Vie de Voltaire*, p. 32.

It is strange, how scientific discoveries do maintain themselves: here, quite in other hands, and in an altogether different dialect, we have the old Catholic doctrine, if it ever was more than a Jesuitic one, ‘that faith need not be kept with heretics.’ Truth, it appears, is too precious an article for our enemies; is fit only for friends, for those who will pay us if we tell it them. It may be observed, however, that, granting Condorcet’s premises, this doctrine also must be granted, as indeed is usual with that sharp-sighted writer. If the doing of right depends on the receiving of it; if our fellow-men, in this world, are not persons, but mere things, that for services bestowed will return services,—steam-engines that will manufacture calico, if we put in coals and water,—then, doubtless, the calico ceasing, our coals and water may also rationally cease; the questioner threatening to injure us for the truth, we may rationally tell him lies.

ness. But if, on the other hand, our fellow-man is no steam-engine, but a man; united with us, and with all men, and with the Maker of all men, in sacred, mysterious, indissoluble bonds, in an All-embracing Love, that encircles alike the seraph and the glow-worm; then will our duties to him rest on quite another basis than this very humble one of *quid pro quo*; and the Marquis de Condorcet's conclusion will be false; and might, in its practical extensions, be infinitely pernicious.

Such principles and habits, too lightly adopted by Voltaire, acted, as it seems to us, with hostile effect on his moral nature, not originally of the noblest sort, but which, under other influences, might have attained to far greater nobleness. As it is, we see in him simply a Man of the World, such as Paris and the eighteenth century produced and approved of: a polite, attractive, most cultivated, but essentially self-interested man; not without highly amiable qualities; indeed, with a general disposition which we could have accepted without disappointment in a mere Man of the World, but must find very defective, sometimes altogether out of place, in a Poet and Philosopher. Above this character of a Parisian 'honourable man,' he seldom or never rises; nay, sometimes we find him hovering on the very lowest boundaries of it, or, perhaps, even fairly below it. We shall nowise accuse him of excessive regard for money, of any wish to shine by the influence of mere wealth: let those commercial speculations, including even the victualling-contracts, pass for laudable prudence, for love of independence, and of the power to do good. But what are we to make of that hunting after pensions, and even after mere titles? There is an assiduity displayed here, which sometimes almost verges towards sneaking. Well might it provoke the scorn of Alfieri; for there is nothing better than the spirit of 'a French plebeian' apparent in it. Much, we know, very much should be allowed for difference of national manners, which in general mainly determine the meaning of such things: nevertheless, to our insular feelings, that famous *Trajan est-il content?* especially when we consider who the Trajan was, will always remain an unfortunate saying. The more so, as Trajan himself turned his back on it, without answer; declining, indeed, through life, to listen to the voice of this charmer, or disturb his own '*dme paisible*,' for one moment, though with the best philosopher in Nature. Nay, Pompadour herself was applied to; and even some considerable progress made, by that underground passage, had not an envious hand too soon and fatally intervened. D'Alembert says, there are two things that can reach the top of a pyramid, the eagle and

the reptile. Apparently, Voltaire wished to combine both methods ; and he had, with one of them, but indifferent success.

The truth is, we are trying Voltaire by too high a standard ; comparing him with an ideal, which he himself never strove after, perhaps never seriously aimed at. He is no great Man, but only a great *Persifleur* ; a man for whom life and all that pertains to it, has, at best, but a despicable meaning ; who meets its difficulties not with earnest force, but with gay agility ; and is found always at the top, less by power in swimming, than by lightness in floating. Take him in this character, forgetting that any other was ever ascribed to him, and we find that he enacted it almost to perfection. Never man better understood the whole secret of *Persiflage* ; meaning, thereby, not only the external faculty of polite contempt, but that art of general inward contempt, by which a man of this sort endeavours to subject the circumstances of his Destiny to his Volition, and be, what is the instinctive effort of all men, though in the midst of material Necessity, morally Free. Voltaire's latent derision is as light, copious and all-pervading, as the derision which he utters. Nor is this so simple an attainment as we might fancy ; a certain kind and degree of Stoicism, or approach to Stoicism, is necessary for the completed *Persifleur* ; as for moral, or even practical completion, in any other way. The most indifferent-minded man is not by nature indifferent to his own pain and pleasure : this is an indifference, which he must by some method study to acquire, or acquire the show of ; and which, it is fair to say, Voltaire manifests in a rather respectable degree. Without murmuring, he has reconciled himself to most things : the human lot, in this lower world, seems a strange business, yet, on the whole, with more of the farce in it, than of the tragedy ; to him, it is nowise heart-rending, that this Planet of ours should be sent sailing through Space, like a miserable, aimless Ship-of-Fools, and he himself be a fool among the rest, and only a very little wiser than they. He does not, like Bolingbroke, 'patronise Providence,' though, such sayings as, *Si Dieu n'existait pas il faudrait l'inventer*, seem now and then to indicate a tendency of that sort : but, at all events, he never openly levies war against Heaven ; well knowing that the time spent in frantic malediction, directed *thither*, might be spent otherwise with more profit. There is, truly, no *Werterism* in him, either in its bad or its good sense. If he sees no unspeakable majesty in heaven and earth, neither does he see any unsufferable horror there. His view of the world is a cool, gently scornful, altogether prosaic one : his sublimest Apocalypse of Nature lies in the

the microscope and telescope ; the Earth is a place for producing corn ; the Starry Heavens are admirable as a nautical time-keeper. Yet, like a prudent man, he has adjusted himself to his condition, such as it is : he does not chaunt any *Miserère* over human life, calculating that no charitable dole, but only laughter, would be the reward of such an enterprise ; does not hang or drown himself, clearly understanding that death of itself will soon save him that trouble. Affliction, it is true, has not for him any precious jewel in its head ; on the contrary, it is an unmixed nuisance ; yet, happily, not one to be howled over, so much as one to be speedily removed out of sight : if he does not learn from it Humility, and the sublime lesson of Resignation, neither does it teach him hard-heartedness, and sickly discontent ; but he bounds lightly over it, leaving both the jewel and the toad at a safe distance behind him.

Nor was Voltaire's history without perplexities enough to keep this principle in exercise ; to try whether in life, as in literature, the *ridiculum* were really better than the *acre*. We must own, that on no occasion does it altogether fail him ; never does he seem perfectly at a nonplus ; no adventure is so hideous, that he cannot, in the long run, find some means to laugh at it, and forget it. Take, for instance, that last ill-omened visit of his to Frederick the Great. This was, probably, the most mortifying incident in Voltaire's whole life : an open experiment, in the sight of all Europe, to ascertain whether French Philosophy had virtue enough in it to found any friendly union, in such circumstances, even between its great master and his most illustrious disciple ; and an experiment which answered in the negative, as was natural enough ; for Vanity is of a divisive not of a uniting nature, and between the King of Letters and the King of Armies there existed no other tie. They should have kept up an interchange of flattery, from afar ; gravitating towards one another like celestial luminaries, if they reckoned themselves such ; yet always with a due centrifugal force ; for if either shot madly from his sphere, nothing but collision, and concussion, and mutual recoil, could be the consequence. On the whole, we must pity Frederick, environed with that cluster of Philosophers : doubtless he meant rather well ; yet the French at Rosbach, with guns in their hands, were but a small matter, compared with these French in Sans-Souci. Maupertuis sits sullen, monosyllabic ; gloomy like the bear of his own arctic zone : Voltaire is the mad piper that will make him dance to tunes and amuse the people. In this royal circle, with its parasites and bashaws, what heats and jealousies must there not have been ; what secret heartburnings, smooth-faced malice,

malice, plottings, counterplottings, and laurel-water pharmacy, in all its branches, before the ring of etiquette fairly burst asunder, and the establishment, so to speak, exploded! Yet over all these distressing matters Voltaire has thrown a soft veil of gaiety: he remembers neither Doctor Akakia nor Doctor Akakia's patron, with any animosity; but merely as actors in the grand farce of life along with him, a new scene of which has now commenced, quite displacing the other from the stage. The arrest at Frankfort, indeed, is a sour morsel; but this, too, he swallows, with an effort. Frederick, as we are given to understand, had these whims by kind; was, indeed, a wonderful scion from such a stock; for what could equal the avarice, malice, and rabid snappishness of old Frederick William, the father?

'He had a minister at the Hague, named Luicius,' says the wit: 'this Luicius was, of all royal ministers extant, the worst paid. The poor man, with a view to warm himself, had a few trees cut down, in the garden of Honslardik, then belonging to the House of Prussia; immediately thereafter he received despatches from the King, his master, keeping back a year of his salary. Luicius, in despair, cut his throat with the only razor he had (*avec le seul rasoir qu'il eût*): an old lackey came to his assistance, and unfortunately saved his life. At an after period, I myself saw his Excellency at the Hague, and gave him an alms at the gate of that Palace called *La Vieille Cour*, which belongs to the King of Prussia, and where this unhappy Ambassador had lived twelve years.'

With the *Roi-Philosophe* himself, Voltaire in a little while recommences correspondence; and to all appearance, proceeds quietly in his office of 'buckwasher,' that is, of verse-corrector to his Majesty, as if nothing whatever had happened.

Again, what human pen can describe the troubles this unfortunate Philosopher had with his women? A gadding, feather-brained, capricious, old-coquetish, embittered and embittering set of wantons from the earliest to the last! Widow Denis, for example, that disobedient niece, whom he rescued from furnished lodgings and spare diet, into pomp and plenty, how did she pester the last stage of his existence, for twenty-four years long! Blind to the peace and roses of Ferney; ever hankering and fretting after Parisian display; not without flirtation, though advanced in life; losing money at play, and purloining wherewith to make it good; scolding his servants, quarrelling with his secretaries, so that the too-indulgent uncle must turn off his beloved Collini, nay almost be run through the body by him, for her sake! The good Wagnière, who succeeded this fiery Italian in the secretaryship, and loved Voltaire with

with a most creditable affection, cannot, though a simple, humble, and quite philanthropic man, speak of Madame Denis without visible overflowings of gall. He openly accuses her of hastening her uncle's death by her importunate stratagems to keep him in Paris, where was her heaven. Indeed, it is clear that, his goods and chattels once made sure of, her chief care was that so fiery a patient might die soon enough; or, at best, according to her own confession, 'how she was to get him buried.' We have known superannuated grooms, nay effete saddle-horses, regarded with more real sympathy in their home, than was the best of uncles by the worst of nieces. Had not this surprising old man retained the sharpest judgement, and the gayest, easiest temper, his last days, and last years, must have been a continued scene of violence and tribulation.

Little better, worse in several respects, though at a time when he could better endure it, was the far-famed Marquise du Chatelet. Many a tempestuous day and wakeful night had he with that scientific and too-fascinating shrew. She speculated in mathematics and metaphysics; but was an adept also in far, very far different acquirements. Setting aside its whole criminality, which, indeed, perhaps went for little there, this literary amour wears but a mixed aspect: short sun-gleams, with long tropical tornadoes; touches of guitar-music, soon followed by Lisbon earthquakes. Marmontel, we remember, speaks of *knives* being used, at least brandished, and for quite other purposes than carving. Madame la Marquise was no saint, in any sense; but rather a Socrates' spouse, who would keep patience, and the whole philosophy of gayety, in constant practice. Like Queen Elizabeth, if she had the talents of a man, she had more than the caprices of a woman.

We shall take only one item, and that a small one, in this mountain of misery: her strange habits and methods of locomotion. She is perpetually travelling: a peaceful philosopher is lugged over the world, to Cirey, to Lunéville, to that *pied à terre* in Paris; resistance avails not; here, as in so many other cases, *il faut se ranger*. Sometimes, precisely on the eve of such a departure, her domestics, exasperated by hunger and ill usage, will strike work, in a body; and a new set has to be collected at an hour's warning. Then Madame has been known to keep the postilions cracking and *sacre-ing* at the gate, from dawn till dewy eve, simply because she was playing cards, and the games went against her. But figure a lean and vivid-tempered philosopher starting from Paris at last; under cloud of night, for it is always at night; during hard frost; in a huge lumbering coach, or rather waggon, compared with which indeed the

the generality of modern waggons were a luxurious conveyance. With four starved, and perhaps spavined hacks, he slowly sets forth, 'under a mountain of bandboxes : ' at his side sits the wandering virago ; in front of him, a serving-maid, with additional bandboxes '*et divers effets de sa maîtresse.*' At the next stage, the postilions have to be beat up ; they come out swearing. Cloaks and fur-pelisses avail little against the January-cold ; 'time and hours' are, once more, the only hope : but, lo, at the tenth mile, this Tyburn-coach breaks down ! One many-voiced discordant wail shrieks through the solitude, making night hideous—but in vain ; the axle-tree has given way, the vehicle has overset, and marchionesses, chambermaids, bandboxes, and philosophers, are weltering in inextricable Chaos.

'The carriage was in the stage next Nangis, about half-way to that town, when the hind axle-tree broke, and it tumbled on the road, to M. de Voltaire's side : Madame du Chatelet, and her maid, fell above him, with all the bundles and bandboxes, for these were not tied to the front, but only piled up on both hands of the maid ; and so, observing the laws of equilibrium and gravitation of bodies, they rushed towards the corner where M. de Voltaire lay squeezed together. Under so many burdens, which half suffocated him, he kept shouting bitterly (*poussait des cris aigus*) ; but it was impossible to change place ; all had to remain as it was, till the two lackeys, one of whom was hurt by the fall, could come up, with the postilions, to disencumber the vehicle : they first drew out all the luggage, next the women, then M. de Voltaire. Nothing could be got out except by the top, that is, by the coach-door, which now opened upwards : one of the lackeys and a postilion clambering aloft, and fixing themselves on the body of the vehicle, drew them up, as from a well ; seizing the first limb that came to hand, whether arm or leg : and then passed them down to the two stationed below, who set them finally on the ground.'—vol. ii. p. 166.

What would Dr. Kitchener, with his *Traveller's Oracle*, have said to all this ? For there is snow on the ground ; and four peasants must be roused from a village half a league off, before that accursed vehicle can so much as be lifted from its beam-ends ! Vain is it for Longchamp, far in advance, sheltered in an hospitable though half-dismantled *chateau*, to pluck pigeons and be in haste to roast them : they will never, never be eaten to supper, scarcely to breakfast next morning !—Nor is it now only, but several times, that this unhappy axle-tree plays them foul ; nay once, beggared by Madame's gambling, they have not cash to pay for mending it, and the smith, though they are in keenest flight, almost for their lives, will not trust them. We

We imagine that these are trying things for any philosopher. Of the thousand other more private and perennial grievances; of certain discoveries and explanations, especially, which it still seems surprising that human philosophy could have tolerated, we make no mention; indeed, with regard to the latter, few earthly considerations could tempt a Reviewer of sensibility to mention them in this place.

The Marquise du Chatelet, and her husband, have been much wondered at in England: the calm magnanimity with which M. le Marquis conforms to the custom of the country, to the wishes of his helpmate, and leaves her, he himself meanwhile fighting, or at least drilling, for his King, to range over Space, in quest of loves and lovers; his friendly discretion, in this particular; no less so, his blithe benignant gullibility, the instant a *contre-tems de famille* renders his countenance needful,—have had all justice done them among us. His lady, too, is a wonder; offers no mean study to psychologists: she is a fair experiment to try how far that Delicacy, which we reckon innate in females, is only accidental and the product of fashion; how far a woman, not merely immodest, but without the slightest fig-leaf of common decency remaining, with the whole character, in short, of a *male* debauchee, may still have any moral worth as a woman? We, ourselves, have wondered a little over both these parties; and over the goal towards which so strange a ‘progress of society’ might be tending. But still more wonderful, not without a shade of the sublime, has appeared to us the cheerful thralldom of this maltreated philosopher; and with what exhaustless patience, not being wedded, he endured all these forced-marches, whims, irascibilities, delinquencies, and thousand-fold unreasons; braving ‘the battle and the breeze,’ on that wild Bay of Biscay, for such a period. Fifteen long years, and was not mad, or a suicide at the end of them! But the like fate, it would seem, though worthy D’Israeli has omitted to enumerate it in his *Calamities of Authors*, is not unknown in literature. Pope also had his Mrs. Martha Blount; and, in the midst of that warfare with united Duncedom, his daily tale of Egyptian bricks to bake. Let us pity the lot of genius, in this sublunary sphere!

Every one knows the earthly termination of Madame la Marquise; and how by a strange, almost satirical *Nemesis*, she was taken in her own nets, and her worst sin became her final punishment. To no purpose was the unparalleled credulity of M. le Marquis; to no purpose, the amplest toleration, and even helpful knavery of M. de Voltaire: ‘*les assiduités de M. de Saint-Lambert*,’ and the unimaginable consultations to which they

they gave rise at Cirey, were frightfully parodied in the end. The last scene was at Lunéville, in the peaceable court of King Stanislaus.

‘Seeing that the aromatic-vinegar did no good, we tried to recover her from that sudden lethargy by rubbing her feet, and striking in the palms of her hands; but it was of no use: she had ceased to be. The maid was sent off to Madame de Boufflers’ apartment, to inform the company that Madame du Chatelet was worse. Instantly they all rose from the supper-table: M. du Chatelet, M. de Voltaire, and the other guests, rushed into the room. So soon as they understood the truth, there was a deep consternation; to tears, to cries, succeeded a mournful silence. The husband was led away, the other individuals went out successively, expressing the keenest sorrow. M. de Voltaire and M. de Saint-Lambert remained the last by the bedside, from which they could not be drawn away. At length, the former, absorbed in deep grief, left the room, and with difficulty reached the main door of the Castle, not knowing whither he went. Arrived there, he fell down at the foot of the outer stairs, and near the box of a sentry, where his head came on the pavement. His lackey, who was following, seeing him fall and struggle on the ground, ran forward and tried to lift him. At this moment, M. de Saint-Lambert, retiring by the same way, also arrived; and observing M. de Voltaire in that situation, hastened to assist the lackey. No sooner was M. de Voltaire on his feet, than, opening his eyes, dimmed with tears, and recognizing M. de Saint-Lambert, he said to him, with sobs and the most pathetic accent: “Ah, my friend, it is you that have killed her!” Then, all on a sudden, as if he were starting from a deep sleep, he exclaimed, in the tone of reproach and despair: “*Eh! mon Dieu! Monsieur, de quoi vous aviez-vous de lui faire un enfant?*” They parted thereupon, without adding a single word; and retired to their several apartments, overwhelmed and almost annihilated by the excess of their sorrow.’—Vol. ii. p. 250.

Among all threnetical discourses on record, this last, between men overwhelmed and almost annihilated by the excess of their sorrow, has probably an unexampled character. Some days afterwards, the first paroxysm of ‘reproach and despair’ being somewhat assuaged, the sorrowing widower, not the glad legal one, composed this quatrain:

L’univers a perdu la sublime Emilie.

Elle aimait les plaisirs, les arts, la vérité :

Ces dieux, en lui donnant leur âme et leur génie,

N’avaient gardé pour eux que l’immortalité.

After which, reflecting perhaps that with this sublime Emilia, so meritoriously singular in loving pleasure, ‘his happiness had been chiefly on paper,’ he, like the bereaved Universe, consoled himself, and went on his way.

Woman, it has been sufficiently demonstrated, was given to
man

man as a benefit, and for mutual support; a precious ornament and staff whereupon to lean in many trying situations: but to Voltaire she proved, so unlucky was he in this matter, little else than a broken reed, which only ran into his hand. We confess that looking over the manifold trials of this poor philosopher with the softer, or as he may have reckoned it, the harder sex,—from that Dutchwoman who published his juvenile letters, to the Niece Denis who as good as killed him with racketing,—we see, in this one province, very great scope for almost all the cardinal virtues. And to these internal convulsions add an incessant series of controversies and persecutions, political, religious, literary, from without; and we have a life quite rent asunder, horrent with asperities and chasms, where even a stout traveller might have faltered. Over all which Chamouni-needles and Staubbach-Falls, the great *Persifleur* skims along in this his little poetical air-ship, more softly than if he travelled the smoothest of merely prosaic roads.

Leaving out of view the worth or worthlessness of such a temper of mind, we are bound, in all seriousness, to say both that it seems to have been Voltaire's highest conception of moral excellence, and that he has pursued and realized it with no small success. One great praise therefore he deserves—that of unity with himself; that of *having* an aim, and steadfastly endeavouring after it, nay, as we have found, of attaining it; for his ideal Voltaire seems, to an unusual degree, manifested, made practically apparent, in the real one. There can be no doubt that this attainment of *Persifleur*, in the wide sense we here give it, was of all others the most admired and sought after in Voltaire's age and country; nay in our own age and country, we have still innumerable admirers of it, and unwearied seekers after it, on every hand of us: nevertheless we cannot but believe that its acme is past; that the best sense of our generation has already weighed its significance, and found it wanting. Voltaire himself, it seems to us, were he alive at this day, would find other tasks than that of mockery, especially of mockery in that style: it is not by Derision and Denial, but by far deeper, more earnest, diviner means that aught truly great has been effected for mankind; that the fabric of man's life has been reared, through long centuries, to its present height. If we admit that this chief of *Persifleurs* had a steady, conscious aim in life, the still higher praise of having had a right or noble aim cannot be conceded him without many limitations, and may, plausibly enough, be altogether denied.

At the same time, let it not be forgotten that amid all these blighting influences, Voltaire maintains a certain indestructible humanity

humanity of nature ; a soul never deaf to the cry of wretchedness ; never utterly blind to the light of truth, beauty, goodness. It is even, in some measure, poetically interesting to observe this fine contradiction in him : the heart acting without directions from the head, or perhaps against its directions ; the man virtuous, as it were, in spite of himself. For at all events, it will be granted that as a private man his existence was beneficial, not hurtful, to his fellow men : the Calases, the Sirvens, and so many orphans and outcasts whom he cherished and protected, ought to cover a multitude of sins. It was his own sentiment, and to all appearance, a sincere one :

J'ai fait un peu de bien ; c'est mon meilleur ouvrage.

Perhaps there are few men with such principles and such temptations as his were that could have led such a life ; few that could have done his work, and come through it with cleaner hands. If we call him the greatest of all *Persifleurs*, let us add that, morally speaking also, he is the best : if he excels all men in universality, sincerity, polished clearness of Mockery, he perhaps combines with it as much worth of heart as, in any man, that habit can admit of.

It is now well nigh time that we should quit this part of our subject : nevertheless, in seeking to form some picture of Voltaire's practical life, and the character outward as well as inward of his appearance in society, our readers will not grudge us a few glances at the last and most striking scene he enacted there. To our view, that final visit to Paris has a strange half-frivolous, half-fateful aspect ; there is, as it were, a sort of dramatic justice in this catastrophe, that he who had all his life hungered and thirsted after public favour, should at length die by excess of it ; should find the door of his Heaven-on-earth unexpectedly thrown wide open, and enter there, only to be, as he himself said, ' smothered under roses.' Had Paris any suitable theogony or theology, as Rome and Athens had, this might almost be reckoned, as those ancients accounted of death by lightning, a sacred death, a death from the gods ; from their many-headed god, POPULARITY. In the benignant quietude of Ferney, Voltaire had lived long, and as his friends calculated, might still have lived long ; but a series of trifling causes lured him to Paris, and in three months he is no more. At all hours of his history, he might have said with Alexander : ' O Athenians, what toil do I undergo to please you ; ' and the last pleasure his Athenians demand of him, is that he would die for them.

Considered with reference to the world at large, this journey is further remarkable. It is the most splendid triumph of that nature recorded in these ages ; the loudest and showiest homage

homage ever paid to what we moderns call Literature; to a man that had merely thought, and published his thoughts. Much false tumult, no doubt, there was in it; yet also a certain deeper significance. It is interesting to see how universal and eternal in man is love of wisdom; how the highest and the lowest, how supercilious princes and rude peasants, and all men must alike show honour to Wisdom, or the appearance of Wisdom; nay, properly speaking, can show honour to nothing else. For it is not in the power of all Xerxes' hosts to bend one thought of our proud heart: these 'may destroy the case of Anaxarchus, himself they cannot reach:' only to spiritual worth can the spirit do reverence; only in a soul deeper and better than ours can we see any heavenly mystery, and in humbling ourselves feel ourselves exalted. That the so ebullient enthusiasm of the French was in this case perfectly well directed, we cannot undertake to say: yet we rejoice to see and know that such a principle exists perennially in man's inmost bosom; that there is no heart so sunk and stupified, none so withered and pampered, but the felt presence of a nobler heart will inspire it and lead it captive.

Few royal progresses, few Roman triumphs, have equalled this long triumph of Voltaire. On his journey, at Bourg-en-Bresse, 'he was recognised,' says Wagnière, 'while the horses were changing, and in a few moments the whole town crowded about the carriage; so that he was forced to lock himself for some time in a room of the inn.' The Maître-de-poste ordered his postilion to yoke better horses, and said to him with a broad oath: '*Va bon train, crève mes chevaux, je m'en f—; tu mènes M. de Voltaire.*' At Dijon, there were persons of distinction that wished even to dress themselves as waiters, that they might serve him at supper, and see him by this stratagem.

'At the barrier of Paris,' continues Wagnière, 'the officers asked if we had nothing with us contrary to the King's regulations: "On my word, gentlemen," (*Maisi, Messieurs,*) replied M. de Voltaire, "I believe there is nothing contraband here except myself." I alighted from the carriage, that the inspector might more readily examine it. One of the guards said to his comrade: *C'est pardieu! M. de Voltaire.* He plucked at the coat of the person who was searching, and repeated the same words, looking fixedly at me. I could not help laughing; then all gazing with the greatest astonishment mingled with respect, begged M. de Voltaire to pass on whither he pleased.'—vol. i. p. 121.

Intelligence soon circulated over Paris; scarcely could the arrival of Kien-Long, or the Grand Lama of Thibet, have excited greater ferment. Poor Longchamp, demitted, or rather dismissed from Voltaire's service, eight-and-twenty years before,

fore, and now, as a retired map-dealer (having resigned in favour of his son) living quietly '*dans un petit logement à part,*' a fine smooth, garrulous old man,—heard the news next morning in his remote *logement*, in the Estrapade; and instantly huddled on his clothes, though he had not been out for two days, to go and see what truth was in it.

'Several persons of my acquaintance whom I met told me that they had heard the same. I went purposely to the *Café Procope*, where this news formed the subject of conversation among several politicians or men of letters, who talked of it with warmth. To assure myself still further, I walked thence towards the *Quai des Théâtres*, where he had alighted the night before, and, as was said, taken up his lodging in a mansion near the church. Coming out from the Rue de la Seine, I saw afar off, a great number of people gathered on the Quai, not far from the Pont-Royal. Approaching nearer, I observed that this crowd was collected in front of the Marquis de Villette's Hotel, at the corner of the Rue de Beaune. I inquired what the matter was. The people answered me that M. de Voltaire was in that house; and they were waiting to see him when he came out. They were not sure, however, whether he would come out that day; for it was natural to think that an old man of eighty-four might need a day or two of rest. From that moment, I no longer doubted the arrival of M. de Voltaire in Paris.'—vol. ii. p. 253.

By dint of address, Longchamp, in process of time, contrived to see his old master; had an interview of ten minutes; was for falling at his feet; and wept, with sad presentiments, at parting. Ten such minutes were a great matter; for Voltaire had his levees, and his couchees, more crowded than those of any Emperor; princes and peers thronged his antechamber; and when he went abroad his carriage was as the nucleus of a comet, whose train extended over whole districts of the city. He himself, says Wagnière, expressed dissatisfaction at much of this. Nevertheless, there were some plaudits, which, as he confessed, went to his heart. Condorcet mentions that once a person in the crowd, inquiring who this great man was, a poor woman answered, '*C'est le sauveur des Calas.*' Of a quite different sort was the tribute paid him by a quack, in the Place Louis XV., haranguing a mixed multitude on the art of juggling with cards: '*Here, gentlemen,*' said he, '*is a trick I learned at Ferney, from that great man who makes so much noise among you, that famous M. de Voltaire, the master of us all!*' In fact, mere gaping curiosity, and even ridicule was abroad, as well as real enthusiasm. The clergy too were recoiling into ominous groups; already some Jesuitic drums ecclesiastic had beat to arms.

Figuring the lean, tottering, lonely old man in the midst of all this,

this, how he looks into it, clear and alert, though no longer strong and calm, we feel drawn towards him by some tie of affection, of kindly sympathy. Longchamp says, he appeared 'extremely worn, though still in the full possession of all his senses, and with a very firm voice.' The following little sketch, by a hostile journalist of the day, has fixed itself deeply with us :—

'M. de Voltaire appeared in full dress, on Tuesday, for the first time since his arrival in Paris. He had on a red coat lined with ermine; a large peruke, in the fashion of Louis XIV., black, unpowdered; and in which his withered figure was so buried that you saw only his two eyes shining like carbuncles. His head was surmounted by a square red cap in the form of a crown, which seemed only laid on. He had, in his hand, a small nibbed cane; and the public of Paris, not accustomed to see him in this accoutrement, laughed a good deal. This personage, singular in all, wishes doubtless to have nothing in common with ordinary men.'—vol. ii. p. 466.

This head—this wondrous microcosm in the *grande perruque à la Louis XIV.*—was so soon to be distenanted of all its cunning gifts; these eyes, shining like carbuncles, were so soon to be closed in long night!—We must now give the coronation ceremony, of which the reader may have heard so much; borrowing from this same sceptical hand, which, however, is vouched for by Wagnière; as, indeed, La Harpe's more heroical narrative of that occurrence is well known, and hardly differs from the following, except in style :—

'On Monday, M. de Voltaire, resolving to enjoy the triumph which had been so long promised him, mounted his carriage, that azure-coloured vehicle, bespangled with gold stars, which a wag called the chariot of the empyrean; and so repaired to the Académie Française, which that day had a special meeting. Twenty-two members were present. None of the prelates, abbés, or other ecclesiastics, who belong to it, would attend, or take part in these singular deliberations. The sole exceptions were the Abbés de Boismonet and Millot; the one a court rake-hell (*roué*), with nothing but the guise of his profession; the other a varlet (*cuisinier*), having no favour to look for, either from the Court or the Church.

'The Académie went out to meet M. de Voltaire: he was led to the Director's seat, which that office-bearer and the meeting invited him to accept. His portrait had been hung up above it. The company, without drawing lots, as is the custom, proceeded to work, and named him, by acclamation, Director for the April quarter. The old man, once set a going, was about to talk a great deal; but they told him, that they valued his health too much to hear him,—that they would reduce him to silence. M. d'Alembert accordingly occupied the session, by reading his *Eloge de Despréaux*, which had already been communicated on a public occasion, and where he had inserted various flattering things for the present visiter.

'M. de

' M. de Voltaire then signified a wish to visit the Secretary of the Académie, whose apartments are above. With this gentleman he stayed some time; and at last set out for the Comédie Française. The court of the Louvre, vast as it is, was full of people waiting for him. So soon as his notable vehicle came in sight, the cry arose, *Le voilà !* The Savoyards, the apple-women, all the rabble of the quarter, had assembled there; and the acclamations, *Vive Voltaire !* resounded as if they would never end. The Marquis de Villette, who had arrived before, came to hand him out of his carriage, where the Procureur Clos was seated beside him: both these gave him their arms, and could scarcely extricate him from the press. On his entering the playhouse, a crowd of more elegance, and seized with true enthusiasm for genius, surrounded him: the ladies, above all, threw themselves in his way, and stopped it, the better to look at him; some were seen squeezing forward to touch his clothes; some plucking hair from his fur. M. le Duc de Chartres, not caring to advance too near, showed, though at a distance, no less curiosity than others.

' The saint, or rather the god, of the evening, was to occupy the box belonging to the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber*, opposite that of the Comte d'Artois. Madame Denis and Madame de Villette were already there; and the pit was in convulsions of joy, awaiting the moment when the poet should appear. There was no end till he placed himself on the front seat, beside the ladies. Then rose a cry: *La Couronne !* and Brizard, the actor, came and put the garland on his head. "Ah, Heaven! will you kill me then?" (*Ah, Dieu! vous voulez donc me faire mourir !*) cried M. de Voltaire, weeping with joy, and resisting this honour. He took the crown in his hand, and presented it to *Belle-et-bonne*†: she withstood; and the Prince de Beauvau, seizing the laurel, replaced it on the head of our Sophocles, who could refuse no longer.

' The piece (*Irène*) was played, and with more applause than usual, though scarcely with enough to correspond to this triumph of its author. Meanwhile the players were in straits as to what they should do; and during their deliberations the tragedy ended; the curtain fell, and the tumult of the people was extreme, till it rose again, disclosing a show like that of the *Centenaire*. M. de Voltaire's bust, which had been placed shortly before in the *foyer* (green-room) of the Comédie Française, had been brought upon the stage, and elevated on a pedestal; the whole body of comedians stood round it in a semicircle, with palms and garlands in their hands: there was a crown already on the bust. The pealing of musical flourishes, of drums, of trumpets, had announced the ceremony; and Madame Vestris held in her hand a paper, which was soon understood to contain verses, lately composed by the Marquis de Saint-Marc. She recited them with an emphasis proportioned to the extravagance of the scene. They ran as follows:—

* He himself, as is perhaps too well known, was one.

† The Marquis de Villette, a foster-child of his.

*Aux yeux de Paris enchanté,
Reçois en ce jour un hommage,
Que confirmera d'âge en âge
La sévère postérité !*

*Non, tu n'as pas besoin d'atteindre au noir rivage
Pour jouir des honneurs de l'immortalité ;*

*VOLTAIRE, reçois la couronne
Que l'on vient de te présenter ;
Il est beau de la mériter,
Quand c'est la France qui la donne * !*

'This was encored : the actress recited it again. Next, each of them went forward and laid his garland round the bust. Mademoiselle Fanier, in a fanatical ecstasy, kissed it, and all the others imitated her.

'This long ceremony, accompanied with infinite *vivats*, being over, the curtain again dropped ; and when it rose for *Nanine*, one of M. de Voltaire's comedies, his bust was seen on the right-hand side of the stage, where it remained during the whole play.

'M. le Comte d'Artois did not choose to show himself too openly ; but being informed, according to his orders, so soon as M. de Voltaire appeared in the theatre, he had gone thither incognito ; and it is thought that the old man, once when he went out for a moment, had the honour of a short interview with his Royal Highness.

'*Nanine* finished, comes a new hurly-burly,—a new trial for the modesty of our philosopher ! He had got into his carriage, but the people would not let him go ; they threw themselves on the horses, they kissed them : some young poets even cried to unyoke these animals, and draw the modern Apollo home with their own arms ; unhappily there were not enthusiasts enough to volunteer this service, and he at last got leave to depart, not without *vivats*, which he may have heard on the Pont-Royal, and even in his own house. . . .

'M. de Voltaire, on reaching home, wept anew ; and modestly protested that if he had known the people were to play so many follies, he would not have gone.'—vol. ii.

On all these wonderful proceedings we shall leave our readers to their own reflections ; remarking only, that this happened on the 30th of March, (1778,) and on the 30th of May, about the same hour, the object of such extraordinary adulation was in the article of death ; the hearse already prepared to receive his remains, for which even a grave had to be stolen. 'He expired,' says Wagnière, 'about a quarter past eleven at night, with the most perfect tranquillity, after having suffered the cruellest pains, in consequence of those fatal drugs, which his own imprudence, and especially that of the persons who should have looked to it, made him swallow. Ten minutes before his last

* As Dryden said of Swift, so may we say : Our cousin Saint-Marc has no turn for poetry.

breath, he took the hand of Morand, his valet-de-chambre, who was watching by him, pressed it, and said, *Adieu, mon cher Morand, je me meurs* (Adieu, my dear Morand, I am gone). These are the last words uttered by M. de Voltaire *.

We have still to consider this man in his specially intellectual capacity, which, as with every man of letters, is to be regarded as the clearest, and, to all practical intents, the most important aspect of him. Voltaire's intellectual endowment and acquirement, his talent or genius as a literary man, lies opened to us in a series of Writings, unexampled, as we believe, in two respects: their extent, and their diversity. Perhaps there is no writer, not a mere compiler, but writing from his own invention or elaboration, who has left so many volumes behind him; and if to the merely arithmetical, we add a critical estimate, the singularity is still greater; for these volumes are not written without an appearance of due care and preparation; perhaps there is not one altogether feeble and confused treatise, nay, one feeble and confused sentence, to be found in them. As to variety, again, they range nearly over all human subjects; from Theology down to Domestic Economy; from the Familiar Letter to the Political History; from the Pasquinade to the Epic Poem.

* On this sickness of Voltaire, and his death-bed deportment, many foolish books have been written; concerning which it is not necessary to say anything. The conduct of the Parisian clergy on that occasion, seems totally unworthy of their cloth; nor was their reward, so far as concerns these individuals, inappropriate: that of finding themselves once more bilked, once more *periflés* by that strange old man, in his last decrepitude, who, in his strength, had wrought them and others so many griefs. Surely the parting agonies of a fellow mortal, when the spirit of our brother, rapt in the whirlwinds and thick ghastly vapours of death, clutches blindly for help, and no help is there, are not the scenes where a wise faith would seek to exult, when it can no longer hope to alleviate! For the rest, to touch further on those their idle tales of dying horrors, remorse, and the like; to write of such, to believe them, or disbelieve them, or in any wise discuss them, were but a continuation of the same ineptitude. He, who, after the imperturbable exit of so many Cartouches and Thurtells, in every age of the world, can continue to regard the manner of a man's death as a test of his religious orthodoxy, may boast himself impregnable to merely terrestrial logic. Voltaire had enough of suffering, and of mean enough suffering, to encounter, without any addition from theological despair. His last interview with the clergy, who had been sent for by his friends, that the rites of burial might not be denied him, is thus described by Wagnière, as it has been by all other credible reporters of it:—

“Two days before that mournful death, M. l'Abbé Mignot, his nephew, went to seek the Curé of Saint-Sulpice and the Abbé Guatier, and brought them into his uncle's sick-room; who, being informed that the Abbé Guatier was there, “Ah, well!” said he, “give him my compliments and my thanks.” The Abbé spoke some words to him, exhorting him to patience. The Curé of Saint-Sulpice then came forward, having announced himself, and asked of M. de Voltaire, elevating his voice, if he acknowledged the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ? The sick man pushed one of his hands against the Curé's *calotte* (coif), shoving him back, and cried, turning abruptly to the other side, “Let me die in peace!” (*Laissez-moi mourir en paix!*) The Curé seemingly considered his person soiled, and his coif dishonoured, by the touch of a philosopher. He made the sick nurse give him a little brushing, and then went out with the Abbé Guatier.”—vol. i. p. 161.

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Some strange gift, or union of gifts, must have been at work here; for the result is, at least, in the highest degree uncommon, and to be wondered at, if not to be admired.

If through all this many-coloured versatility, we try to decipher the essential, distinctive features of Voltaire's intellect, it seems to us that we find there a counterpart to our theory of his moral character; as, indeed, if that theory was accurate, we must do: for the thinking and the moral nature, distinguished by the necessities of speech, have no such distinction in themselves; but, rightly examined, exhibit in every case the strictest sympathy and correspondence, are, indeed, but different phases of the same indissoluble unity—a living mind. In life, Voltaire was found to be without good claim to the title of philosopher; and now, in literature, and for similar reasons, we find in him the same deficiencies. Here, too, it is not greatness, but the very extreme of expertness, that we recognize; not strength, so much as agility; not depth, but superficial extent. That truly surprising ability seems rather the unparalleled combination of many common talents, than the exercise of any finer or higher one: for here, too, the want of earnestness, of intense continuance, is fatal to him. He has the eye of a lynx; sees deeper, at the first glance, than any other man; but no second glance is given. Thus Truth, which, to the philosopher, has from of old been said to live in a well, remains for the most part hidden from him; we may say for ever hidden, if we take the highest, and only philosophical species of Truth; for this does not reveal itself to any mortal, without quite another sort of meditation than Voltaire ever seems to have bestowed on it. In fact, his deductions are uniformly of a forensic, argumentative, immediately practical nature; often true, we will admit, so far as they go; but not the whole truth; and false, when taken for the whole. In regard to feeling, it is the same with him: he is, in general, humane, mildly affectionate, not without touches of nobleness; but light, fitful, discontinuous; 'a smart free-thinker, all things in an hour.' He is no Poet and Philosopher, but a popular sweet Singer, and Haranguer; in all senses, and in all styles, a *Concionator*, which, for the most part, will turn out to be an altogether different character. It is true, in this last province he stands unrivalled; for such an audience, the most fit and perfectly persuasive of all preachers; but in many far higher provinces, he is neither perfect nor unrivalled; has been often surpassed; was surpassed even in his own age and nation. For a decisive, thorough-going, in any measure gigantic, force of thought, he is far inferior to Diderot: with all the liveliness, he has not the soft elegance; with more than

the wit, he has but a small portion of the wisdom that belonged to Fontenelle : as in real sensibility, so in the delineation of it, in pathos, loftiness, and earnest eloquence, he cannot, making all fair abatements, and there are many, be compared with Rousseau.

Doubtless, an astonishing fertility, quickness, address ; an openness also, and universal susceptibility of mind, must have belonged to him. As little can we deny that he manifests an assiduous perseverance, a capability of long continued exertion, strange in so volatile a man ; and consummate skill in husbanding and wisely directing his exertion. The very knowledge he had amassed, granting, which is but partly true, that it was superficial, remembered knowledge, might have distinguished him as a mere Dutch commentator. From Newton's *Principia* to the *Shaster* and *Vedam*, nothing has escaped him : he has glanced into all literatures and all sciences ; nay studied in them, for he can speak a rational word on all. It is known, for instance, that he understood Newton when no other man in France understood him : indeed, his countrymen may call Voltaire their discoverer of intellectual England,—a discovery, it is true, rather of the Curtis than of the Columbus sort, yet one which in his day still remained to be made. Nay, from all sides he brings new light into his country : now, for the first time, to the upturned wondering eyes of Frenchmen in general, does it become clear that Thought has actually a kind of existence in other kingdoms ; that some glimmerings of civilization had dawned here and there on the human species, prior to the *Siècle de Louis Quatorze*. Of Voltaire's acquaintance with History, at least with what he called History, be it civil, religious, or literary ; of his innumerable, indescribable collection of facts, gathered from all sources—from European Chronicles and State Papers, from eastern *Zends* and Jewish *Talmuds*, we need not remind any reader. It has been objected that his information was often borrowed at second-hand ; that he had his plodders and pioneers, whom, as living dictionaries, he skilfully consulted in time of need. This also seems to be partly true, but deducts little from our estimate of him : for the skill so to borrow is even rarer than the power to lend. Voltaire's knowledge is not a mere show-room of curiosities, but truly a museum for purposes of teaching : every object is in its place, and there for its uses ; nowhere do we find confusion, or vain display ; everywhere intention, instructiveness, and the clearest order.

Perhaps it is this very power of Order, of rapid, perspicuous Arrangement, that lies at the root of Voltaire's best gifts ; or rather,

rather, we should say, it is that keen, accurate intellectual vision, from which, to a mind of any intensity, Order naturally arises. This clear quick vision, and the methodic arrangement which springs from it, are looked upon as peculiarly French qualities ; and Voltaire, at all times, manifests them in a more than French degree. Let him but cast his eye over any subject, in a moment he sees, though indeed only to a short depth, yet with instinctive decision, where the main bearings of it for that short depth lie ; what is, or appears to be, its logical coherence ; how causes connect themselves with effects ; how the whole is to be seized, and in lucid sequence represented to his own or to other minds. In this respect, moreover, it is happy for him that, below the short depth alluded to, his view does not properly grow dim, but altogether terminates : thus there is nothing further to occasion him misgivings ; has he not already sounded into that basis of bottomless Darkness on which all things firmly rest ? What lies below is delusion, imagination, some form of Superstition or Folly ; which he, nothing doubting, altogether casts away. Accordingly, he is the most intelligible of writers ; everywhere transparent at a glance. There is no delineation or disquisition of his, that has not its whole purport written on its forehead ; all is precise, all is rightly adjusted ; that keen spirit of Order shows itself in the whole, and in every line of the whole.

If we say that this power of Arrangement, as applied both to the acquisition and to the communication of ideas, is Voltaire's most serviceable faculty in all his enterprises, we say nothing singular : for take the word in its largest acceptation, and it comprehends the whole office of Understanding, logically so called ; is the means whereby man accomplishes whatever, in the way of outward force, has been made possible for him ; conquers all practical obstacles, and rises to be the ' king of this lower world.' It is the organ of all that Knowledge which can properly be reckoned synonymous with Power ; for hereby man strikes, with wise aim, into the infinite agencies of Nature, and multiplies his own small strength to unlimited degrees. It has been said also that man may rise to be the ' god of this lower world ;' but that is a far loftier height, not attainable by such power-knowledge, but by quite another sort, for which Voltaire in particular shows hardly any aptitude.

In truth, readily as we have recognised his spirit of Method, with its many uses, we are far from ascribing to him any perceptible portion of that greatest praise in thinking, or in writing the praise of philosophic, still less of poetic Method, which, especially the latter, must be the fruit of deep feeling as well as
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of clear vision—of genius as well as of talent; and is much more likely to be found in the compositions of a Hooker or a Shakspeare than of a Voltaire. The Method discernible in Voltaire, and this on all subjects whatever, is a purely business Method. The order that arises from it is not Beauty, but, at best, Regularity. His objects do not lie round him in pictorial, not always in scientific grouping; but rather in commodious rows, where each may be seen and come at, like goods in a well kept warehouse. We might say there is not the deep natural symmetry of a forest oak, but the simple artificial symmetry of a parlour chandelier. Compare, for example, the plan of the *Henriade* to that of our so barbarous *Hamlet*. The plan of the former is a geometrical diagram by Fermat; that of the latter a cartoon by Raphael. The *Henriade*, as we see it completed, is a polished, square-built Tuileries; *Hamlet* is a mysterious, star-paved Valhalla, and dwelling of the gods.

Nevertheless, Voltaire's style of Method is, as we have said, a business one; and for his purposes, more available than any other. It carries him swiftly through his work, and carries his reader swiftly through it; there is a prompt intelligence between the two; the whole meaning is communicated clearly, and comprehended without effort. From this also it may follow, that Voltaire will please the young more than he does the old; that the first perusal of him will please better than the second, if indeed any second be thought necessary. But what merit (and it is considerable) the pleasure and profit of this first perusal presupposes, must be honestly allowed him. Herein it seems to us lies the grand quality in all his performances. Those Histories of his, for instance, are felt, in spite of their sparkling rapidity, and knowing air of philosophic insight, to be among the shallowest of all histories; mere beadrolls of exterior occurrences, of battles, edifices, enactments, and other quite superficial phenomena; yet being clear beadrolls, well adapted for memory, and recited in a lively tone, we listen with satisfaction, and learn somewhat; learn much, if we began knowing nothing. Nay sometimes the summary, in its skilful though crowded arrangement, and brilliant well-defined outlines, has almost a poetical as well as a didactic merit. *Charles the Twelfth* may still pass for a model in that often-attempted species of Biography: the clearest details are given in the fewest words; we have sketches of strange men and strange countries, of wars, adventures, negotiations, in a style which, for graphic brevity, rivals that of Sallust. It is a line-engraving, on a reduced scale, of that Swede and his mad life; without colours, yet not without the fore-shortenings and perspective

tive observances,—nay not altogether without the deeper harmonies which belong to a true Picture. In respect of composition, whatever may be said of its accuracy or worth otherwise, we cannot but reckon it greatly the best of Voltaire's Histories.

In his other prose works, in his Novels, and innumerable Essays and fugitive pieces, the same clearness of order, the same rapid precision of view, again forms a distinguishing merit. His *Zadigs* and *Baboucs* and *Candides*, which, considered as products of imagination, perhaps rank higher with foreigners than any of his professedly poetical performances, are instinct with this sort of intellectual life: the sharpest glances, though from an oblique point of sight, into at least the surface of human life, into the old familiar world of business, which truly, from his oblique station, looks oblique enough, and yields store of ridiculous combinations. The Wit, manifested chiefly in these and the like performances, but ever flowing, unless purposely restrained, in boundless abundance, from Voltaire's mind, has been often and duly celebrated. It lay deep-rooted in his nature; the inevitable produce of such an understanding with such a character, and was from the first likely, as it actually proved in the latter period of his life, to become the main dialect in which he spoke, and even thought. Doing all justice to the inexhaustible readiness, the quick force, the polished acuteness, of Voltaire's Wit, we may remark, at the same time, that it was nowise the highest species of employment for such a mind as his; that indeed it ranks essentially among the lowest species even of Ridicule. It is at all times mere logical pleasantry; a gayety of the head, not of the heart; there is scarcely a twinkling of Humour in the whole of his numberless sallies. Wit of this sort cannot maintain a demure sedateness; a grave yet infinitely kind aspect, warming the inmost soul with true loving mirth; it has not even the force to laugh outright, but can only sniff and titter. It grounds itself, not on fond sportful sympathy, but on contempt, or at best, on indifference. It stands related to Humour as Prose does to Poetry; of which, in this department at least, Voltaire exhibits no symptom. The most determinedly ludicrous composition of his, the *Pucelle*, which cannot on other grounds be recommended to any reader, has no higher merit than that of an audacious caricature. True, he is not a buffoon; seldom or never violates the rules, we shall not say of propriety, yet of good breeding: to this negative praise he is entitled. But as for any high claim to positive praise, it cannot be made good. We look in vain, through his whole writings, for one lineament of a *Quirote* or a *Shandy*; even of a *Hudibras*

Hudibras or *Battle of the Books*. Indeed, it has been more than once observed that Humour is not a national gift with the French, in late times ; that since Montaigne's day it seems to have well nigh vanished from among them.

Considered in his technical capacity of Poet, Voltaire need not, at present, detain us very long. Here too his excellence is chiefly intellectual, and shown in the way of business-like method. Everything is well calculated for a given end ; there is the utmost logical fitness of sentiment, of incident, of general contrivance. Nor is he without an enthusiasm that sometimes resembles inspiration ; a clear fellow-feeling for the personages of his scene he always has ; with a cameleon susceptibility he takes some hue of every object ; if he cannot *be* that object, he at least plausibly enacts it. Thus we have a result everywhere consistent with itself ; a contrivance, not without nice adjustments, and brilliant aspects, which pleases with that old pleasure of 'difficulties overcome,' and the visible correspondence of means to end. That the deeper portion of our soul sits silent, unmoved under all this ; recognising no universal, everlasting Beauty, but only a modish Elegance, less the work of poetical creation than a process of the toilette, need occasion no surprise. It signifies only that Voltaire was a French poet, and wrote as the French people of that day required and approved. We have long known that French poetry aimed at a different result than ours ; that its splendour was what we should call a dead, artificial one ; not the manifold soft summer glories of Nature, but a cold splendour, as of polished metal.

On the whole, in reading Voltaire's poetry, that adventure of the *Café de Procope* should ever be held in mind. He was not without an eye to have looked, had he seen others looking, into the deepest nature of poetry ; nor has he failed here and there to cast a glance in that direction : but what preferment could such enterprises earn for him in the *Café de Procope* ? What could it profit his all-precious 'fame' to pursue them farther ? In the end, he seems to have heartily reconciled himself to use and wont, and striven only to do better what he saw all others doing. Yet his private poetical creed, which could not be a catholic one, was, nevertheless, scarcely so bigoted as might have been looked for. That censure of Shakspeare, which elicited a re-censure in England, perhaps rather deserved a 'commendatory epistle,' all things being considered. He calls Shakspeare 'a genius full of force and fertility, of nature and sublimity,' though unhappily 'without the smallest spark of good taste, or the smallest acquaintance with the rules,' which, in Voltaire's dialect, is not so false ; Shakspeare having really almost

almost no Pariaian *bon goût* whatever, and walking through 'the rules,' so often as he sees good, with the most astonishing tranquillity. After a fair enough account of *Hamlet*, the best of those '*farces monstrueuses qu'on appelle tragédies*,' where, however, there are 'scenes so beautiful, passages so grand and so terrible,' Voltaire thus proceeds to resolve two great problems :

'The first, how so many wonders could accumulate in a single head? for it must be confessed that all the divine Shakspeare's plays are written in this taste : the second, how men's minds could have been elevated so as to look at these plays with transport ; and how they are still followed after, in a century which has produced Addison's *Cato* ?

'Our astonishment at the first wonder will cease, when we understand that Shakspeare took all his tragedies from histories or romances ; and that in this case he only turned into verse the romance of *Claudius*, *Gertrude* and *Hamlet*, written in full by Saxo Grammaticus, to whom be the praise.

'The second part of the problem, that is to say, the pleasure men take in these tragedies, presents a little more difficulty ; but here is (*en voici*) the solution, according to the deep reflections of certain philosophers.

'The English chairmen, the sailors, hackney-coachmen, shop-porters, butchers, clerks even, are passionately fond of shows : give them cock-fights, bull-baitings, fencing-matches, burials, duels, gibbets, witchcraft, apparitions, they run thither in crowds ; nay, there is more than one patrician as curious as the populace. The citizens of London found, in Shakspeare's tragedies, satisfaction enough for such a turn of mind. The courtiers were obliged to follow the torrent : how can you help admiring what the more sensible part of the town admires ? There was nothing better for a hundred and fifty years : the admiration grew with age, and became an idolatry. Some touches of genius, some happy verses full of force and nature, which you remember in spite of yourself, atoned for the remainder, and soon the whole piece succeeded by the help of some beauties of detail.'—*Œuvres*, t. xlvii. p. 300.

Here truly is a comfortable little theory, which throws light on more than one thing. However, it is couched in mild terms, comparatively speaking. Frederick the Great, for example, thus gives his verdict :

'To convince yourself of the wretched taste that up to this day prevails in Germany, you have only to visit the public theatres. You will there see, in action, the abominable plays of Shakspeare, translated into our language ; and the whole audience fainting with rapture (*se pâmer d'aise*) in listening to those ridiculous farces, worthy of the savages of Canada. I call them such, because they sin against all the rules of the theatre. One may pardon those mad sallies

sallies in Shakspeare, for the birth of the arts is never the point of their maturity. But here, even now, we have a *Goetz de Berlichingen*, which has just made its appearance on the scene ; a detestable imitation of those miserable English pieces ; and the pit applauds, and demands with enthusiasm the repetition of these disgusting ineptitudes (*de ces dégoûtantes platitudes*).—*De la Littérature Allemande*. Berlin, 1780.*

We have not cited these criticisms with a view to impugn them ; but simply to ascertain where the critics themselves are standing. This passage of Frederick's has even a touch of pathos in it ; may be regarded as the expiring cry of '*Gout*,' in that country, who sees himself suddenly beleaguered by strange, appalling, Supernatural Influences, which he mistakes for Lapland witchcraft, or Cagliostro jugglery ; and so he drowns, grasping his opera-hat, in an ocean of '*Dégoûtantes platitudes*.' On the whole, it would appear that Voltaire's view of poetry was radically different from ours ; that, in fact, of what we should strictly call poetry, he had almost no view whatever. A Tragedy, a Poem, with him is not to be 'a manifestation of man's Reason in forms suitable to his Sense ;' but rather a highly complex egg-dance, to be danced before the King, to a given tune, and without breaking a single egg. Nevertheless, let justice be shown to him, and to French poetry at large. This latter is a peculiar growth of our modern ages ; has been laboriously cultivated, and is not without its own value. We have to remark also, as a curious fact, that it has been, at one time or other, transplanted into all countries, England, Germany, Spain ; but though under the sunbeams of royal protection, it would strike root nowhere. Nay, now it seems falling into the sere and yellow leaf in its own natal soil : the axe has already been seen near its root ; and perhaps, in no great lapse of years, this species of poetry may be to the French, what it is to all other nations, a pleasing reminiscence. Yet the elder French loved it with zeal ; to them it must have had a true worth : indeed we can understand how, when Life itself consisted so much in Display, these representations of Life may have been the only suitable ones. And now when the nation feels itself called to a more grave and nobler destiny among nations, the want of a new Literature also begins to be felt. As yet, in looking at their too purblind, scrambling controversies of *Romanticists* and *Classicists*, we cannot find that our ingenious neighbours have done much more than make a commencement in this enterprise : however a commencement seems to be made ; they are in what may be called the eclectic state ; trying all things,

* We quote from the compilation : *Goethe in den Zeugnissen der Mitlebenden*, s. 124.

German,

German, English, Italian, Spanish, with a candour and real love of improvement, which give the best omens of a still higher success. From the peculiar gifts of the French, and their peculiar spiritual position, we may expect, had they once more attained to an original style, many important benefits, and important accessions to the Literature of the World. Meanwhile, in considering and duly estimating what that people has, in past times, accomplished, Voltaire must always be reckoned among their most meritorious Poets. Inferior in what we may call general poetic temperament to Racine; greatly inferior, in some points of it, to Corneille, he has an intellectual vivacity, a quickness both of sight and of invention, which belongs to neither of these two. We believe that, among foreign nations, his Tragedies, such works as *Zaire* and *Mahomet*, are considerably the most esteemed of this school.

However, it is nowise as a Poet, Historian, or Novelist, that Voltaire stands so prominent in Europe; but chiefly as a religious Polemic, as a vehement opponent of the Christian Faith. Viewed in this last character, he may give rise to many grave reflections, only a small portion of which can here be so much as glanced at. We may say, in general, that his style of controversy is of a piece with himself; not a higher, and scarcely a lower style than might have been expected from him. As in a moral point of view, Voltaire nowise wanted a love of truth, yet had withal a still deeper love of his own interest in truth; was, therefore, intrinsically no Philosopher, but a highly-accomplished Trivialist,—so likewise, in an intellectual point of view, he manifests himself ingenious and adroit, rather than noble or comprehensive; fights for truth or victory, not by patient meditation, but by light sarcasm, whereby victory may indeed, for a time, be gained; but little Truth, what can be named Truth, especially in such matters as this, is to be looked for.

No one, we suppose, ever arrogated for Voltaire any praise of originality in this discussion: we suppose there is not a single idea, of any moment, relating to the Christian religion, in all his multifarious writings, that had not been set forth again and again before his enterprises commenced. The labours of a very mixed multitude, from Porphyry down to Shaftesbury, including Hobbeses, Tindals, Tolands, some of them sceptics of a much nobler class, had left little room for merit in this kind: nay, Bayle, his own countryman, had just finished a life spent in preaching scepticism precisely similar, and by methods precisely similar, when Voltaire appeared on the arena. Indeed, scepticism, as we have before observed, was at this period universal among the higher ranks in France, with whom Voltaire chiefly

chiefly associated. It is only in the merit and demerit of grinding down this grain into food for the people, and inducing so many to eat of it, that Voltaire can claim any singularity. However, we quarrel not with him on this head: there may be cases where the want of originality is even a moral merit. But it is a much more serious ground of offence that he inter-meddled in Religion without being himself in any measure Religious; that he entered the Temple and continued there, with a levity, which, in any Temple where men worship, can beseeem no brother man; that, in a word, he ardently, and with long-continued effort, warred against Christianity, without understanding beyond the mere superficialities of what Christianity was.

His polemical procedure in this matter, it appears to us, must now be admitted to have been, on the whole, a shallow one. Through all its manifold forms, and involutions and repetitions, it turns, we believe exclusively, on one point: what Theologians have called the 'plenary Inspiration' of the Scriptures.' This is the single wall, against which, through long years, and with innumerable battering-rams and catapults and pop-guns, he unweariedly batters. Concede him this, and his ram swings freely, to and fro, through space; there is nothing further it can even aim at. That the Sacred Books could be aught else than a Bank-of-Faith Bill, for such and such quantities of Enjoyment, payable at sight in the other world, value received; which bill becomes waste paper, the stamp being questioned:—that the Christian Religion could have any deeper foundation than Books, could possibly be written in the purest nature of man, in mysterious, ineffaceable characters, to which Books, and all Revelations, and authentic traditions, were but a subsidiary matter, were but as the *light* whereby that divine *writing* was to be read;—nothing of this seems to have, even in the faintest manner, occurred to him. Yet herein, as we believe that the whole world has now begun to discover, lies the real essence of the question; by the negative or affirmative decision of which the Christian Religion, any thing that is worth calling by that name, must fall, or endure for ever. We believe, also, that the wiser minds of our age have already come to agreement on this question; or rather never were divided regarding it. Christianity, the 'Worship of Sorrow,' has been recognized as divine; on far other grounds than 'Essays on Miracles,' and by considerations infinitely deeper than would avail in any mere 'trial by jury.' He who argues against it, or for it, in this manner, may be regarded as mistaking its nature: the Ithuriel, though to our eyes he wears a body, and the fashion of armour, cannot
be

be wounded with material steel. Our fathers were wiser than we, when they said in deepest earnestness, what we often hear in shallow mockery, that Religion is 'not of Sense, but of Faith;' not of Understanding, but of Reason. He who finds himself without this latter, who by all his studying has failed to unfold it in himself, may have studied to great or to small purpose, we say not which; but of the Christian Religion, as of many other things, he has and can have no knowledge.

The Christian Doctrine we often hear likened to the Greek Philosophy, and found, on all hands, some measurable way superior to it: but this also seems a mistake. The Christian Doctrine, that doctrine of Humility, in all senses, godlike, and the parent of all godlike virtues, is not superior, or inferior, or equal, to any doctrine of Socrates or Thales; being of a totally different nature; differing from these, as a perfect Ideal Poem does from a correct Computation in Arithmetic. He who compares it with such standards may lament that, beyond the mere letter, the purport of this divine Humility has never been disclosed to him; that the loftiest feeling hitherto vouchsafed to mankind is as yet hidden from his eyes.

For the rest, the question how Christianity originated is doubtless a high question; resolvable enough, if we view only its surface, which was all that Voltaire saw of it; involved in sacred, silent, unfathomable depths if we investigate its interior meanings; which meanings, indeed, it may be, every new age will develop to itself in a new manner, and with new degrees of light; for the whole truth may be called infinite, and to men's eye discernible only in parts: but the question itself is nowise the ultimate one in this matter.

We understand ourselves to be risking no new assertion, but simply reporting what is already the conviction of the greatest in our age, when we say,—that cheerfully recognising, gratefully appropriating whatever Voltaire has proved, or any other man has proved, or shall prove, the Christian Religion, once here, cannot again pass away; that, in one or the other form, it will endure through all time; that, as in Scripture, so also in the heart of man, is written, 'the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.' Were the memory of this Faith never so obscured, as, indeed, in all times, the coarse passions and perceptions of the world do all but obliterate it in the hearts of most; yet in every pure soul, in every Poet and Wise Man, it finds a new Missionary, a new Martyr, till the great volume of Universal History is finally closed, and man's destinies are fulfilled in this earth. 'It is a height to which the human species were fated and enabled to attain;
and

and from which, having once attained it, they can never retrograde.'

These things, which it were far out of our place to attempt adequately elucidating here, must not be left out of sight, in appreciating Voltaire's polemical worth. We find no trace of these, or of any the like essential considerations having been present with him, in examining the Christian Religion; nor indeed was it consistent with his general habits that they should be so. Totally destitute of religious Reverence, even of common practical seriousness; by nature or habit, undevout both in heart and head; not only without any Belief, in other than a material sense, but without the possibility of acquiring any, he can be no safe or permanently useful guide in this investigation. We may consider him as having opened the way to future inquirers of a truer spirit; but for his own part, as having engaged in an enterprise, the real nature of which was well nigh unknown to him; and engaged in it with the issue to be anticipated in such a case; producing chiefly confusion, dislocation, destruction, on all hands; so that the good he achieved is still, in these times, found mixed with an alarming proportion of evil, from which, indeed, men rationally doubt whether much of it will in any time be separable.

We should err widely, too, if in estimating what quantity, altogether overlooking what quality, of intellect Voltaire may have manifested on this occasion, we took the result produced as any measure of the force applied. His task was not one of Affirmation, but of Denial; not a task of erecting and rearing up, which is slow and laborious; but of destroying and overturning, which in most cases is rapid and far easier. The force necessary for him was nowise a great and noble one; but a small, in some respects a mean one, to be nimbly and seasonably put in use. The Ephesian Temple, which it had employed many wise heads and strong arms for a life-time to build, could be *un-built* by one madman, in a single hour.

Of such errors, deficiencies, and positive misdeeds, it appears to us, a just criticism must accuse Voltaire: at the same time, we can nowise join in the condemnatory clamour which so many worthy persons, not without the best intentions, to this day keep up against him. His whole character seems to be plain enough, common enough, had not extraneous influences so perverted our views regarding it: nor, morally speaking, is it a worse character, but considerably a better one, than belongs to the mass of men. Voltaire's aims in opposing the Christian Religion were unhappily of a mixed nature: yet, after all, very nearly such aims as we have often seen directed against it, and
often

often seen directed in its favour : a little love of finding Truth, with a great love of making Proselytes ; which last is in itself a natural, universal feeling ; and if honest, is, even in the worst cases, a subject for pity, rather than for hatred. As a light, careless, courteous Man of the World, he offers no hateful aspect ; on the contrary, a kindly, gay, rather amiable one : hundreds of men, with half his worth of disposition, die daily, and their little world laments them. It is time that he too should be judged of by his intrinsic, not by his accidental qualities ; that justice should be done to him also ; for injustice can profit no man and no cause.

In fact, Voltaire's chief merits belong to Nature and himself ; his chief faults are of his time and country. In that famous era of the Pompadours and *Encyclopédies*, he forms the main figure ; and was such, we have seen, more by resembling the multitude, than by differing from them. It was a strange age that of Louis XV. ; in several points, a novel one in the history of mankind. In regard to its luxury and depravity ; to the high culture of all merely practical and material faculties, and the entire torpor of all the purely contemplative and spiritual, this era considerably resembles that of the Roman Emperors. There, too, was external splendour and internal squalor ; the highest completeness in all sensual arts, including among these not cookery and its adjuncts alone, but even 'effect-painting' and 'effect-writing ;' only the art of virtuous living was a lost one. Instead of Love for Poetry, there was 'Taste' for it ; refinement in manners, with utmost coarseness in morals : in a word, the strange spectacle of a social system, embracing large, cultivated portions of the human species, and founded only on Atheism. With the Romans, things went what we should call their natural course : Liberty, public spirit quietly declined into a *caput-mortuum* ; Self-love, Materialism, Baseness even to the disbelief in all possibility of Virtue, stalked more and more imperiously abroad ; till the body-politic, long since deprived of its vital circulating fluids, had now become a putrid carcase, and fell in pieces to be the prey of ravenous wolves. Then was there, under those Attilas and Alarics, a world's-spectacle of destruction and despair, compared with which the often-commemorated 'horrors of the French Revolution,' and all Napoleon's wars, were but the gay jousting of a tournament to the sack of stormed cities. Our European community has escaped the like dire consummation ; and by causes, which, as may be hoped, will always secure it from such. Nay, were there no other cause, it may be asserted, that in a common-wealth where the Christian Religion exists, where it once has existed, public and private Virtue, the basis of all
Strength,

Strength, never can become extinct ; but in every new age, and even from the deepest decline, there is a chance, and in the course of ages, a certainty of renovation.

That the Christian Religion, or any Religion, continued to exist ; that some martyr heroism still lived in the heart of Europe to rise against mailed Tyranny when it rode triumphant,—was indeed no merit in the age of Louis XV., but a happy accident which it could not altogether get rid of. For that age too is to be regarded as an experiment, on the great scale, to decide the question, not yet, it would appear, settled to universal satisfaction : With what degree of vigour a political system, grounded on pure Self-interest, never so enlightened, but without a God, or any recognition of the godlike in man, can be expected to flourish ; or whether, in such circumstances, a political system can be expected to flourish, or even to subsist at all ? It is contended by many that our mere love of personal Pleasure, or Happiness as it is called, acting on every individual, with such clearness as he may easily have, will of itself lead him to respect the rights of others, and wisely employ his own ; to fulfil, on a mere principle of economy, all the duties of a good patriot ; so that, in what respects the State, or the merely social existence of mankind, Belief, beyond the testimony of the senses, and Virtue, beyond the very common, Virtue of loving what is pleasant, and hating what is painful, are to be considered as supererogatory qualifications, as ornamental, not essential. Many there are, on the other hand, who pause over this doctrine ; cannot discover, in such a universe of conflicting atoms, any principle by which the whole shall cohere : for if every man's selfishness, infinitely expansive, is to be hemmed in only by the infinitely-expansive selfishness of every other man, it seems as if we should have a world of mutually-repulsive bodies with no centripetal force to bind them together ; in which case, it is well known, they would, by and by, diffuse themselves over space, and constitute a remarkable Chaos, but no habitable Solar or Stellar System.

If the age of Louis XV. was not made an *experimentum crucis* in regard to this question, one reason may be that such experiments are too expensive. Nature cannot afford, above once or twice in the thousand years, to destroy a whole world, for purposes of science ; but must content herself with destroying one or two kingdoms. The age of Louis XV., so far as it went, seems a highly illustrative experiment. We are to remark also that its operation was clogged by a very considerable disturbing force ; by a large remnant, namely, of the old faith in Religion, in the invisible, celestial nature of Virtue, which

which our French Purifiers, by their utmost efforts of lavation, had not been able to wash away. The men did their best, but no man can do more. Their worst enemy, we imagine, will not accuse them of any undue regard to things unseen and spiritual: far from practising this invisible sort of Virtue, they cannot even believe in its possibility. The high exploits and endurances of old ages were no longer virtues, but 'passions;' these antique persons had a taste for being heroes, a certain fancy to die for the truth: the more fools they! With our *Philosophes*, the only virtue of any civilization was what they call 'Honour,' the sanctioning deity of which is that wonderful 'Force of Public Opinion.' Concerning which virtue of Honour, we must be permitted to say that she reveals herself too clearly, as the daughter and heiress of our old acquaintance Vanity, who indeed has been known enough, ever since the foundation of the world, at least since the date of that 'Lucifer, son of the Morning;' but known chiefly in her proper character of strolling actress, or cast-clothes Abigail; and never till that new era had seen her issue set up as Queen and all-sufficient Dictatress of man's whole soul, prescribing with nicest precision what, in all practical and all moral emergencies, he was to do and to forbear. Again, with regard to this same Force of Public Opinion, it is a force well known to all of us, respected, valued as of indispensable utility, but nowise recognised as a final or divine force. We might ask what divine, what truly great thing had ever been effected by this force? Was it the Force of Public Opinion that drove Columbus to America; John Kepler, not to fare sumptuously among Rodolph's Astrologers and Fire-eaters, but to perish of want, discovering the true System of the Stars? Still more ineffectual do we find it as a basis of public or private Morals. Nay, taken by itself, it may be called a baseless basis; for without some ulterior sanction, common to all minds; without some belief in the necessary, eternal, or which is the same, in the supramundane, divine nature of Virtue, existing in each individual, what could the moral judgment of a thousand or a thousand thousand individuals avail us? Without some such celestial guidance, whencesoever derived, or howsoever named, it appears to us the Force of Public Opinion would, by and by, become an extremely unprofitable one. 'Enlighten Self-interest!' cries the *Philosophe*, 'Do but sufficiently enlighten it!' We ourselves have seen enlightened Self-interests, ere now; and truly, for most part, their light was only as that of a horn-lantern, sufficient to guide the bearer himself out of various puddles; but to us and the world, of comparatively small advantage. And figure the human species, like an endless host, seeking its way onwards through

undiscovered Time, in black darkness, save that each had his horn-lantern, and the vanguard some few of glass !

However we will not dwell on controversial niceties. What we had to remark was that this era, called of Philosophy, was in itself but a poor era ; that any little morality it had was chiefly borrowed, and from those very ages which it accounted so barbarous. For this 'Honour,' this 'Force of Public Opinion,' is not asserted, on any side, to have much renovating, but only a sustaining or preventive power ; it cannot create new Virtue, but at best may preserve what is already there. Nay, of the age of Louis XV., we may say that its very Power, its material strength, its knowledge, all that it had, was borrowed. It boasted itself to be an age of illumination ; and truly illumination there was of its kind : only, except the illuminated windows, almost nothing to be *seen* thereby. None of those great Doctrines or Institutions that have 'made man in all points a man ;' none even of those Discoveries that have the most subjected external Nature to his purposes, were made in that age. What Plough, or Printing-press, what Chivalry, or Christianity ; nay, what Steam-engine, or Quakerism, or Trial by Jury, did these Encyclopedists invent for mankind ? They invented simply nothing ; not one of man's virtues, not one of man's powers, is due to them ; in all these respects, the age of Louis XV. is among the most barren of recorded ages. Indeed, the whole trade of our *Philosophes* was directly the opposite of invention : it was not to produce, that they stood there ; but to criticise, to quarrel with, to rend in pieces, what had been already produced ;—a quite inferior trade ; sometimes a useful, but on the whole a mean trade ; often the fruit, and always the parent, of meanness, in every mind that permanently follows it.

Considering the then position of affairs, it is not singular that the age of Louis XV. should have been what it was : an age without nobleness, without high virtues, or high manifestations of talent ; an age of shallow clearness, of polish, self-conceit, scepticism, and all forms of *Persiflage*. As little does it seem surprising, or peculiarly blameable, that Voltaire, the leading man of that age, should have partaken largely of all its qualities. True, his giddy activity took serious effect, the light firebrands which he so carelessly scattered abroad, kindled fearful conflagrations : but in these there has been good as well as evil ; nor is it just that, even for the latter, he, a limited mortal, should be charged with more than mortal's responsibility. After all, that parched, blighted period, and the period of earthquakes and tornadoes which followed it, have now well nigh cleared away : they belong to the Past, and for us and those that come after us, are not without their benefits, and calm historical meaning.

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'The thinking heads of all nations,' says a deep observer, 'had in secret come to majority; and, in a mistaken feeling of their vocation, rose the more fiercely against antiquated constraint. The Man of Letters is, by instinct, opposed to a Priesthood of old standing: the literary class and the clerical must wage a war of extermination, when they are divided; for both strive after one place. Such division became more and more perceptible, the nearer we approached the period of European manhood, the epoch of triumphant Learning; and Knowledge and Faith came into more decided contradiction. In the prevailing Faith, as was thought, lay the reason of the universal degradation; and by a more and more searching Knowledge men hoped to remove it. On all hands, the Religious feeling suffered, under manifold attacks against its actual manner of existence, against the Forms in which hitherto it had embodied itself. The result of that modern way of thought was named Philosophy; and in this all was included that opposed itself to the ancient way of thought, especially, therefore, all that opposed itself to Religion. The original personal hatred against the Catholic faith passed, by degrees, into hatred against the Bible; against the Christian Religion, and at last against Religion altogether. Nay more, this hatred of Religion naturally extended itself over all objects of enthusiasm in general; proscribed Fancy and Feeling, Morality and love of Art, the Future and the Antique; placed man, with an effort, foremost in the series of natural productions; and changed the infinite, creative music of the Universe into the monotonous clatter of a boundless Mill, which, turned by the stream of Chance, and swimming thereon, was a Mill of itself, without Architect and Miller, properly, a genuine *perpetuum mobile*, a real, self-grinding Mill.

'One enthusiasm was generously left to poor mankind, and rendered indispensable as a touchstone of the highest culture, for all jobbers in the same: Enthusiasm for this magnanimous Philosophy, and above all, for these its priests and mystagogues. France was so happy as to be the birthplace and dwelling of this new Faith, which had thus, from patches of pure knowledge, been pasted together. Low as Poetry ranked in this new Church, there were some poets among them, who for effect's sake made use of the old ornaments and old lights; but, in so doing, ran a risk of kindling the new world-system by ancient fire. More cunning brethren, however, were at hand to help; and always in season poured cold water on the warming audience. The members of this Church were restlessly employed in clearing Nature, the Earth, the Souls of men, the Sciences, from all Poetry; obliterating every vestige of the Holy; disturbing, by sarcasms, the memory of all lofty occurrences, and lofty men; disrobing the world of all its variegated vesture. * * * Pity that Nature continued so wondrous and incomprehensible, so poetical and infinite, all efforts to modernize her notwithstanding! However, if anywhere an old superstition, of a higher world and the like, came to light, instantly, on all hands, was a springing of rattles; that, if possible, the dangerous spark might be extinguished, by appliances of philosophy and wit: yet Tolerance was the watchword of the cultivated;

cultivated; and in France, above all, synonymous with Philosophy. Highly remarkable is this history of modern Unbelief; the key to all the vast phenomena of recent times. Not till last century, till the latter half of it, does the novelty begin; and in a little while, it expands to an immeasurable bulk and variety: a second Reformation, a more comprehensive, and more specific, was unavoidable; and naturally it first visited that land which was the most modernised, and had the longest lain in an asthenic state, from want of freedom. * * *

'At the present epoch, however, we stand high enough to look back with a friendly smile on those bygone days; and even in those marvellous follies to discern curious crystallisations of historical matter. Thankfully will we stretch out our hands to those Men of Letters and *Philosophes*: for this delusion too required to be exhausted, and the scientific side of things to have full value given it. More beauteous and many-coloured stands Poesy, like a leafy India, when contrasted with the cold, dead Spitzbergen of that closet-logic. That in the middle of the globe, an India, so warm and lordly, might exist, must also a cold motionless sea, dead cliffs, mist instead of the starry sky, and a long night, make both Poles uninhabitable. The deep meaning of the laws of Mechanism lay heavy on those anchorites in the deserts of Understanding: the charm of the first glimpse into it overpowered them: the Old avenged itself on them; to the first feeling of self-consciousness, they sacrificed, with wondrous devotedness, what was holiest and fairest in the world; and were the first that, in practice, again recognized and preached forth the sacredness of Nature, the infinitude of Art, the independence of Knowledge, the worth of the Practical, and the all-presence of the Spirit of History; and so doing, put an end to a Spectre-dynasty more potent, universal, and terrific than perhaps they themselves were aware of.*

How far our readers will accompany Novalis in such high-soaring speculation is not for us to say. Meanwhile, that the better part of them have already, in their own dialect, united with him, and with us, in candid tolerance, in clear acknowledgment, towards French Philosophy, towards this Voltaire and the spiritual period which bears his name, we do not hesitate to believe. Intolerance, animosity, can forward no cause; and least of all, beseems the cause of moral and religious truth. A wise man has well reminded us, that 'in any controversy, the instant we feel anger, we have already ceased striving for Truth, and begun striving for Ourselves.' Let no man doubt that Voltaire and his disciples, like all men and all things that live and act in God's world, will one day be found to have 'worked together for good.' Nay that, with all his evil, he has already accomplished good, must be admitted in the soberest calculation. How much do we include in this one little word: He gave the

* Novalis Schriften, i, s. 198.

death-stab to modern Superstition. *That horrid incubus, which dwelt in darkness, shunning the light, is passing away; with all its racks and poison-chalices, and foul sleeping-draughts, is passing away without return.* He who sees even a little way into the signs of the times, sees well that both the Smithfield fires and the Edinburgh thumbscrews (for these too must be held in remembrance) are things which have long, very long, lain behind us; divided from us by a wall of Centuries, transparent indeed, but more impassable than adamant. For, as we said, Superstition is in its death-lair: the last agonies may endure for decades or for centuries; but it carries the iron in its heart, and will not vex the earth any more.

That, with Superstition, Religion is also passing away, seems to us a still more ungrounded fear. Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear. On the whole, we must repeat the often-repeated saying, that it is unworthy a religious man to view an irreligious one either with alarm or aversion; or with any other feeling than regret, and hope, and brotherly commiseration. If he seek Truth, is he not our brother, and to be pitied? If he do not seek truth, is he not still our brother, and to be pitied still more? Old Ludovicus Vives has a story of a clown that killed his ass because it had drunk up the moon, and he thought the world could ill spare that luminary. So he killed his ass, *ut lunam redderet*. The clown was well-intentioned, but unwise. Let us not imitate him: let us not slay a faithful servant, who has carried us far. He has not drunk the moon; but only the *reflection* of the moon, in his own poor water-pail, where too, it may be, he was drinking with purposes the most harmless.

ART. VII.—*Ueber den Zeitpunkt der Volljährigkeit der Prinzen aus dem Hause Braunschweig, etc.* By M. Hurlebusch. Helmstadt. 1826.

2. *Von Prann's, v. Martens' und Schmelzer's Gedanken, &c.* By M. Hurlebusch. Brunswick. 1827.

3. *Ueber den entwichenen Herzogl. Braunschweig. Geheimenrath v. Schmidt-Phiseldeck, etc.* By M. Hurlebusch. Brunswick. 1827.

4. *Beiträge zur Characteristik des von Braunschweig entwichenen Geheimenraths, etc.* Brunswick. 1827.

5. *Ueber meiner Austritt aus dem Herzogl. Braunschweig. Staatsdienst.*

Staatsdienst. By M. Justus de Schmidt-Phiseldeck. Hanover. 1827.

6. *Antwort eines Unbefangenen, &c.* Brunswick. 1828.

7. *Réfutation des Accusations Injurieuses, hasardées par Son Altesse Sérénissime le Duc Régnant de Brunswick, contre Son Auguste Tuteur, et contre les Personnes chargées de l'Education du Duc durant sa Minorité.* Hanover. 1827.

8. *Versuch, die Missverstaendnisse zu hebbben, &c.* From official documents. Hamburg. 1828.

9. *Gehörige Würdigung und actenmässige Abfertigung, &c.* Strasbourg. 1828.

SUCH are a few of the works which have been published in elucidation of the present controversy between Brunswick and Hanover. Among the club of authors, we recognise an old friend—old indeed from past villanies, though young in years—the illustrious Mein Herr Johann Wit, alias—for all rogues political and civil, public as well as private, know the expediency of an alias—Von Döring. This precious composition of low rascality, who was first a carbonaro, and afterwards a spy in many countries, has now, it seems, turned his ready attention to politics; and hiring himself, in the spirit of the old Condottieri soldiers, who were men of as little principle as himself, to the first power which would engage his honourable services, he has entered the field of literary controversy as the avowed champion of His Serene Highness of Brunswick, to bespatter with the slime of his contemptible abuse so respectable a minister, a nobleman, and a gentleman, as the Count Ernest de Münster, the able and upright functionary of the king of Hanover. Another champion of the rights of Brunswick, is a Counsellor Klindworth, a personage with not the nicest sense of honour, and a paltry sycophant to boot, and, thus circumstanced, well worthy of following in the wake of such an individual as Mein Herr Wit, alias Von Döring. If, in the choice of councillors, there be wisdom, happy indeed is the prince who is surrounded with councillors like unto Meine-Herren Klindworth and Von Döring; and such a wise prince is the youthful heir of that 'Brunswick's fated Chieftain,' whose glories will live in the pages of our English poet—for to that heir will most aptly apply a certain well-known Spanish proverb, in all the force of its primitive significance.*

* A third defender of the cause of His Serene Highness is one Hurlbusch, now president of the Consistory at Brunswick, and formerly president of the Appeal Tribunal at Wolfenbüttel. This person was, during the prince's minority, by the general desire of the people, dismissed from his situation—the reasons being natural and moral unfitness for the functions of his office. He adulated the weakness of his master, by sycophantic and contemptible writings, and succeeded in being reinstated in his judicial appointment. The way for such a low-minded person to keep possession of what

Independently, however, of the gentry already mentioned—the ‘*par nobile fratrum*’—the bashful supporters of the ducal ‘scutcheon of the House of Brunswick, there is a certain English horse-dealer, who cuts no contemptible figure in this memorable story. His office was to carry a cartel, an absolute challenge from this young Hotspur of an Herzog to the Count de Münster, which the man of horses conveyed ‘*en preux chevalier*,’ and delivered with a lofty flourish of his fist, as was his wont, when knocking down a gingered Bucephalus to a gaping bidder. The grounds of the challenge were some words of alleged offence contained in the pamphlet (No. 7), which the duke and his ‘scutcheon supporters twisted into an insinuation of personal cowardice against the former; but which better heads than their’s at once saw were only employed as an assurance to the prince that he was casting ridicule and disgrace on himself, and on his exalted station, by licensing the bare-faced calumnies of his accredited advocates, and by the utter extravagance and absurdity of his own conduct. This was a rare opportunity for the florid tropes of our immaculate Von Döring; nor is it missed, for we have a fine description of the potentate’s descent from his throne to avenge his insulted honour, to which is added a piece of antithetic sentimentalism, respecting the man and the prince, or ‘verbiage’ of that kind. The Count de Münster, however, was not willing to gratify the beardless Herzog at the game at balls, for which he seemed so anxious; the king, his master, forbid his servant’s participation in so ludicrous an exhibition, and the challenge being declined, His Serene Highness was constrained to bottle up his personal animosity to the Count. The horse-dealer’s journey, not forgetting the above-mentioned flourish of his digits, were of none effect; while the brimstone missive was disregarded as so much waste paper. But, that our readers may have a right understanding of the business, we will give a rapid description of the incidents ‘*ab ovo*.’

Duke William of Brunswick fell covered with glory on the field of Waterloo. By his appointment, and by right of relationship, King George of England became the guardian of the hero’s orphaned children. Both were sons, the elder of whom, Charles, was born on the 30th of October, 1804, and his brother was younger by only a year. By a codicil to the will of the deceased duke, the Count Münster, with the late Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, were particularly desired to concern themselves in the adjustment of the ducal affairs; which had been, owing to the French campaigns and political convul-

what is as dear to him as life—the emoluments of the judgeship—is to continue in the same line of sycophancy. Accordingly, by mouth and by pen, his daily task is to praise his young master, the Serene Highness.

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sions in Germany, thrown into considerable disorder. Aware, therefore, of the high opinion entertained by the Duke William respecting the worth and integrity of the Count Münster, the King of Great Britain appointed that nobleman, with the only two members of the Brunswick State Council (Messrs. de Schmidt-Phiseldeck and de Schleinetz), a Committee of Guardianship and Management for the young Princes of Brunswick. At their solicitation, moreover, His Britannic Majesty was pleased to nominate, as Minister of State, the Count de Schulenburg-Wolfsbourg, an individual equally distinguished for public and private worth, and one whose value and excellence had been long tried, and received unusual approbation during his service as President of the First Chamber of State in Hanover. On that nobleman's death in 1818, the Count d'Alvensleben succeeded to that station.

This high functionary surrendered his office into the hands of the Duke Charles, on the completion by that prince of his 19th year : though the two councillors of state not only continued their services, but, to all appearance, enjoyed the full confidence of their sovereign, till the flight of Schmidt-Phiseldeck in 1827. The youthful course of Duke Charles had been remarkable for headstrong and turbulent passions, and the unlimited indulgence of sensual appetite. The future prospects of Brunswick, therefore, were overclouded with doubt and apprehension, and it then became a question with the Guardian Committee whether or not the prolongation of the prince's minority would be a measure recognised by law. The two Privy-Councillors, and the Count d'Alvensleben, were unanimous in their opinions as to its absolute necessity ; but as the latter was determined to withdraw entirely from all participation in the government, and the whole odium of the measure would naturally fall on the person of Schmidt-Phiseldeck, who must, in case of the Count's secession, be the Prime Minister, and who might, in all probability, be dismissed from his employment by the wilful and impetuous duke (and such dismissal would be hard upon him on account of his want of private fortune) His Britannic Majesty promised him an equivalent employment in the service of Hanover, as a fair recompence to a worthy servant for the faithful and energetic discharge of his duty. In this, we cannot see anything which, in the slightest manner, derogates from the dignity of the monarch, or abstracts from the uprightness and integrity of the servant.

The prolongation of the duke's minority was certainly considered illegal by M. de Martens, an eminent publicist; but it was a question on which the most discordant opinions had been delivered by jurists equally celebrated with that individual.

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‘La question, si les princes de la branche ducale de la maison de Brunswick devroient, d’après les lois de famille, être considérés majeurs à dix-huit ans, ou à un terme plus reculé, a été jugée différemment par plusieurs publicistes, mais elle a été si peu décidée, qu’à l’avènement du Duc Charles en 1735, le gouvernement de Brunswick avoit demandé et obtenu pour ce prince, *veniam ætatis* de la Cour Impériale Aulique, bien qu’il eut alors accompli sa vingt-deuxième année.’

There is little doubt but that the princes of this line have long possessed the right of fixing the minority of their own children; and no instances are on record of any duke assuming the reins of domination at so early a period as the Duke Charles in question. The example afforded, says the author of the ‘*Réfutation*,’ by Duke Eric the younger, in the 16th century, is a sufficient warning of the danger to which the subjects of Brunswick are exposed under the government of princes—youthful, rash, and inexperienced.*

M. de Martens delivered his opinion at the request of Count de Münster, who communicated it himself to the princes of Brunswick. But the lawyer was ignorant of one of the testamentary dispositions of the late duke—viz. that of 1813; added to which, he was not sufficiently acquainted with the contents of the ‘archives of the principality in regard to the question at issue.’—p. 50, *Réfutation*. In consequence of this, the Count d’Alvensleben undertook the investigation of the matter, and by his enquiries, he proved most distinctly and indisputably that the opinion given by M. de Martens was not only contradictory to the settled usages of the family, but that the son would not, by right, attain his majority on the completion of his 18th year—even though his father had not himself limited the term of tutelage and minority.† In the ‘*Réfutation*,’ p. 50, is given that testamentary document of the late duke, wherein the period of self-action is, though by implication, yet most distinctly marked out.

‘Si les circonstances politiques permettent que mes enfans, pour terminer leur première éducation, à l’égard de laquelle j’entends parler de l’époque où ils auront atteint leur seizième jusqu’à leur vingtième année, soient établis en Allemagne, je souhaite qu’ils y soient envoyés, pour qu’ils apprennent à connoître les mœurs, les usages et les lois de leur patrie allemande, ainsi que leurs droits comme princes, pour terminer leur éducation sous la surveillance exclusive de Madame la Maregrave de Bade.’‡

* See the Chronicle of Rethmeyer, tom. 2, p. 804.

† The Count’s memorial is given at p. 76 of the ‘*Réfutation*.’

‡ Sollten die politischen Verhältnisse es dereinst erlauben, dass meine Kinder, nach Vollendung ihrer ersten Erziehung, nach Deutschland geschickt werden könnten, wohin ich die Erlangung ihres 16ten bis 20sten Jahrs rechne; dann wünsche ich, dass sie, um mit den Sitten und Gebräuchen, den Interessen und Rechten ihres deutschen Vaterlandes, und

This is the document which the astute advisers of the duke have adduced, as establishing his majority on the attainment of his 16th year, but words never yet more clearly and definitively proved the contrary. The young duke, by the absurd showing of his servants,—the multiform spy, the *flagorneur* councillor, and the one-eyed and one-handed judge,—was to be reigning for the four years that he was under the *exclusive controul* of the old woman his grandmother; and he was to carry on the system of his education while governing his subjects: such are the absurd arguments of the duke—and his three ‘Daniels come to judgment.’

But this is not all, for previously, in Nov. 1813, the following further testamentary writing was duly drawn out by the Duke William:—

‘Being about to depart from England, I have given, granted, and disposed of, unto His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, *the custody and tuition* of my two sons, Charles and William, and the management of their lands and personal estates for, and during such time as I shall remain absent from England, in case my two sons shall *so long remain under the age of twenty-one years*, entreating His Royal Highness’s attention to *such recommendations as I have already made, or may hereafter make.*’—*Réfutation*, pp. 51-52.

The import of the above passage is so plain and perspicuous, that no person in his sober senses could mistake it;—what must we think, then, of those who have actually done so? As the young duke increased in years, the matter became more frequently and intensely agitated, while two main considerations actuated the King of England—conformity in conduct to the wishes of the deceased sovereign and the laws of his ducal house, and the well-being and future happiness of the subjects of Brunswick. The young duke’s youth, as we have before mentioned, was of a most unpromising nature—he was hot-headed, obstinate, selfish, cold-hearted, and ungrateful—addicted to women,* and dissolute in his habits. Had he been more amiable in his manners, and steady in his habits, the business might in some way have been arranged; but as he was, his state of mind did not warrant, on his part, an upright administration of his affairs. He was, however, urgent for the declaration of his majority on the attainment of his eighteenth year; while our gracious monarch was desirous of observing the period recognised by the laws of England—but, that no selfish motives might

und den Rechten, die ihnen als deutschen Fürsten zustehen, bekannt gemacht zu werden, dort hingeschickt, um unter der ausschliesslichen Aufsicht meiner Frau Schwieger-Mutter, jetzt verwittweten Markgräfin von Baden ihre Erziehung zu vollenden.

* The duke’s favourite mistress is, as we understand, a native of England—her portrait may be seen in Mr. Fradelle’s picture, taken from the Novel of Ivanhoe. The young beauty sat as the model for the Jewess Rebecca.

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be imputed to him, he determined to address the sovereigns of Prussia and Austria on this subject. Those potentates, the dominant powers in Germany, and in the Confederative body, were so addressed, through the medium of the Count de Münster. The Princes Hardenberg and Metternich, in reply, (pp. 53 to 58, '*Réfutation*,') recognised the wise policy and fatherly care of the King of Great Britain; and the former nobleman, as chancellor of the King of Prussia, delivered his master's friendly recommendation, that all matters in dispute should be submitted to the arbitrement of the Emperor of Austria. The respective replies to Count de Münster were written only two months previously to the duke's completion of his eighteenth year; no time, accordingly, was to be lost—the Prince de Metternich accepted, on behalf of the emperor, the office of mediator, for the exercise of which an excellent opportunity would offer itself during the duke's visit, with his tutors, at the Austrian capital. That prince, however, never chose to make his appearance at the imperial court, alleging illness as an excuse; and the emperor being obliged to journey to his Italian provinces, the matter was postponed until the month of March (1823). The Prince Chancellor of Austria at that time had a conversation with the duke, and the following extract is from that imperial functionary's communication to the Hanoverian Minister at London:

'Je mis à cet effet en avant l'idée, que de son propre mouvement il pourroit déclarer à sa Majesté Britannique, que désirant vouer un temps donné à ses voyages, il regarderoit comme une faveur, qu'elle voulut bien continuer à administrer le Duché; le duc parut saisir cette idée. Son Altesse Sérénissime, après quelques momens de réflexion, me dit, qu'elle n'opposoit rien à l'idée. Elle évalua le terme à énoncer, et finit par s'arrêter à celui d'une année. Elle me témoigna, en même temps, le désir que ce fut de notre part, (c'est à-dire de la Cour d'Autriche) que l'essai fut tenté, vu que dans ses relations directes avec sa Majesté Britannique, elle n'avoit pas encore été dans le cas de toucher rien de la question. Je me chargeai d'en écrire à Londres.'—*Réfutation*, p. 66.

After this, what must we think of the Duke of Brunswick, who, by his subsequent edict, proclaiming the illegality of the last year of the king's administration, has stultified his own previous act and arrangement with the Court of Vienna. But this is not all—for the King of Great Britain actually delivered the reins of administration into the duke's hands, full six months sooner than the latter, by his expressions to Prince Metternich, was willing to receive them. This happened in consequence of the following observation of the prince, contained in the same communication, from which we have taken the last extract—'qu'il avoit eu de
rencontrer,

rencontrer, dans le duc, un calme, et un aplomb supérieur à son Age.' The assurance of that nobleman, was so satisfactory to our monarch, that he determined on delivering up his government to the duke in the following October, when he should attain his nineteenth year, just six months after the above communication from the Prince Metternich.* This was done accordingly.

But there is another charge, suggested by the vanity alone of the high and mighty duke, and, therefore, put forward by him in high sounding terms; but which, on examination, is reduced to a bottle of smoke. The accusation is, that his Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland, not consulting the station and supreme dignity of his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, neither sent his brother, the Viceroy of Hanover, nor yet the Count de Münster, to greet the young Prince on the occasion of his assuming the government of his extensive dominions! Is not this an attempt at enacting the fable of the bull and the frog with a vengeance? However that be, the simple truth is, that as neither his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, nor his Excellency the Count de Münster, could be spared from their respective high duties at Hanover and London, his Britannic Majesty did explain to his ducal nephew in what manner things had been ordered for his reception in the capital, somewhat to the following effect:—that the Count d'Alvensleben being, on account of his supreme office, the most fitting person, had been appointed to the task of remitting the government into the hands of the Duke, and for the division of the property of the Princes between them, with a hope that the

* The following is our monarch's letter to the duke his nephew, on this occasion:—

My dear Nephew,

The answer I have ordered my minister to write to the Prince Metternich, on the subject of the conversation which this enlightened statesman had with you, concerning the period at which I might resign to you the government of your hereditary dominions, will be a convincing proof that I never wished, for a moment, to continue the trust confided to me any longer than was consistent with the will of your late father, and the true spirit of the rules established in your branch of our family.

I have received, with the sincerest satisfaction, the assurance given by Prince Metternich of his having found you such, that I may venture to deliver into your own hands the welfare of those subjects which Providence has confided to your care. I have, therefore, determined even to accelerate the term which you had mentioned as the time about which you wished to begin your reign, and I have given the necessary directions that the exercise of your sovereign authority, in your own name, may begin on your next birth-day. I flatter myself, that the more you shall get acquainted with your own concerns, the more you will be convinced, how sincerely I have had at heart to promote your welfare and the happiness of your subjects.

I remain, most sincerely,

My dear Nephew, &c. &c.,

(Signed)

GEORGE R.

Carlton House,
29th April, 1823.

To my dearly beloved Nephew,
The Duke of Brunswick.

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selection would be grateful to his nephew, especially as the Count could afford the minutest explanations relative to the matters in charge—that a particular account of the late administration had been drawn up, and submitted to the Duke in the September previous to his attaining his majority—that the King prayed the Duke's inspection of this exposition, in order to see in what manner the constitution of the dukedom had been regulated in conformity with ancient and established usages, and the imperious demands of recent circumstances, in order to be convinced of the care and attention which had been uniformly bestowed on the administration of affairs, on the necessities of the state, and on the improvement of the then flourishing finances of the country. The necessary papers, reports, and documents, were duly delivered into the hands of the Duke; and their perusal must have fully manifested, even to his incredulous senses, the glaring affirmative of each of his Britannic Majesty's positions, in the communication just alluded to.

Another cause of complaint is, the establishment of a constitution in Brunswick; but the naked truth is, that the King of England only proposed such modifications as were indispensably necessary in consequence of the alterations effected in the reorganisation of the old Germanic empire. A '*Landschafts Ordnung*' (or an agreement between the prince and the people) actually took place in 1770; and the grandfather of the present duke confirmed it. Thus, then, the constitution was in full vigour, when Napoleon invaded the duchy in 1806. The following extract from p. 74 of the "*Réfutation*," will more fully explain the measures of his Britannic Majesty.

'Le Roi étoit obligé par l'article XIII. du Pacte fédéral de l'Allemagne de rétablir les Etats du pays: cette loi ne dit pas qu'un pays, pour avoir été bouleversé par la guerre, doit rester privé de ses institutions parce que son Prince est dans l'enfance, d'après l'acte complémentaire de la Fédération Germanique, art. 56; il est d'ailleurs statué que partout où il existe une constitution établie, il ne doit être fait de changemens que de la manière constitutionnelle. Le Roi ne put donc faire autre chose, que de proposer les changemens absolument nécessaires et urgens aux Etats, qui de leur côté, se sont montrés en cette occasion aussi raisonnables qu'éclairés.'—p. 74.

The charge respecting the pension of *nine hundred dollars* to M. de Linsenger, is sufficiently answered in the '*Réfutation*;' but the matter is so insignificant, and the charge itself so evidently springs from a captious spirit and bilious humour, that it is wholly unworthy of notice.

Another accusation against the King of England is, the regulation of the Ducal Theatre! but this is too contemptible for reply.

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As to the remaining charges of any consequence—respecting the Prussian military road through Brunswick, and the territorial enlargement acquired by Hanover, while the ducal dominions remained in their primitive insignificance—they are easily put aside; for the thirty-first article of the Act of the Congress of Vienna stipulates for these very roads; and is not the other a second attempt at an enactment of the bull and the frog? Larger states acquire possessions by that right of importance of which states of a smaller calibre are wholly destitute. Why did not the young Duke find fault with his Britannic Majesty for not claiming for him, on the plea of his equal right to become as formidable a power as his near neighbour, the King Frederick, the provinces of the Rhine and the Electorates, which were bestowed on Prussia? The matter carries absurdity on its very face. But, in adducing this charge, the Duke of Brunswick, like an ungrateful child, endeavours to wound the kind bosom which has nourished it. The Prince is absolutely indebted to the King of England for the enjoyment of his dukedom. When our gracious monarch joined the coalition of Germany for the reduction of the North of Europe, he stipulated for the entirety of, and guarantee for the dominions of Brunswick; and, for their acquisition, the co-operation of Prussia was especially obtained by the Treaty of the 14th June, 1813, between that power and Great Britain. The interference of our king came most opportunely for Brunswick, as it had been stipulated, in the Treaty of Kalisch,* that the whole of the North of Germany, with the exception of Hanover, should form part and parcel of the kingdom of Prussia, inasmuch as the petty sovereignties had been found very prejudicial to the interests of the greater powers. With this feeling strong on their minds, those greater powers were desirous of withholding the full measure of sovereignty from the non-mediatised princes of Germany; and, without fear of contradiction, we may say that their enjoyment of full and unqualified regal privileges is mainly attributable to the exertions of the King of Great Britain and Hanover.

We come now to the flight of Privy Councillor Schmidt-Phiseldeck, which, indeed, we have purposely reserved for the last point of consideration, as having been the bitter fountain of the whole dispute.

Notwithstanding all the exceptions, vituperations, maledictions, and monstrous accusations, which have been, at a subsequent date, levelled at the head of this unfortunate minister, it appears that the young Duke, immediately on his access-

* Gagern. Meinen Einfluss auf die Politik.

sion to the throne, though his eyes were as open then as they ever have been at any later period, so far from entertaining ideas of crimination or impeachment against the privy-councillor, actually committed the prime ministership, and the undivided, uncontrolled management of affairs, to that individual's keeping; for d'Alvensleben had acted on his resignation, and retired. The defenders of the Duke assert that this was purposely done by their employer, who, being at that moment actuated by the spirit of trickery and low cunning, affected the quiescent posture and heedlessness of a creature of the feline tribe, while that creature is in the act of watching the movements of its pigmy prey. Odd excuses have been, before this, made for the laziness of monarchs; but as we have heard it asserted that extremes meet, so, we may suppose, the dormant '*far niente*' position argues strongly for mental resolution and corporeal activity. One thing, however, the Duke's upholders have certainly forgotten, in their '*special pleading*' excuses—that, so far from remaining in his capital, the Duke was flying hither and thither on excursions of pleasure, lisping notes of endearment into the ears of amorous dames in the metropolis of England, and forcing distant acquaintanceship into ripened friendships with horse-jockies and dealers in cattle.

During his long sojourn in this country, he frequently saw, visited, and received the civilities of, the Count de Münster. If his manly bosom were rankling with the wounds of wrong and ill-usage inflicted on his unripe youth, mainly through the instrumentality of that nobleman, do not his silence of those wrongs, his assumed thankfulness, and the bland smiles of his lips, argue a degree of double-facedness and hypocrisy—the more shocking because in so young a man? And is not the open avowal, by implication, of such contortion and obliquity of moral sense and feeling, disgraceful in the extreme to any man, and the more so to a prince, who has the charge of subjects entrusted to him; inasmuch as, in this absence of shame and honourable motive, there is every likelihood of his committing evils, crimes, and even impieties—spurning under his feet the feeble obligation of laws, and thus acting in the full daring of uncontrolled licentiousness? If this be not so, the only alternative left for choice is, that a sudden light of consciousness from heaven burst on his obscured vision in one instant; or, in the absence of supernatural agency, that he has been moved to his later actions by the sudden impulse of obstinate and overbearing passion. This might have been forgiven, had its influence been momentary; but, as it has lasted long, and raged, and still rages, in unabated phrenzy, we must naturally

naturally suppose that the heart of the man is made up of malignity ; and, if this be the case, woe to that people who are subjects of such a prince ! However that be, certain it is that the accusations against the King of England, the Count de Münster, the Minister Schmidt-Phiseldeck, and the parties concerned on their behalf, being thus traced up to their own proper and impure source, those accusations naturally fall to the ground, and can be viewed in no other light than as frivolous and vexatious.

The Count d'Alvensleben, as well as Schmidt-Phiseldeck, had been long of opinion that service under the young Duke was impossible. The former had acted on that conviction, and had, as we have already said, retired. The second, however, being held by a stronger tie—that of gratitude towards the Count de Münster and the King of England,—and anxious for the preservation of the state which he had for so considerable a period and so efficiently husbanded, determined to overcome his prejudices and forget his unpleasant situation, and to remain at the helm of affairs, so long as he could do so consistently with honour. But the Duke, influenced by evil counsellors, began to revert to the subject of his prolonged minority with feelings of anger and wounded pride. Of this, Schmidt-Phiseldeck became sensible ; and being also aware that he was losing the confidence of the sovereign, his further administration of the affairs of Brunswick became impossible. He therefore requested from the King of England the fulfilment of his promise, and from the Duke of Brunswick his signed dismissal from office. The former monarch at once gave to the Minister his recognition of that promise, while the latter desired him to draw out his own article of resignation, which he would duly and formally verify. Shortly after, the Minister was desired by his master to remit all affairs to the hands of a member of Council. This was done ; but hearing nothing more about his leave of dismissal, he again ventured to mention the subject. Then it was that mistrust and anger seized the mind of the Duke, who, instead of complying with the terms of his pledge, reduced the appointments of M. Schmidt-Phiseldeck to two-fifths of their usual amount. This was Star-Chamber practice, in the full sense of the word ! but it was not all ; for he was informed that he must first give an account of his administration. To this the ex-minister submitted patiently ; and *six months* were suffered to elapse without the Duke being able to discover any grounds, even the least plausible, for articles of impeachment. He had, however, applied to the Hanoverian Government to renounce the intended services of Schmidt-Phiseldeck ; but this application proving ineffectual,
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fuel was again added to the burning choler of the extravagant Potentate. His conduct, indeed, seemed to be so actuated by caprice, spleen, and hatred, and became so scandalous, as to draw upon his person the remonstrance of the Emperor of Austria; but this measure served only yet further to increase the fury of the young autocrat. At this juncture, the Privy Councillor, who was held in general estimation, was warned, by friends who had a knowledge of the Duke's temper and hot-headed humours, to consult his safety by flight. The Duke's designs, indeed, upon the personal liberty of his late Minister, had assumed too manifest a form to be misconceived; and that Minister accordingly fled from the territories of one who had been his master—one, however, who had returned with tyranny and ingratitude those notorious and essential services which, for a series of years, he had experienced at the hands of a too faithful servant.

Immediately on Schmidt-Phiseldeck's departure, a commission of inquiry was instituted against him at Brunswick, and an officer was despatched to Hanover to summon the so-termed delinquent. At the head of this body was to be found the *independent and virtuous* Hurlebüsch—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—of whom we have already made a slight, though honourable, mention. Under this Judge Jefferies of German jurists, the late minister could only hope for the smallest dole of mercy; but the man was balked of his innocent prey, as the minister had firmly fixed himself in the Hanoverian metropolis, where he laughed to scorn the fulminated threats of the ducal satellites. The sole remaining measure of vengeance for the exasperated potentate was of really too contemptible a nature for the notice of so exalted an individual; and the consequence was, that it recoiled in general shouts of laughter on his own august person. The Duke advertised Schmidt-Phiseldeck in the *Hue and Cry* of Brunswick, or, in other words, he published, in the public prints, a *warrant for the apprehension of the runaway*, as though he were a fugitive convict of the blackest character. A requisition was also circulated in every direction, charging any officer of justice to take the ex-minister into custody, and a description of his person was appended to that wise document. This, as our readers may imagine, is well enough towards a felon,—but ridiculous towards any man with a known domicile; besides that Schmidt-Phiseldeck was, even by his bitterest enemies, charged upon *public* grounds;—his private worth and character remaining unimpeached—so that the measure becomes comically extravagant. The servants of Brunswick were insolent enough to demand the insertion of the warrant in

the public journals of Hanover; but we need scarcely say, they were disappointed. Equal disappointment awaited them at Cassel, Hamburg, and elsewhere. The document slipped, by sheer inadvertence, into one of the Berlin papers; but the momentary gratification thus afforded to the duke was changed into gall and bitterness, by M. Schuckmann, the Minister of Police, publishing in the official Gazette a formal disavowal of the ducal warrant; and that disavowal prohibited any further publications against M. de Schmidt-Phiseldeck, '*as he was known at Berlin for a most respectable individual.*'*

The act of Germanic Confederation † recognises the power of individuals to pass from one state to another, and under other sovereigns to take up new employments, either civil or military. Were it not for this privilege, many men of noted talent would, in the petty principalities, have little scope for the free exercise of their abilities—in honourable emulation for ultimate distinction. Things would in such a condition stagnate, as the impulsive force of intellect must be neutralized; while the principalities themselves would become so many close prisons for men worthy of a happier destination. This liberty among German subjects is so notorious as to have forced the flatterers and satellites of the Duke of Brunswick to shift their point of attack. They, therefore, asserted, that a prime minister could not change masters, as he might be induced to the betrayal of state secrets—the state secrets of Brunswick! This is, indeed, for the mountain to be in labour! The mountain groans and belches, and makes a clatter so tremendous as to frighten the whole country, and out creeps a paltry mouse! Of such a character are the state secrets of his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick! But even allowing some force to this really insignificant argument,—let our readers see how easily it is put aside. The King of Great Britain was, in his character of Guardian and Governor of Brunswick, already in the fullest possession of every state secret of Brunswick; for, the minister, Schmidt-Phiseldeck, had been the actual servant of the king for the space of *eight years and a half*,—while his service, *under the Prince of Brunswick is to be computed only from the end of the year 1823!*

The examination of this matter has led us to a length far beyond what we had intended, and we must conclude,—although we might easily enlarge our present observations by the addition of some other points well worthy of notice. The Duke of Brunswick is, in a word, treading on burning ashes, and unless

* Gazette of Berlin, 7th May, 1827, No. 106.

† Art. XVIII.

he take care, the termination of this affair will be prejudicial to himself alone, and that most deeply. That prince continues without abatement in his outrageous conduct, which must, at last, be formally brought before the diet at Frankfort. He is ripping open those very causes of complaint which the greater powers in Germany once entertained against the lesser princes of the empire, and to remedy which those greater powers then seriously thought of destroying the smaller sovereignties. The policy of this measure will, mainly through the folly of the Duke of Brunswick, be once again thrust into the notice of those higher and ruling monarchs. Should a reconstruction of the federative alliance be again a matter of necessity—and it too surely will be so—in the course of the first general European war,—the minor principalities of Germany will be erased like so many cyphers from the account, and the degradation of the *de-sovereignized* princes will be attributed to the rash and improvident conduct of his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick!

ART. VIII.—*Histoire de la Révolution D'Angleterre depuis L'avènement de Charles I. Jusqu'à la Restauration de Charles II.* Par M. Guizot. t. i. Paris, 1826, t. ii. Paris, 1827.

IN the various departments of literature, scarcely is there one more likely to secure for an author the immortality which genius aspires to, than well-executed history. Yet is there no one less calculated to obtain for him immediate popularity. Confounded with the chronologer, whose business is merely to detail facts as he accidentally finds them in the works from which he does little more than translate, his merits are apt to be overlooked or underrated. In the genuine historian is required the rarest combination of industry, judgment, and varied talent. Every fact sifted, traced in its ramifications and consequences, the narrative must not only be unique, but must glow with the warmth and interest of fiction. Characters delineated with a bold, accurate, and steady hand, must be presented in all the variety of light and shade which the virtuous and depraved alike never fail to exhibit. Motives deduced must be succinctly stated. Speeches and arguments, abridged, must yet be given with the fire and concentrated force requisite to strike the reader and operate upon him with electrifying effect. For the successful accomplishment of such a work, then, are demanded eloquence, taste, and skilful narrative, united to unceasing industry and patient

patient investigation. But these are not the only essentials. History is the page where ought to be read a lesson at once moral and political. That, however, it may answer an end so important, the author must, to his other qualifications, add an intimate acquaintance with the human heart—a knowledge of the advantages or disadvantages of peculiar political institutions, and of the causes of the comparative wealth or poverty of nations—a perspicacious judgment—and uniform impartiality. Qualities so rare have seldom been combined in the same individual; and where they did exist, there would be small chance of their earning, except from posterity, the meed of fame—‘that last infirmity of noble minds’—which their possessor would regard as the genuine reward for his years of toil. Prejudices to be combated—party-spirit disregarded—the author would find himself without support. The patient labour, in investigating these minute circumstances, which the vulgar are apt to overlook, but which in reality is of the utmost importance towards illustrating the springs of action, far from being prized, would be regarded as a proof of want of talent. When men and things are presented in genuine, not fanciful colours; the reader, finding himself at home, is unaware of the stretch and vigour of intellect by which the author had been enabled to attain his object, of weaving, from heterogeneous materials, a consistent whole, bearing the impress of his own mind. A light narrative, on the contrary, interspersed with a few bright tints and occasional observations, which, far from being ascribed to the writer’s own imperfect conceptions, are frequently mistaken for depth and penetration, would catch a reading public, and gain temporary applause. What, however, occurs in the case of paintings will commonly happen in that of literature. The pieces that first attract the eye, pall on the taste, while others, the excellencies of which—correctness and harmonious colouring—had passed unnoticed on a rapid survey, by degrees rivet attention, glow more and more at every glance, till at length their merits are fully comprehended and acknowledged. In literary composition, fictitious or historical, pictures drawn from nature, in like manner, though at first neglected, silently advance in the public estimation, and ultimately attain their place in the settled opinion of mankind. If, however, lasting fame, not temporary celebrity, be the object for which the real historian ought to be ambitious; and if the qualities to insure it be such as we have supposed, whether they are to be found in the work before us, remains now to be inquired.

To ascertain the springs of action—to elucidate motives, and vividly and correctly depict feelings, and to trace events through their

their various ramifications to their causes, an intimate acquaintance with the constitution and relations of society in the country of which the history is undertaken, is indispensable. So different, however, are the institutions of England from those of the continent, that rarely has any foreigner ever succeeded in forming a clear and adequate conception of their relative bearings. Following some author, or adopting the language of the natives on a particular point, he may so express himself as occasionally to impose on his national readers or hearers.—Venturing to give scope to his language and the development of his ideas, his misconceptions become suddenly manifest. In ordinary cases, ignorance of such matters is of little importance—to the right understanding of history it is fatal. In a writer of fiction, whose object is solely to amuse, errors respecting the distinctions of rank are venial; since, however he may have failed to present a picture that a native would recognise as genuine, he may yet have to the life portrayed man as nature has formed him—he may have laid open, and exposed to view, the recesses of the human heart, which institutions and customs may disguise, but which they cannot change in the main qualities. In the historian, who would trace events, dive into the motives of leading individuals, and exhibit their conduct in correct shades and true colours, a familiarity with the institutions, which necessarily influence their conduct, is essential, and ignorance is scarcely pardonable. Could we yet suppose the author to have never adverted to the distinction, and, judging of other countries by his own, to have been unconsciously betrayed into misapprehension, some palliating excuse might be alleged: but when he himself announces his consciousness of the difference, there is little room for lenity in contemplating his errors. Once on the road, he might have been expected to follow up the investigation, and never remit his labour or deviate from his course until he arrived at a perfect knowledge of the subject. Different, however, is it with Monsieur Guizot. Having told us that—*‘le peuple n’était pas en Angleterre, comme sur le continent, une coalition mal unie de bourgeois et de paysans lentement affranchis et courbés encore sous le poids de leur ancienne servitude: dans les communes Anglaises avaient pris place, dès le quatorzième siècle, la portion la plus nombreuse de l’aristocratie féodale,’** &c. He has never been able to divest himself of the habit of viewing English institutions and state of society through the medium of those he was used to on the continent. Eager to display his fancied skill in painting, he could not sub-

* Tom. i., p. 9, and p. 86, note.

mit to the drudgery of such a slight inquiry as would have made him master of his subject—the idea of for a moment dropping his pen till assured of the ground he trod on, was too dreadful to be seriously contemplated, far less patiently endured.

Ignorant that, in England, the peers alone are noble—their eldest sons even, though bearing, in certain cases, conformably to their respective ranks, honorary titles, being merely commoners in the eye of the law—he has made mention of various noble orders. Nor did he mean, by his terms, to denote the degrees of duke, marquis, and the like, since not only does he style the nobles ‘*les barons*,’ but, in one place, translates the word *seigneur* by that of lord:—‘*Un nommé Grenville fut condamné à 4,000 liv. st. (100,000 fr.) d’amende et autant de dommages-intérêts au profit de Lord Suffolk pour avoir dit de ce dernier que c’était un plat seigneur (a base lord).*’* If then the whole peerage be comprehended under his designation of ‘*la haute noblesse*,’ of ‘*les grands seigneurs*,’ and of ‘*les barons*,’ whom does he understand as ‘*la moyenne noblesse*,’ ‘*la petite noblesse*,’ ‘*la noblesse de province*,’ ‘*la noblesse de campagne*?’ Imagining, at first—for we could not really conceive such gross ignorance in an author who had gravely undertaken to compose a history of the most momentous events on record—that, by these appellations, he purposed to denote the different degrees merely, according to fortune and family influence, of the great feudal commoners, we were inclined to censure him for his terms, not to charge him with misconception. To this we were the more disposed from knowing that, in the Scotch acts of parliament, great commoners are designated noble: ‘*Every nobleman, sike as earle, lorde, knight, and baronne*,’ &c.† The terms seemed, too, the more pardonable, from knighthood being, in most continental countries, a badge of nobility, and not conferred but on members of the privileged classes. Much, however, as we were inclined to judge favourably, we found it impossible, on proceeding, to screen M. Guizot from the imputation of sheer ignorance. Not only are the great untitled commoners manifestly not comprehended under any of the fancied orders, but not even knights and baronets. Among the great commoners of his day was particularly distinguished Sir Thomas Wentworth, Baronet, afterwards Earl of Strafford. Descended from a high and ancient line of ancestors, he, of all in Yorkshire—a

* Tom. i. p. 86, note.

† Act, James V. Sext. Parl. 87.

The word ‘*baron*,’ denoting a landed proprietor who holds of the crown, gave rise to a very ludicrous mistake, by Horace Walpole, (*Cat. of Roy. and Nob. Auth.*) Speaking of the first Lord Stair, he says, that he was the seventh baron and first viscount of the name.

county,

county, be it remembered, equal in extent, wealth, and population, to three ordinary ones—enjoyed the largest inheritance, with corresponding family influence; and, equally by his introduction at court, at the age of seventeen, when he was knighted, and by having represented the shire, even during his father's life, he proved his claim to the elevated sphere in which he moved. At a time when the peerage contained scarcely the number of eighty, of whom nearly forty had been created by James,—he was, at the early age of eighteen, married to Lady Margaret Clifford, eldest daughter of the Earl of Cumberland; and she dying, he was afterwards united to Lady Arabella Hollis, daughter of the Earl of Clare. If, then, any commoner could be presumed to be included in any of the noble orders alluded to, he certainly merited the distinction. Far, however, from designating him a noble, our author styles him, 'un gentilhomme de province;' and, as if he had belonged to an uncultivated order of society, he thus talks of him:—'Déjà, à la première apparition de Strafford à Whitehall, un sourire moqueur avait accueilli l'élévation subite et les manières un peu rudes d'un gentilhomme de province, connu surtout par son opposition dans le parlement.'* Much as an Englishman may wonder at a person in Sir Thomas Wentworth's station, as well as with his fortune and family connexions, being believed rude in his manners, it was yet very natural in an author, who placed this great titled commoner not only below the peers, but below four other orders of nobility, to entertain such an idea of the inferior orders of nobility; for he seems not to have estimated very highly even the principal:—'Plus loin de la cour, parmi les hommes d'une condition moins élégante ou d'un esprit moins cultivé, les sentimens étaient plus âpres et les idées plus étroites, mais plus arrêtées. Là les opinions se liaient aux intérêts, les passions aux opinions. Dans la moyenne et la petite noblesse, c'était surtout contre la tyrannie politique que se soulevait le courroux.'† But if not merely the country, the provincial, the small, but even the middle nobility could be styled, in comparison with the court,—'d'une condition moins élégante ou d'un esprit moins cultivé,' it was a necessary consequence that a simple gentleman, who, how great soever his inheritance and family connexion, was yet inferior to all these orders, should be supposed somewhat rude in his manners. No idea, however, could be more unfounded, the individual in question combining, with real mental endowments, the lighter graces. That we may still further illustrate the extent of the author's misconception, we again advert to the state of

* Tom. i. p. 72.

† Tom. i. p. 162.

the peerage. At the opening of the Long Parliament, the number of temporal peers seems to have been only one hundred and twenty-four. Of these, thirty-eight had owed their creation to James, and forty-four to Charles. Of the seventy-two, thus elevated to the peerage by the House of Stuart, it may be doubted whether, with the exception of two or three eldest sons of peers made barons, there was one, in point of birth, family connexion, or accomplishments, superior to Sir Thomas Wentworth.

Already have we remarked that, by translating expressions, foreigners occasionally deceive the English into a belief of their perfect acquaintance with the institutions and state of society in this country; but that ceasing to translate, they rarely fail to betray their ignorance. M. Guizot, in like manner, frequently adopts expressions, and, in the course of his narrative, makes statements calculated to throw some doubt on the correctness of our charge of misconception. In one place he says—'*La noblesse même se divisa; à la proposition de lever une garde, plus de cinquante gentilshommes répondirent par un refus signé de leurs noms; à leur tête s'inscrit Sir Thomas Fairfax.*'* Here one would be apt to conclude that, under the title of 'noblesse,' he meant to comprehend the great gentry. In another place he says, '*Les lords et une foule de gentilshommes accoururent à York comme à une fête;*'† whence might be inferred that, perfectly aware of the grand distinction between lords and gentlemen, of whom the first alone are noble, he had made use of the terms alluded to with the view solely of accommodating himself to the prejudice and habits of thinking of his countrymen. That he really, all the time, laboured under a gross delusion; and, while he seemed, by his expressions, to comprehend his subject, was like a person, who, born blind, should talk learnedly of colours, but when asked to explain himself more fully, would, in the style of Locke's blind man, define scarlet as resembling the sound of a trumpet, the following, among other passages, will suffice to establish—'*Ce fut surtout parmi les simples gentilshommes, les francs-tenanciers, les bourgeois, le peuple, que se répandit ce besoin d'examen et de résistance en matière de gouvernement comme de dogme, car c'était là que la réforme religieuse, fermentait et voulait avancer. Moins préoccupées de leurs croyances, la cour et une partie de la moyenne noblesse s'étaient contentées des innovations,*' &c.‡ That, however, 'la moyenne noblesse' did not constitute part of the peerage, but were counted by M. Guizot 'parmi les hommes d'une

* Tom. i. p. 280.

† Tom. i. p. 134.

‡ Tom. i. p. 16.

condition

condition moins élégante ou d'un esprit moins cultivé,'—has already been seen. It is too apparent, then, that M. Guizot has egregiously erred, not in expressions only, but in conception; and his glaring faults, in the respects specified, cannot be palliated even by his warmest supporters. But, as he everywhere pretends to depict the effect produced by events on the different orders of society, which were naturally influenced by their relative situation and circumstances, it is evident that ignorance of the constitution of that society could not fail to deprive his descriptions of every characteristic necessarily expected in genuine history. They are not, however, even consistent. Had he been entirely ignorant, and surveyed English through the medium of continental institutions and manners, he might have presented a picture which, however incorrect, had not yet been in itself jarring and inharmonious. Acquainted with the subject, to the extent only of confounding his vision, his descriptions are ever violent and conflicting. Yet this is the author who accuses the native writers of never painting in correct colours!

Could we suppose M. Guizot to have erred solely in the adoption of improper terms, we could yet by no means exculpate him, the less, as in his work he shows himself not unused to those terms by which the native writers denote the different orders of gentry, conformably to fortune and influence. 'Dans les villes la haute bourgeoisie, dans les campagnes un assez grand nombre de petits gentilshommes et presque tous les franc-tenanciers,' &c.* Elsewhere he talks of 'simples gentilshommes'—'gentilshommes de comté,' and the like. But, if he were really master of the terms by which the classes are thus designated, why have recourse to others unheard of in, and inconsistent with the institutions of, the country? We again repeat, however, that he laboured under the grossest misconception on a point, to an historian, of vital importance.

From his occasionally mentioning 'la bourgeoisie,' in conjunction with the inferior orders of nobility—'De jour en jour la petite noblesse, la bourgeoisie, le peuple s'unissaient plus étroitement dans un même courroux'†—'Dans la noblesse de province, dans la bourgeoisie, des familles riches'‡—'La noblesse de campagne, et la haute bourgeoisie,'|| &c.—one would naturally conclude that he had formed some proper notion of, at least, the importance of the great English traders, and others of that description. A passage—'Les regards du bourgeois, de franc-tenancier, du paysan même; se portèrent bien

* Tom. i. p. 103.

† Tom. i. p. 35.

‡ Tom. i. p. 91.

|| Tom. i. p. 116.
audessus

audessus de sa condition'*.—satisfies us that his conception of these classes in England is similar to that of his countryman, M. le Comte de Montlosier, of manufacturers in general. The Comte thinks such people entitled to public good-will, so long as they move in the sphere of inferiority and modesty which belongs to them; but asks whether, if the fault be his, if laughter be irresistible when this or that manufacturer chooses to soar above his bobbins!

If, without a precise knowledge of the orders and classes of society, an approach to accuracy in describing the effects produced by an internal struggle be impossible, the work of M. Guizot, whose misconceptions are so extraordinary, cannot have the recommendation of correctness. We now proceed to try his pretensions as an historian on other grounds. That our examination may be fairly comprehended, we feel compelled to enter on a larger preliminary detail than we should have otherwise deemed consistent with our limits.

The fundamental principles of the English constitution can be traced to a remote period. During the height of the feudal system, however, its benefits were confined to a small portion of the community. Towns rising into importance, the power of the barons was subverted; and the circle of those to whom the grand franchises extended was gradually enlarged, till it finally embraced the great body of the people. As a defence against subordinate tyranny, ever most galling, the inferior classes naturally courted the support of the prince, whose power they were, for their own advantage and security, inclined to augment. With the downfall, accordingly, of the feudal system, the authority of the monarch was increased. Yet would it appear to have displayed itself rather in occasional stretches of power than in obtaining the sanction of legislative enactments, and consequently could not be expected to survive the cause from which it sprang. The aristocracy being no longer dreaded, the inferior orders would withdraw their weight from the scale of the throne, and unite with the higher ranks in repressing any undue exercise of prerogative. This necessary consequence, however, was for sometime deferred, owing to the Reformation, a circumstance which had the effect of deranging the natural progress of events.

A religion which, by numerous ceremonies, fills the imagination, is infinitely more calculated to bring mankind under the influence of the clergy, than one whose direct appeal is to the understanding and the heart. Requiring an exertion of the

* Tom. i. p. 17.

judgment, the latter has the effect of awakening the intellectual faculties, and teaching mankind to rely on their own reason, rather than on their spiritual monitors. Humbling the understanding, the former induces them to confide implicitly in the dispensers of the ceremonies which they have learned to regard as essentials of religion. That ecclesiastical polity, again, which, by the regular subordination of ranks, subjects all the clergy to one or two, or, at most, a few individuals—who may be gained by patronage—must, in the hands of a prince, be a more efficient engine of influence over the public mind than a church government of a popular form, owing its support to the people, who, electing the clergy, are necessarily regarded as their patrons. Though, in the dark ages, the Romish clergy had occasionally advanced pretensions hostile to the power of the monarch, catholicism was, in the main, more especially in the progress of civilisation, admirably suited to form a steady ally to the throne. It is not, therefore, wonderful that princes should have regarded it with partiality. Yet, calculated as was the Reformation to emancipate the reason and qualify mankind for the better enjoyment of civil liberty, the circumstances with which it was accompanied in England, had the tendency, at the outset, of prodigiously enlarging the power of the monarch.

How much soever the great body of the people might be actuated by religious zeal, the plunder of the church formed the chief motive with the aristocracy; who, to secure their object, were willing to promote the views of the prince. The extent of that property, with the dread of revocation, was one leading cause of the higher classes affording the monarch parliamentary support in all his projects. But this was not the only source of his additional power;—the kingdom rent, by the spirit of reform, into two grand and irreconcilable parties, he was, by throwing his weight into either scale, enabled at all times to turn the balance. Aware that he wavered in his faith, and thinking that he might yet be recalled to his ancient creed, they of the old persuasion were cautious of provoking Henry into a more decided departure from that which he had renounced. Eagerly hailing the prospect of change, the leading adherents of the new doctrine were too conscious of the effect of disgusting the fickle prince to quarrel deeply with the half measures he pursued. Trembling for the unforeseen consequences of innovation, and perceiving that, while they complained of persecution against themselves, each sect thirsted for an opportunity of rooting out their opponents, of whatever description, as inimical to Heaven, wise men were disposed to aid in establishing any form

form of church polity by which they conceived that the dreaded evils might be counteracted. What was feared on principle, the horrible commotions, in Germany, accompanied with levelling, or anarchical doctrine, proceeding from an enslaved peasantry, maddened with oppression, and inflamed with religious enthusiasm, seemed to confirm in fact; and, apprehensive of the introduction of equalising principles, the higher classes, in general, were impelled, by regard to their own stations and property, to assist the prince in effecting such a moderate reform as might gain a party and arrest the progress of unsettled principles.

The horrors of Mary's reign—while they tended to promote the change they were designed to prevent—added to the persecutions on the continent, led those of the new creed at home, and even foreign reformed states, to esteem Elizabeth the bulwark of the protestant cause; and never was sovereign better qualified to take advantage of circumstances and gain the approbation of the people. Her long and auspicious reign, however, opened a new era to her successor. The gifts of the church property too long confirmed to be revoked, that source of influence and controul could no longer exist. Education had made a rapid advance, a new spirit of independence had been infused; and while the dread of catholic ascendancy, on the one hand, of equalising principles on the other, had greatly subsided, the aristocracy had become much more imbued with religious zeal, and aimed at further reformation. The ordinary revenue of the crown had, in the meantime, been greatly lessened, the expenditure much augmented, so that the prince was reduced to an unusual dependence on parliamentary supplies. A change in situation, and the exigencies of the times, therefore, seemed to demand from the monarch a strictly constitutional tone, with moderate civil and religious concessions. If, however, such had been required under ordinary circumstances, they were particularly from a prince who laboured under the prejudice which commonly exists against a foreigner. Unfortunately for his house, as well as the nation, James pursued a directly opposite course, advancing pretensions nearly as inconsistent with those of his predecessor, as with the principles of the constitution. Affecting a divine uncontrollable right to govern, he excited general contempt, which was heightened more particularly in a pious age by the glaring project to convert religion into an engine of state. The effect of a religion which by numerous ceremonies captivates the imagination, and, by a regular subordination of clergy, places the controul over the ecclesiastical body in the hands of a few, whom the prince may

may easily gain or influence; had not escaped the political sagacity of Elizabeth; and she endeavoured to maintain both. The consequences of a naked worship and popular form of church government, which he had witnessed in Scotland, induced James to pursue the same policy on higher ground; while a strong contrary current on the part of the nation, far from inspiring caution, influenced him with such passion for its accomplishment, as led him, by his proceedings, to rouse the very feeling he was desirous to suppress.

Exempted from the pedantic folly which characterised his father, Charles was yet too cold, formal, and haughty in his manners, to gain the hearts of his subjects. Regarding parliament so far valuable as it formed an instrument for drawing money from the people, but as otherwise to be deprecated, it was his principle never to summon it till he had a pretence for alleging that his necessities could brook no delay, and must consequently be the first object with that assembly. Were his wants, however, supplied, he pledged his royal word that time should be allowed for other business. Fully aware that, as his necessities alone had been the cause of his convening them, there was little hope of their being continued together after the purpose was served, that body were too prudent to comply. Parliament after parliament was consequently broken with. Assuming, at last, a system of government directly arbitrary, Charles endeavoured to sustain it by corresponding severities. Ecclesiastical tyranny being conducive to civil subjection, he aimed not merely to suppress the general spirit of inquiry and innovation in religious matters, but, by changes of his own, and the introduction of ceremonies similar to the Romish, attempted to prepare the public mind for subjection to the priesthood, if not for a reconciliation with the papal church itself, for which it would appear that overtures were listened to.

The religious innovations in Scotland, with the design of revoking the grants of church property, having roused a spirit of hostility among all ranks in that country, the famous Covenant was entered into; and the monarch having manifested a disposition to subdue by force all resistance to his arbitrary measures, the Scots had no alternative but to assume arms in self-defence. That they might have the advantage of experienced commanders, they recalled from the Continent such of their countrymen as had there acquired reputation. Amongst them was General Alexander Leslie, afterwards Earl of Leven, who had gained a high military character under Gustavus Adolphus. To crush the insurgents, Charles marched to Scotland, but was reduced to the necessity of concluding the pacification

uation of Berwick. The peace was of short duration, the parties having respectively disputed the meaning of the terms; and the king having himself, by the seizure of some of the Scottish shipping, commenced hostilities, the Scots, aware of the present disposition of the English people, and of the fact of a considerable army having been raised in Ireland for the purpose of overpowering them, determined no longer to stand on the defensive, but to march directly into England. An idea, however, so utterly insane as that of conquering the country, was never contemplated. The king had broken with another parliament, because they withheld supplies from him; and the invaders were well assured that the English made common cause with them against his arbitrary measures. They acted, accordingly, on the principle of being received by the people as friends, and being opposed by mercenary troops, only raised by the prince against the public voice; nor were they deceived relative to the real posture of English affairs.

The breach with the parliament had bereft the crown of all ordinary means of obtaining supplies; and extraordinary methods resorted to for raising money had encountered such opposition as to be evidently impracticable. Disaffection everywhere prevailed; a general array proved unsuccessful; and the troops, hastily drawn together, were so imbued with the prevalent spirit, and so absolutely undisciplined, that no reliance could be placed on them. The command had been conferred on the Earl of Northumberland, at once Captain-general and High Admiral; Strafford was appointed Lieutenant-general; and Lord Conway, who had been a soldier from his youth, general of the horse. Indisposition incapacitating Northumberland, and Strafford labouring himself under a severe and painful complaint, Conway was sent with a detachment to obstruct the entrance of the Scottish army.

It was the opinion of that officer that neither the number nor the discipline of the troops under him warranted his hazarding an engagement; and that prudence required his falling back on the main body, which might be expected to acquire daily more consistency. The impetuous temper of Strafford could not brook such cautious policy. Conway had long been deceived regarding the Scottish preparations; but Charles had himself obtained too accurate information on the subject to be misled by him; yet, strange as it is, when Conway's eyes were opened, Strafford turned a deaf ear to the representations of that nobleman relative to the preparations of the Scots, declaring it impossible that they could either embody a sufficient force, or would venture to cross the border. When the event did occur, he

he mildly censured Conway, and ordered him to fight at whatsoever risk, did the Scots attempt to cross the Tyne. Conway obeyed, when the result was, defeat at Newburn above Newcastle. The whole country up to York was in consequence laid open to the Scots, for Newcastle being unfortified, was obliged to surrender, and Strafford himself, who next day joined the army, perceived, from the state of the troops, that operations must be limited to the defensive.* The dread now was that the Scottish army would march even to the metropolis; and in proof of his entertaining the same idea, Strafford, with the view of obstructing them, issued a proclamation to destroy the milestones, carry off provisions, and drive all the cattle south. On the 1st of September, the third day after the battle, he thus writes in confidence to his friend Sir George Radcliffe. 'Pitty me, for never came any man to so lost businisse. The army unexercised, are unprovided of all necessarys. That parte which I bring with me from Durham the worst I ever saw. Our horse all cowardly, the country from Barwicke to Yorke in the power of the Scott; an universal affright in all; a generall disaffection to the King's service, none sensible of his dishonour. In one worde here alone to fight with all thes evils without any one to helpe. God of his goodnesse deliver me out of this the greatest evill of my life.†

Far from displaying the spirit of conquerors, which would have raised the people in that quarter and have led to their speedy expulsion from the country, the Scots conducted themselves with the utmost moderation. Declaring their object to be self-preservation, they maintained the strictest discipline, and paid for whatever they got, while their generals stole the hearts of the English. Their opponents, on the contrary, experienced the utmost difficulty in keeping their army together; which, they were sensible, they could not accomplish without money, and that they could not raise.‡

So early as the 2d of September the committee of the council at London assembled to consider the state of affairs,

* Lord Conway's relation in Hailes' Mem. during the reign of Charles I. p. 81, et seq. Also in Clar. State Papers, vol. ii. p. 99, et seq. Conway's Let. to Sec. Vane, 9th Sept. 1640. Hardw. State Papers, vol. ii. p. 171.

† Whitaker's Life of Sir Geo. Radcliffe, p. 203. N.B. This is the whole letter.

‡ Hard. State Papers, vol. ii. from p. 146 to p. 208. Sidney Papers, vol. ii. from p. 652 to p. 663. Rush. vol. iii. p. 223, et seq. Conway's Relation in Hailes' Mem. p. 81, et seq., and Clar. State Papers, vol. ii. p. 99, et seq. Baillie's Lett. vol. ii. p. 203, et seq. Clar. State Papers, vol. ii. pp. 89, et seq. Haytin's Life of Laud, p. 454. May, 64, et seq. Laud's Hist. of his Troubles, 83, et seq. Nelson's Col. vol. i. p. 376, et seq. Whitlocke, p. 35, et seq. Burnett's Hist. Clar. Press, vol. i. p. 49, et seq. Mem. of Hamilton, p. 178—180. Whitaker's Life of Radcliffe, pp. 208 and 214, et seq.

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when the only difference of opinion among them that would seem to have existed, was, whether to recommend a grand council of peers—which had not been convened for three hundred years—or a parliament. The majority inclined to the former,* and it was called. The cry, in the meantime, for a parliament was so loud and universal, that Charles perceived it could, under his circumstances, be no longer resisted; and satisfied that the council of peers would recommend that measure, he resolved to anticipate them by announcing, on its first meeting, that he had determined on summoning such an assembly. A treaty was soon entered into with the Scots which, we need not mention, was subsequently transferred to London.†

The high Tory party, including Clarendon, have invariably arraigned the whole proceedings. Affecting to regard the affair as a national disgrace, the noble historian inveighs in the bitterest terms against every measure pursued, and expresses his surprise that none of those concerned in the affair at Newburn, and the retreat, were ever brought to punishment. With a prejudice against the Scots, greater, and infinitely fiercer than that of Dr. Samuel Johnson himself, he asserts that they were better taught to pray and sing psalms than to use their arms; and that, ever liable to be beaten by inferior numbers of the English, they might have been easily driven out of the country; while that Charles ought to have resisted calling a parliament so long as the Scots continued in England, but promised to summon one immediately on their retreat or expulsion, and that, *flagrante bello*, he should have used every person's goods as common property, reserving to them a right of relief from the country; and that, had such a course been pursued, the Scots would have been forced to retreat and the whole after-consequences prevented. Either ignorant of the fact, or guilty of wilful misrepresentation, he ascribes the calling of the grand council of peers to the hasty advice of those immediately about the king, while Strafford was with the army; whereas the measure, as we have stated, recommended by the committee of the royal council in London, and Strafford never having been at any time further distant than Durham, his sentiments might have been easily ascertained. To impart to his views the colour of truth, he asserts that Strafford was for active proceedings, and was so confident of success, that, regardless of what had been done at

* Hardw. State Papers, vol. ii. p. 168, Memorial; Council and Committee, and Sec. Windebarke's letter to the king, 3d Sept. Clar. State Papers, vol. ii. p. 27, relative to the advices of the Committee of Council.

† Authorities cited above.

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the treaty—no cessation being agreed on—he, in order to obtain the king's consent to put the army in motion, sent a troop of English under the command of Major Smith, to beat up the enemy's quarters, when that single troop routed several troops of Scots; that Leslie made an outcry about it, alleging that he had forborne from similar attempts; and that the matter made the greater stir, Smith happening to be a papist.* Un fortunately for the inference, the story, though founded on fact, is in a very material circumstance directly disproved by a letter from Secretary Vane to Secretary Windbanke, dated from York within two days of the affair. The river Tees formed the boundary between the two armies; and conciliation being their object, the Scots kept within their limits. One troop, however, in spite of the severe discipline of their general, had passed the Tees with a view to plunder. Headed by Sir Alex. Douglas, major to Colonel Ramsay, who had, in the affair of Newburn, taken Sir John Digby prisoner, they had proceeded to plunder the house of a Mr. Purdsy, when Smith, who, though at the time only a lieutenant, commanded Sir John's troop of sixty horse, having surprised them, gave notice of the event. 'Captain John Digby, a son of the Earl of Bristol, with three or four troops, cut off their pass at Croftbrigg;' and the river, owing to recent rains, being unfordable, two of the men who attempted to swim were drowned; twenty-one that resisted were killed on the spot, and thirty-seven, with their officers and horses, taken prisoners. 'By this,' says Vane, at this period not less zealous against the Scots than even Strafford, 'you see we begin to recover our hearts and spirits.'† Vane's accounts would appear to have been exaggerated;‡ and so far was the affair from being regarded as indicative of ability to drive out the Scots, that, within six or seven days, Strafford declared himself to the grand council of peers in the royal presence, that it had been his advice not to put it to 'a day or to fight, but to wear them out by time; and that it had been 'imputed to him to be for fighting by reason, he said, to put spirit in the retiring soldiers, that he would fight, and only for that reason.'|| The minutes of council, with all the private

* Clar. Hist. ed. 1717, p. 144, et seq. They who compare his history with his collection of State Papers, will appreciate its accuracy.

† Hardw. State Papers, vol. ii. p. 183. The letter is dated from York, 20th of Sept., and the writer mentions that the affair had happened 'since my last,' which is dated the 18th of that month. The time is thus ascertained.

‡ Hardw. State Papers, vol. ii. p. 211. Minutes of the Grand Council.

|| It does not appear to have been once alluded to in the Council of Peers, nor in the future correspondence; and see the Scottish account of it in Spalding's Mem. vol. i. p. 266. Edit. by Bannatyne Club.

correspondence, prove his apprehension to have been that the English army would desert for want of pay, and that he had every reason to dread a general revolt. The minutes—which were taken by Sir J. Borough—are, indeed, admitted to be very incorrect and frequently obscure; but, in every material point, as against the idea of fighting, they are fully and even more than confirmed by other authorities—amongst which is a confidential letter, under Strafford's own hand, to his special friend Sir George Radcliffe. According to the minutes, when at one meeting the question under debate related to a safe conduct for the Scottish commissioners, and the demands of the Scots would appear to have been deemed too high, the Earl of Essex, on Charles asking the advice of the council, said, 'they' (the lords) knew not the state of the army, and therefore can give no advice.' The Earl of Bristol, having particularly put it to Strafford whether, on his own knowledge and that of the rest of the officers, he conceived the army, in the event of a breach of the treaty, in a posture to oppose the Scots, there does appear something like boasting in the reply of the latter, as to the English force being equal, if not superior to the invaders. Yet he at the same time declared that he could give no assurance of success should an engagement ensue. While the last part of the statement is confirmed by the letter above alluded to from Strafford himself, it may, from other circumstances as well as passages in those minutes, be doubted whether, as they are admittedly correct in some instances, they do not represent the first in a point of view which Strafford did not intend. Even, in course of a few days afterwards, he himself, on a demand of subsistence money being made by the Scots, stated that an army of sixty thousand men could not remove them that winter. The king himself, too, at one meeting, after having observed that none of the lords would advise to give a penny if the Scots could be removed by force, said that 'nothing could be undertaken as to warrant success.' On other occasions, when it was remarked in council that the king had a hundred to one at stake, since the whole province of York might by a blow be lost, Strafford confessed that fighting alone could hinder the Scots from advancing to York; but alleged that the city itself might be preserved. He, at an after day, admitted that the English force was not able to encounter the gross of the Scottish, 'but against small parties says they are able, but he could not answer for the success.' In the reasons assigned by the lords-commissioners for counselling his Majesty to ratify the treaty, all this is more than confirmed. Strafford had, according to it, declared in the great council, that it was not possible to keep the counties of Cumberland

land and Westmoreland out of the power of the Scots whenever they should endeavour to take them in ; and as for Newcastle, it could not be recovered that winter by an army of one hundred thousand men ; that but for the difficulties of marching in winter they could not be prevented from passing south, the Tees being in many places fordable by forty horse abreast, and giving them battle, being the only means of stopping their advance to York ; and that, in the posture of the army—which, though in number considerable, could not, from want of discipline, be relied on—he would not advise to hazard an engagement.

The evidence, then, seems complete. Yet, partly following Clarendon, partly some inferior authority he does not choose to quote, M. Guizot, after stating that, at the name of a parliament, ‘ Charles, saisi de crainte, imagina, on ne sait par quel avis ’—it was, as we have seen, by the advice of the royal council in London—‘ de convoquer à York le grand conseil des pairs du royaume, assemblée féodale depuis quatre siècles tombée en désuétude, mais qui jadis, au temps de la faiblesse des communes, avait souvent partagé seule le pouvoir souverain *—proceeds thus—‘ Au milieu de ces incertitudes, Strafford, pour satisfaire son ressentiment autant que pour justifier ses avis, avait attaqué les Ecossais et remporté sur eux quelque avantage ; il fut blâmé comme ayant compromis le roi, et reçut l’ordre de se renfermer dans ses quartiers.’† He had previously quoted from a pretended letter from Strafford to Laud :—‘ Que le roi dise un mot, et je ferai sortir d’ici les Ecossais plus vite qu’ils n’y sont entrés ; j’en réponds sur ma tête ; mais il faudrait que l’avis vint d’un autre que de moi.’‡ Now, we apprehend that the only original authority for the supposed letter is Heylin’s in his life of Laud.§ Not only, however, are neither the date nor the occasion of the letter mentioned, but the whole is so expressed as to render it difficult to ascertain what the author means as its contents, or what as his own statement. Its purport seems to be that, though Strafford could not himself recommend the measure, yet, had any of the lords advised the king to try his fortune in a battle, ‘ he doubted not of sending them (the Scots) in more haste back than they came.’ That this is directly opposite to his own averments to the council is indisputable ; but how could the lords, who, as observed by Essex, ‘ knew not the state of the army, and therefore could give no advice,’ recommend a measure which the general, who ought to have known the state of the army, and to have been, by consequence, able to give advice,

* Tom. i. p. 152.

† p. 153.

‡ p. 151.

§ Those who desire to see how one work improves upon another, may compare Heylin’s statement with that of his successor *Mason*, vol. ii. p. 5.

had so represented the hazard or impracticability of—a representation, let it be remembered, that the king had fully concurred in? As Laud could not be ignorant of what passed at the grand council, it does appear unaccountable that Strafford should have written to him in terms so contrary to the truth. When, too, it is considered that there existed at the time betwixt them a mutual jealousy, it is not probable that either would confide in the other. The style, besides, unlike that of Strafford, resembling that of Heylin—on whose authority its genuineness depends, and who neither quotes the words nor specifies the date of the letter, nor yet pretends that he had seen it, and erroneously represents the two as on good terms and in the height of confidence, this being one of Strafford's letters to Laud at the period—its authenticity may be doubted, the more as Heylin is not remarkable for his veracity. Could we, however, suppose such a letter to have been really written, it must have been from the politic motive of being exhibited, in order to facilitate the raising of money, not for the purpose of imposing on the prelate to whom it was addressed; unacquainted with the minutes of council, or unreflecting, M. Guizot has, without comment, adopted the statement. On the reported advantage over the Scots, he has the following note:—'MM. Lingard (*Hist. of Engl. t. x. p. 95, note—94*) et Brodie (*Hist. of British Empire, &c., t. ii. p. 539*) nient ce fait, d'après des inductions tirées de documens officiels et contemporains; mais leurs raisons ne me paraissent pas suffisantes pour faire rejeter le témoignage de Clarendon, dont le récit est formel, circonstancié, et qui n'avait à ce sujet aucun motif d'altérer la vérité.*' Has the gentleman ever read the performance he quotes? If so, it is strange that he did not perceive what slight reliance is to be placed on the statements it contains. He would himself seem to admit that Clarendon's account of matters is not always to be received; but that on this point he had no motive for misrepresentation. The whole train of misfortunes, however, with which he and the country were overwhelmed, being ascribed to the bad counsel above alluded to, our readers will be inclined to admit that, if a departure from the truth can at any time be charged against him, and if the whole be supposed to depend on the motive, he may be presumed guilty, more especially when his rancorous hatred of the Scots is remembered. Not, besides, an eye-witness himself, nor even near the scene of action, he must have drawn his information from some individual present, or some documents furnished by others. What testimony, however, can be deemed

* Tom. i. p. 153.

equal to that of Strafford himself, or of official persons, as Secretary Vane for instance, who, in a confidential letter to a friend, could have no motive 'd'altérer la vérité?' Had, too, this writer looked into Vane's letter, he would have perceived that it is far more circumstantial than the relation of Clarendon—a point on which he seems to rely. The truth manifestly is, that M. Guizot has applied to no original sources of information, but quoted at second-hand,—a charge which will be afterwards substantiated.

We may be thought to have dwelt too long on a point of apparently minor importance. Upon the truth of Clarendon's statements, however, must his veracity as an historian depend. The proceedings adopted in this instance determined, in an important degree, all the momentous events which followed. Without rightly comprehending the circumstances which influenced or governed parties at that time, we should be unqualified to arrive at a right understanding of subsequent transactions. We proceed to still more important matter—matter which decides the character of Charles, as it must that of the proceedings of the two houses of parliament, but which has been so little comprehended, and so grossly misrepresented, that it was reserved for Mr. Brodie to develop it; though even he, when he comes to revise his work, will see the necessity of placing it in a still more prominent point of view.

Both armies lay in the heart of the kingdom—both were supported at the national expense, by supplies voted in parliament. That necessity alone—the condition of the troops rendering it unadvisable to fight—that necessity alone had induced Charles to summon that assembly, his proceedings quickly manifested.

The disaffection and want of discipline which had, previous to the treaty with the Scots, rendered the troops unworthy of confidence, began to be cured by their continuing a considerable period embodied under zealous officers. Embarrassed and chagrined by the proceedings of parliament, calculated at once to repress an undue exercise of prerogative, to restrain arbitrary power, and bring its guilty instruments to merited punishment, Charles, whom a sense of danger alone had constrained to convene that body, now sensible that his troops, from habits of discipline, were gradually losing the habits and forgetting the feelings of the citizen in those of the soldier, turned to the army, as alone capable of bringing him out of a situation from which he was willing, at great hazard, to be rescued. The military once in possession of the capital, supplies would be easily extorted from parliament; while the Scots, did they not remain neutral, would either be starved into submission, or,
subsisting

subsisting by plunder, would raise against them a general spirit of hostility, that would facilitate the embodying of new forces, for which their continuing in the country would afford a pretext. Of the design contemplated, a circumstance occurred that promised the accomplishment. A sum of 50,000*l.* had been ordered to be paid to the royal army out of the first money that could be raised, 60,000*l.* having been expected in loan from the city. The 50,000*l.* so paid, 25,000*l.* were next to be allotted to the Scots. A strong memorial from the latter, led so far to an inversion of the order—the 25,000*l.* to the Scots being voted to be paid out of the money first raised.* When the paper from the latter was under consideration, Commissary Wilmot, son of Lord Wilmot, and one of the conspirators, said that if such papers procured money, he doubted not the officers of the English army might easily do the like.† The measure was soon resorted to. A letter from the officers of the English army, addressed to the Lord-General, as he was styled (Northumberland), to be presented to parliament, and laid before the House of Lords on the 22nd of March.‡ The date is material; but not having been favourably received, the circumstance of the reception was, at future meetings, greatly exaggerated, and laid hold of to augment the flame; it being alleged that Lord Newport in particular had remarked, that they who had sent the letter had forfeited their heads; but represented, on the other hand, that the king had commiserated their case, and had declared that, would they but be faithful to him, he would rather pawn his jewels than that they should be unpaid.§ Of the discontent thus excited, advantage was taken to prepare the army for seconding the royal designs.

Of the principal officers of the army, some were courtiers of rank,—some, likewise, members of parliament. To these did both Charles and his consort apply, and they soon found them apt for the purpose. A conspiracy, in which the individuals engaged bound themselves by an oath of secrecy, was entered into, having for its object to bring up the army to the metropolis, for the purpose of overawing the parliament and seizing the Tower, that they might at once command the city and faci-

* The Memorial from the Scots was first announced to the Commons on the 3rd of March, 1641, and was under consideration on the 4th, 5th, and 6th, when the order for the payment of the money was made.—*Journals of the Commons*, vol. i., pp. 96, 97. It was laid before the House of Lords on the 5th.—*Journals of that House for that and succeeding days*, vol. ix., pp. 176, 177.

† Percy's Letter.—Husband's exact Collection of all Remonstrances, &c., published in 1643, p. 217, et seq. The Letter is to be found in Rushworth.

‡ *Journals of Lords*, vol. iv., p. 194.

§ Captain Chudleigh's Examination, Husband's Collection, p. 220.

hasten the escape of Strafford, who lay there under impeachment; and for fortifying Portsmouth, whither the queen meant to retire in the event of any disturbance. The risk of the English army being followed south by the Scottish, presented a difficulty; but it was hoped that, through the intrigues of Montrose and his associates, added to great promises to favour the Scots at the expense of the sister kingdom, that army might be rendered neutral. A thousand horse were, in the mean time, expected to be raised at the cost of the clergy; more were embodied under pretext of being destined for the Portuguese service; while money was sent by the queen, who declared her readiness to pawn her jewels for raising funds to be employed in defraying the expense of fortifying Portsmouth, then under the command of Colonel Goring, son of Lord Goring. Aid from France was also looked for. On its march south, the army was to be met, as commander, with the title of Lord General, by the Earl of Newcastle, accompanied by the prince, whose presence it was anticipated would afford great countenance to the measure; and a powerful party of the gentry was expected to join them. That he might connive at the escape of Strafford from the Tower, large offers were made to the Governor; while it was devised to introduce into the place, under a Captain Billingsley, a hundred men who were to be substituted for the usual guard. A vessel lay in the Thames to receive him; and it was proposed, at one time, that, to enable him to escape, Balfour should permit Strafford to quit that fortress, under a royal warrant for his conveyance to some other place of strength. Liberated, the prisoner was to seek a temporary refuge in France; or, escaping to Ireland, set himself directly at the head of the popish force which he had there raised for the subjugation of Scotland. His return was of course to be no longer deferred than might be requisite for maturing the schemes, or gaining complete possession by the military of the metropolis.

In the prosecution of the plot, not only was an oath of secrecy, as we have said, devised and strictly imposed, but several papers were drawn up in order to inflame the troops, and afford a pretext for proceedings. One—which contained propositions to the army about marching south, and appointing Goring Lieutenant-General—appears to have come directly from the king; with his approbation was another prepared to proceed from the army, expressing a desire that his majesty would nominate Goring their commander. A third—that contained a declaration of the army's readiness to serve the king—was torn to pieces by the conspirators themselves. A fourth—a petition to the

the king and parliament for the preservation of the bishops' votes and functions—(this circumstance merits particular notice, the bill about the bishops' votes, and their exclusion from interference in secular affairs, having been read for the first time on the 30th of March)—for preventing the disbanding of the Irish army before that of the Scottish, and for settling the king's revenue—was to proceed from the army.*

What has happily proved too fatal to many conspiracies against the law, the constitution and the rights of the people, occurred to defeat this measure. Equally busy, the king and queen had not intrigued with the same individuals; and with the violence peculiar to her sex, she would appear to have urged her instruments to schemes more desperate than were contemplated by her consort: though the Earl of Newcastle was to be nominated General on the occasion, the effective command was to be devolved on another; but about that other the two were far from agreed. Unknown to the queen, the king had determined on Goring; equally unknown to him, the queen had selected Commissary Wilmot, eldest son of Lord Wilmot, of Athlone, in Ireland—himself, at the time, a member of the Commons, and for his services created baron in 1643, and Earl of Rochester in 1662.† Flattered with the distinction, both of these individuals had engaged with ardour in the conspiracy, confidently hoping to fill the conspicuous station. Their majesties mutually disclosing what they had done, were so aware of the consequences of the rivalry and disappointment of one of the candidates, as to entertain a dread of its leading to a defeat of the scheme and development of the whole design. To obviate such an evil, they employed Jermyn, the queen's great favourite, as a fit agent to make promises for satisfying both; but they were deceived in the result of their negotiations. Chagrined and anxious to screen himself from the justice which he had every reason to fear would overtake him for his conduct in the business, Goring instantly revealed the plot, first by a hint to Lord Dungarvon, then by a fuller disclosure to Lord Newport, by whom he was carried to Lords Bedford, Ley, and Mandeville and Kimbleton. The matter was communicated to Pym, who soon traced it through its various ramifications; while information seems to have been also obtained from Balfour, relative to the designs for gaining possession of the Tower, and accomplishing the escape of Strafford. Goring made his disclosure about the middle of April; and it is a sin-

* See the evidence in Husband's Col. p. 215, et seq., with the corroborating statements and circumstances to be afterwards advanced, with their respective authorities.

† Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii. p. 469.

gular proof to what height the conspiracy had been carried, that, on the 19th of that month, Wilmot announced to the Commons the fact, of himself, and the rest of the officers who were members of that house, having 'received command to go down to their charges to the army very suddenly. The House took two or three days to consider of this business.* An order was at the same time made for a call of the House, and preventing any member leaving town without a special license.

On the 20th of April, the famous Scottish commissioner, Johnston of Warriston, mentions, in a letter to Hepburn of Humble, that there were rumours of some conspiracy.† On the 28th, Mr. Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, carried up a message to the Lords, intimating that a design for the rescue of Strafford was apprehended.‡ On the 3rd of May, Mr. Pym announced to the Commons the existence of the plot, with the names of some of the conspirators. Measures the most prompt and effectual were instantly adopted. A protestation for the maintenance of religion and the constitution, prepared and voted to be taken by all the members of the House, was transmitted to the Lords, from whom it met a ready reception. A letter was despatched to Sir Jacob Ashley, or Astley (the name is indifferently spelt both ways) and Sir John Connyers—at the time, jointly commanding the forces—to keep the men in obedience. A committee of one lord (Kimbleton) and two members of the Commons (Sir Philip Stapleton and Sir John Clotworthy) was sent to watch over Portsmouth; while a great quantity of gunpowder, destined for the place, was intercepted. Committees were ordered to go to secure other places; and the lieutenants and deputy-lieutenants of the several counties, and the magistrates of several towns, were roused to vigilance. The trained bands, in the districts adjacent to Portsmouth, were commanded to be in readiness; and orders were given for shutting the ports and apprehending such of the conspirators as fled. So great, on the other hand, was the terror of Charles, and his anxiety to prevent the full development of the truth; and to screen his guilty tools, that he himself granted a special warrant, authorising Goring to permit Jermyn, a staunch courtier and private of the guards, as well as one of the chief conspirators, to sail from Portsmouth. So hasty was this gentleman's flight, that it was in a black satin suit and white boots

* Journ., vol. i. p. 123.

† Hailes's Memor., &c. p. 120; and an extract from a preceding letter, of which, from its being so torn, the date cannot be ascertained, p. 119.

‡ Journ. of Com., vol. i. p. 130; of Lords, vol. iv. p. 229.

that

that he reached the place, whence he was assisted by Goring in effecting his escape to France.*

Interested in the fate of a minister who, whatever might be his demerits with his country, had yet—in so far as the king can be separated from the constitution of which he is the head—been true to his royal master, it was natural for Charles to save Strafford from the punishment to which his services had rendered him amenable; and had the object of the plot been limited to the rescue of that individual, our regard for the feelings of the man would have induced us to view in a less unfavourable light the conduct of the monarch. Unhappily for his character, the plot had a deeper purpose; and was persevered in long after the execution of that favourite, and removed every such pretext for its continuance. Strafford suffered on the 12th of May, and on the 18th took place the examination of Captain Legg, a commoner of high rank, and ancestor of the Earls of Dartmouth, and of whom we may remark that he ever retained the royal favour, followed his master and family through their fortune, and was generally designated ‘Honest Will Legg;’ while even Clarendon speaks of him in the highest terms.† To him had been entrusted the petition to which we have alluded; but, as there appears to have been at this time no suspicion of its existence, at all events of its being in his custody, he was not called upon for its production, and he made no disclosure on the subject. In a deposition, however, regarding a second attempt on the army he was also engaged in, he states the fact of his having burnt the petition after his examination; and that having a few days after had an interview with the king, he mentioned the circumstance, and then received from his Majesty another petition, with an indorsement, to which the king added his initials C. R. It was to this effect:—‘This petition will not offend, yet let it not be shown to any but Sir Jacob Ashley.’ Legg states further, that going down to the army, he delivered the paper to Ashley, whom he desired to burn it, should there be no occasion to use it; and so fulfilled his mission. Lord Holland subsequently arriving to assume the command, he repeated his request that the paper should be burnt.

But whatever might be the confidence reposed in Legg, he

* Not to encumber our pages with unnecessary citations, we shall, in an after note, bring, at once, the whole authorities on this point under the reader's notice.

† Vol. ii. p. 314. So little did the testimony he gave excite the displeasure of the Court, that, as will be seen, he was, immediately after his first examination, employed in a continuation of the plot; and, after his second examination, relative to the second design, he was again so trusted as to be very soon employed with the Earl of Newcastle in the attempt upon Hull.

was too an inefficient instrument for the object in view; and one of a different mould was commissioned for its consummation. This was Daniel O'Neill, a courtier of high rank, of exquisite address, and great accomplishments.* Though he had in November left the army, he had engaged in the conspiracy; and for it had been impeached by the commons. Returned to the army in Midsummer, he immediately addressed himself to Ashley, Connyers and Sir Foulke Hunks, to the first of whom he proposed marching directly to London—alleging, with a view to obviate the difficulties suggested by Ashley, that the Scots might be rendered neutral. His endeavours were fruitless, and Lord Holland's presence put an end to the intrigues. To Holland, Ashley revealed what had passed; and his lordship laid the matter before parliament, for which he is sufficiently abused by Clarendon, who yet does not dare to dispute the correctness of the disclosure. It was in August that the fact was communicated to Holland, but owing to the recess, which was from the beginning of September to the 20th of October, the parliamentary investigation did not immediately take place. Parliament assembled, the affair was laid before them, and ample proof obtained. Here may we remark that, while the votes and impeachments lay the former plot in March and April, the impeachment of O'Neill, and relative votes, lay them in June and July.

The evidence of the first plot rests on the direct testimony of Goring, of Legg, of Col. Vavasor, of Lient.-Col. Ballard, of Capt. Chudleigh—regarding whose character Clarendon himself speaks in high terms, declaring that, though the manner in which he delivered his evidence at the time offended his party, he had yet the *testimony of his own conscience*†—of Sir William Balfour, and others, supported by the confession of some of the accused, who were members of the commons, as well as courtiers, and who, after denying the whole matter on oath, were ultimately, though all the while, and even afterwards, enjoying the royal confidence, constrained to admit their privacy to the designs. Additional confirmation is derived from a letter from one of the conspirators, Mr. Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, a gentleman whose fidelity to the crown was so highly prized, that he was, in 1643, created a peer by Charles. Collateral evidence is otherwise furnished, particularly by the Memoirs of Madame de Motteville, who, though she obtained her information from the queen,‡ and who, far from censuring the intended measure, applauds it as highly

* *Clar. Hist.* vol. ii. pp. 610-11. † *Clar. Hist.* vol. ii. p. 272. ‡ *Tom. i.* p. 25 L. meritorious,

meritorious, and laments its miscarriage. The evidence of the second plot is established by the direct testimony, 1st. of Sir Jacob Ashley, who, at the time, had, along with Sir John Connyers, the command of the army, and, far from being a parliamentarian, was one of the first to appear in the field for Charles, was one of his confidential commanders, as well as soon elevated to the peerage for his services, and of whom Clarendon thus speaks:—‘Sir Jacob Ashley was an honest, brave, plain man, and was fit for the office he exercised of Major-General of the foot, and so was generally esteemed.’* 2dly. By the direct testimony of this favourite, Sir John Connyers, of whom Clarendon speaks favourably;—and 3dly. By that of Sir John Foulke Hunks. The dates are fixed by the journals of both houses of parliament, as well as by the direct evidence.†

The statements of Clarendon have been commonly followed, his honesty and candour eulogised; yet were the several declarations published by Charles, and which involve the monarch in the grossest contradictions, confessedly Clarendon’s production.‡

* Hist. vol. ii. p. 482.

† The evidence relative to the plot was published by an order of both houses of parliament of the 19th of May, 1642, along with this declaration or remonstrance of that date. Husb. Col. p. 195, *et seq.* The depositions, &c. commence at p. 215. The correctness of the publication has never been doubted. Even the king, and his adviser Clarendon, admitted it so far as it went. See Journ. of Com. v. ii. p. 577. Rushworth has been quoted on this subject: it is, however, to be understood that he does not pretend to speak of it in his own person, but merely gives extracts from the journals of parliament, and the evidence as it was published by order of both houses. The letter of Father Phillips, however, which is much referred to in the journals, he gives in full, written as that letter was in the interval between the protestation prepared on the 3rd of May, and the death of Strafford on the 12th; and it corroborates the direct testimony. See the evidence pretty fully given by him at the conclusion of his account of Strafford’s trial, vol. viii. or iv. (it is bound up both ways), p. 735, *et seq.*; vol. iv., or, according to the other mode of binding, vol. v. or otherwise vol. iii. 1st part iii. pp. 240 *et seq.*, 252 *et seq.*, and 455. Whitelocke, pp. 45 and 6, edit. 1732. May’s Hist. of Parl. ed. 1647, p. 86 *et seq.* Baillie’s Let. vol. ii. p. 295. But, the fact is, that, without a thorough examination of the journals of both houses of parliament on the subject, it is in vain for any writer to pretend to give a correct view of the matter. Those sources of information have been duly sifted by us, and we here present our references. Journals of Commons, vol. i. pp. 132, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 144, 147, 149, 150, 159, 169, 171, 172, 173, 174, 176, 177, 182, 183, 186, 187, 188, 179, 201, 203, 213, 214, 215, 219, 223, 224, 224-5, 252, 255, 257, 258, 262, 271, 283, 284, 289, 290, 294, 313, 318, 333, 337, 343, 346, 347, 354. It is to be remarked that Percy and others was accused of a design in the months of March and April, and O’Neill on the second ground against him (he was also implicated in the first) for a design in the months of June and July—pp. 223, 318, 333, 346, 347, 354.—N. B. This volume is sometimes called volume ii., there being a prior though imperfect volume. Journals of Lords, vol. iv. pp. 233, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 247, 249, 250, 251, 253, 254, 260, 268, 282, 284, 321, 322, 323, 366, 410, 434, 441, 481, 487. Mem. par Madame de Motteville, i. p. 252 *et seq.* Ludlow’s Mem. vol. i. p. 15, 16. Milton’s Prose Works, by Symmons, vol. ii. p. 422. See also Append. to Evelyn’s Mem., Correspondence between the King and Nicholas while his Majesty was in Scotland.

‡ He mentions the fact in his Life.

At one time is the king made to pretend that three months had elapsed from the abandonment to the discovery of the designs, which had for their object, he alleges, petitions alone: at another, the interval is called two months, the discovery being dated about the middle of May. Not venturing to dispute the truth of the evidence, his Majesty is made to say that it proves nothing. The purport of the petition is differently represented in different declarations; and when at length is published in the king's name what is termed a copy of the petition itself, one word, to the effect which had been averred, it does not contain, while it related chiefly to matter which did not occur till the summer was considerably advanced, and long subsequent to the divulging of the first plot by Pym;—the object being to gain the people by its alleged contents, while difficulty lay in reconciling in any degree the petition with the evidence, and yet not to commit the king further. It is, however, in material points at variance with the evidence which was given of its contents, while it relates to matters that did not occur till long after the time specified by the witnesses as to the delivery to Legg, and exhibition to the commanders.* We now proceed to an examination of Clarendon's History, which we shall see is of a piece with those of his productions we have now spoken of.

Some

* Declaration of both Houses of Parliament presented to Charles on the 9th of March, 1642. Husb. Col. p. 97, *et seq.* In p. 98, the houses speak of 'the manifold attempts to provoke the army,' &c. See his answer to that part, p. 107, in which he calls God to witness he neither had, nor knew of, such a design. He then gives a narrative relating to the origin of the petition, stating its import to be 'very humble, desiring the parliament might receive no interruption in the reformation of the church and state to the model of Queen Elizabeth's days.' He admits having subscribed his initials. See declaration of the Lords and Commons of the 19th, at pp. 200—210, with the evidence appended to the declaration. See his majesty's answer to that declaration, p. 239, *et seq.* particularly pp. 240-1, 248-9. In p. 248, he says he had recovered a true copy of the very petition, which he meant in due time to publish, for the purpose of opening the eyes of his subjects. Remonstrance of both houses, 26th May, 1642, p. 263, *et seq.* His majesty's declaration of the 12th of August, 1642, p. 514, *et seq.* p. 523, *et seq.* in particular. He there says, that 'it fell into the thoughts of some officers of known and public affections to their country, that a petition of a modest and dutiful nature from the whole army for the composing and settling all grievances in the church and state by law, might, for the reason of it, prevail with the whole house, and, coming from such a body, might confirm those who might be shaken with any fears of power or force by the tumult.' An alleged copy of the petition is, at the same time, published with the Declaration, p. 563. He does not pretend to deny the evidence of Ashley and the others, yet, evading the fact of there having been two petitions, he speaks only of the one signed C. R., and would represent it to have been subscribed by him in March: pp. 523-4. The extraordinary part of the business, however, is that, in the pretended copy, there is not one syllable about reforming church and state, as stated in the Declarations; on the contrary, it relates to matters which did not occur till long after the period mentioned by Legg as that when the king delivered the paper signed C. R. to him, and also posterior to the time sworn to by Ashley and others. Not to advert to the passage about his majesty's having

Some of the principal officers, according to his story, finding that though from having, as members of the Commons, concurred with the popular party, they had been at first caressed, began to be not so much attended to there; and also that their credit with the soldiery, had declined in consequence of the preference shewn to the Scottish army by the allotment to them of what had been previously set apart for the king's troops, now thought to rectify what they had done amiss, and ingratiate themselves with his Majesty. To that intent, they bethought themselves how they might obtain from the soldiery an expres-

having condescended to so many important demands of our neighbours of the Scottish nation, the following passage regarding his majesty's condescension is conclusive:— 'Thirdly, for the removal of all those grievances wherewith the subjects did conceive either their liberty of persons, propriety of estate, or freedom of conscience prejudiced.' This must refer to the abolition of the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission, to the bill about Ship Money, &c. Now Legg says, that he only remained five or six days in town after his examination on the 18th of May, and that it was during these days the king delivered to him the papers; (p. 228) and it so happens, that the bills for the abolition of the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission were only passed on the 5th of July following (Journ. of Lords, vol. iv. p. 299;) while the bills about other oppressive matters, and particularly about Ship-money, did not pass till the 7th of August: *id.* p. 349. We need not say that the alleged copy is at total variance with the account of the first petition to which Percy speaks. It is also, in some respects, at direct variance with Ashley's deposition, *Husb.* p. 229, and also with part of the first examination of Connyers; but it agrees in some generals, with the second deposition of that individual. A forgery then the alleged copy doubtless was; but we need not be surprised at the general apathy of historians on the subject, when it is considered that none of them had ever ascertained the fact of its having been published by the king. 'It is extraordinary,' says Rapin, 'that the petition should never have been produced by either king or parliament,' (Tyndal's Transl. with notes, vol. ii. p. 372) and the matter had been passed over as unquestionable, till the publication of Brodie's History. Now, why plume ourselves on new sources of information having been recently opened to us, when the old are thus neglected? But thus it is that history is composed. We may also cite the Declaration of the Lords and Commons of 23d of October, 1642, *Husb.* p. 652. and pp. 656-7.

As to the author of the forgery, it is unnecessary to enquire; yet let it be remembered that Clarendon confessedly drew the declarations, and that he takes credit to himself for his dexterity as a forger of documents which he published in the names of others. See his Life by himself, vol. i. pp. 65-6, 106-9, edit. 1759. The alleged copy once published as genuine, in the king's name, was necessarily transcribed by Clarendon into a history which he undertook at his majesty's desire, and 'for his vindication' *Id.* pp. 103-262-3. *Hist.* vol. ii. p. 627. No character has been so much mistaken as that of Clarendon. Those who desire to see it represented in genuine colours, will do well to peruse the late publication by the Hon. G. Agar Ellis, entitled 'Historical Enquiries respecting the character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, &c. 1827.'

The alleged copy of the petition, published as a genuine one by the king, and copied into his history by Clarendon, is grounded in alleged tumults at Whitehall, the first of which occurred on the 3d of May, in consequence of rumours of the plot that was then disclosed to the commons by Pym. Carte plainly perceived that, after some remarks by Rapin, it would not answer for him to repeat Clarendon's story of its having been agitated and dropped three months before; and therefore, though without adducing a shadow of authority for his statement, he says that it was subscribed by the king on the 3d of May, and despatched to the army that evening. Carte's *Hist.* vol. iii. p. 342-4. It has been justly remarked by Mr. Laing, who, however, displays no research on the point, and commits the vulgar error, that the expression in this alleged petition—'we offer ourselves to wait on you,'—unequivocally denoted an offer to march to the metropolis.

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sion of loyalty and obedience, and preserve them from being corrupted, or made use of for imposing unjust and unreasonable restraints on the king. Here we may, in passing, observe, that to prevent detection, the author, speaking of the money, deals in generals:—there was only one sum, and the date could have been easily ascertained. The language relative to ‘imposing unjust and unreasonable things on the king,’ is, considering the source whence they were to flow, sufficiently intelligible. A petition, he proceeds to relate, framed and shewn to the king, met with his approbation, and was signed with his initials. The meetings continuing, an oath of secrecy was imposed; and, at the first of them, very brisk resolutions were proposed by one, after he had heard the calm ones of the rest; and, his resolution abhorred, he, whether from chagrin, or from having originally proposed them with the intent of betraying others into the adoption of them, and then lodging information, gave immediate notice of the plot to the Earl of Bedford, and Lords Say and Kimbleton—imputing to others, of course, what he had himself done and they rejected. The disclosure made, the plot, dangerous as it was afterwards alleged to have been, was not published to the houses against whom it was intended, till after the lapse of three months, and long subsequent to the death of the Earl of Bedford. The purpose of its publication then was, he alleges, to facilitate the destruction of Strafford. He gives also a copy of the pretended petition, which is precisely the same that he had himself published with the king’s declaration of the 12th of August, 1642.

The circumstances which Clarendon relates as having passed when the king affixed his initials to the petition, are neither consonant to the deposition of Legg, nor to the statements in the declaration; and now we shall see in what contradictions that author involves himself. The first occasion of the army’s discontent occurred on the 6th of March—the publication to the two houses was made on the 3rd of May. Now, Bedford was taken ill, according to Clarendon’s own statement, about a week after the bill of attainder against Strafford had been sent up to the House of Lords, which occurred on the 21st of April;* and, from other indisputable authorities, that he died on the 9th of May, six days subsequent to the publication to the two houses, and three only before the execution of Strafford. Within the compass of a few pages, he states that, immediately after the meeting, at which the most desperate resolutions were proposed, and, consequently, when the plot was at its height, Goring revealed the conspiracy. But, two pages after, he

* Lords’ Journals, vol. iv., p. 223.

informs us that the discovery was made about the middle of April. Now, by what means a conspiracy discovered, as he himself states, when at its height about the middle of April, and published, as he himself admits, on the 3rd of May, could have possibly been concealed three months by those to whom it was disclosed;—how, while Bedford did not die till the 9th of May, and it was published on the 3rd, or six days prior, the knowledge of it could have been suppressed till after that nobleman's death, are circumstances which he has not thought proper to explain—difficulties which we leave to wiser heads than our own. Legg positively swears that the first petition was burnt by himself, after his first examination on the 18th of May; and that the one signed 'C. R.' was given to him by the king some days posterior. The pretended copy of the petition, too—the same as that published with the king's declaration of the 12th of August, 1642, which was Clarendon's own composition, alludes to matters that, with one exception, occurred subsequent to the 3rd of May. The exception is that of his Majesty's great condescension in passing the Triennial Bill. That bill, however, having been passed on the 16th of February, is still within the three months of the publication to the two houses. Bedford had, he alleges, undertaken to the king to save Strafford; and, on his death, Lord Say, expecting the office of Treasurer, made the same proposal, and was his Majesty's adviser to summon the houses, and plead in Strafford's behalf. Yet it so happens, that, on the 1st, Charles appeared on behalf of his accused minister; and, on the 9th, the day of Bedford's death, signed the commission for passing the bill of attainder.* It merits consideration, too, that while Denzil Hollis, the brother of Lady Arabella, Strafford's second wife, took no part in the proceedings against Strafford, he was the individual who carried to the upper house the message about the conspiracy, the publication of which, it is pretended, sealed Strafford's doom. Mr. Percy's Letter relative to the plot was announced to the House of Commons on the 12th, and laid before it on the 14th of June. Yet does the noble historian, who himself (we need not speak of the Journals of the House, which afford conclusive evidence) mentions that the plot was first announced on the 3rd of May—boldly states that, having played with it, and given the house heats and colds about it, for nearly three months, the leading opponents of the court declaring that they had received a late mark of God's

* Laud's History of his Troubles, p. 178. He died of small-pox, after a few days' illness.—*Ibid.* Dugdale's Baronage, vol. ii., p. 380. Journals of Lords, vol. iv., pp. 242, 244.

great

great favour, in furnishing them with proofs, produced this letter. But how three months could elapse from the 3rd of May till the 12th of June, he has not deemed it proper to explain. Had it been played with three months in the house, it must have been announced about the middle of March—consequently prior to the commencement even of Strafford's trial, which did not begin till the 22nd of the month; and could not, therefore, have had for its object the passing of the bill of attainder against that individual. Again, had the leading men suppressed their knowledge of it for three months before the publication to the houses, the plot must have been conceived still three months earlier, which carries it back to the middle of December, or about three months prior to the event out of which Clarendon himself alleges it to have arisen; and two months anterior to the passing of the Triennial Act—the only circumstance alluded to in the pretended copy of the petition, which did not occur on or posterior to the 3rd of May.

The second attempt to seduce the army ought either to have been wholly denied, or to have been admitted as a continuation of the first; the time being positively sworn to, and O'Neill's absence from the army—from November till Midsummer, when he made the proposition—having never been, as indeed it could not be, disputed. Yet the existence of the second design, Clarendon, with notable inconsistency, directly admits, arraiging Lord Holland for having availed himself of the disclosure of it by Ashley, because Ashley had made it on the supposition of Holland's being devoted to the king. He elsewhere inadvertently admits the whole.*

A conspiracy so alarming in itself, and entered into so recently after the meeting of parliament, and while their measures were, even by Mr. Hume's admission, highly meritorious, necessarily put an end to all confidence. After events materially influenced by, or rather hingeing on, what then occurred, it is vain, without a perfect knowledge of the truth, in this instance, to affect to understand the history of that momentous period, or obtain a clue to the proceedings which followed. To Mr. Brodie, then, as having traced the real facts, the public is deeply indebted: yet does M. Guizot, with a dash of his pen, set aside the irrefragable evidence by which they are established. The discontent of the army, whence the plot originated, he admits to have arisen from the vote of money to the Scots:—'*Quelque mécontentement s'était répandu dans l'armée; plusieurs officiers, membres*

* Hist. vol. i. p. 243 et seq. Compare p. 248 with p. 249; about Bedford's death, p. 254 et seq.; about tumults, p. 256, p. 265 et seq.—295 et seq.; vol. i. pp. 272, 610, 611; Supplement to State Papers, vol. iii. p. 74.

des communes, l'avaient même hautement témoigné : s'il suffit aux Ecosais, dit un jour l'un d'eux à la chambre, de demander de l'argent pour l'obtenir, les soldats Anglais sauront bien en faire autant. Le bruit de cette humeur parvint bientôt aux oreilles de la Reine, &c. The journals of the house, however, as we have already seen, prove that the vote, relative to the money, passed on the 6th of March. Clarendon states that the disclosure by Goring was made about the middle of April. On the 19th of that month, the journals show that Wilnot announced to the Commons the fact of himself, and the rest of the officers who were members of the house, having 'received command to go to their charges very suddenly.'* On the 28th of the month, Hyde himself (Clarendon) carried up a message to the Lords, of apprehended designs for the escape of Strafford; and, as the journals further show, Prynne fully announced to the House of Commons the existence of the plot, with the names of some of the conspirators; in consequence of which, prompt and effectual measures were adopted. As if, however, he had made some new and important discovery, M. Guizot is pleased to add the following note:—'M. Brodie nie ce fait (Hist. of the British Empire, etc., t. iii. p. 109, et suiv. dans la note) et pense que le complot ne fut révélé par Goring que dans le courant du mois d'Avril, 1641. C'est en effet ce que semblent indiquer les dépositions et interrogatoires publiés dans la *Collection of Husbands* (p. 196 et suiv.) Mais un examen attentif de toute cette intrigue, et le rapprochement des différens passages indiqués dans la note précédente, prouvent, à mon avis, que les réunions des officiers avaient eu lieu dès le commencement de l'hiver de 1641, et que Pym et ses amis en avaient eu vent dès les premiers jours du mois de Mars. C'est aussi l'opinion de M. Lingard (Hist. of England, t. x. p. 128, note 27.)† Has M. Guizot seen even the title-page of the *Collection* which he thus seems to disregard? We are disposed to think not, but that he has quoted the name merely at second-hand. The title-page announces it to be 'An Exact Collection of all Remonstrances, Declarations, Votes, Orders, Ordinances, Proclamations, &c., between the King's most excellent Majesty, and his High Court of Parliament, beginning at his Majesty's return from Scotland, being in December 1641, and continued till March 21, 1643;' and, such is its character, that we are not aware of its accuracy having ever been called in question. In quoting, too, M. Guizot commits an unfortunate mistake relative to the page. Along with the declaration or remonstrance of the Lords and Commons of the 19th of May

* Tom. i. p. 178.

† p. 180.

1642, were published, as an appendix, the various depositions; and to them alone does M. Guizot allude. The declaration begins at page 195—the documents do not commence till page 215. Yet does he, speaking of the evidence, refer to the first of these pages. The fact, taken by itself, we should not deem important; in conjunction with the manner in which he dismisses a work consisting of mere document, it leads us to infer that he had never once even seen the publication—but that, having met with a reference to the declaration and the evidence as a whole, beginning at p. 195, he had conceived that the commencement of the latter. We shall now try his accuracy regarding other authorities.

Of Clarendon, having already said so much, we forbear from any further remark, than that his having followed that author is the less excusable in M. Guizot, since he had Mr. Brodie's work before him. Of his other authorities, the first is May; and doubtless the reader believes that that writer fully supports M. Guizot in his statement. What, then, will be his surprise to learn that he does just directly the reverse? May pretends to no other knowledge on the subject than what is furnished by the evidence adduced before the committees, and which is now as open to us as it was to him. Instead, however, of May's relation importing that the conspiracy had commenced in the beginning of winter, and been laid aside for two months prior to the publication of it to parliament on the 3d of May, it erroneously dates its origin as posterior to the passing of the bill of attainder, by the Commons, against Strafford, which occurred on the 22d of April; and it brings down the plot to the moment of the discovery of it to parliament. Is it possible, then, that M. Guizot had ever looked into the work? It seems as improbable that he should ever have consulted Rushworth, whom he also quotes as an authority; that author never speaking of the plot in his own person, but merely giving the evidence—in some respects fully, in others by way of abstract, together with extracts from the journals of the Commons, and the letter of Father Philipps. But if M. Guizot had ever consulted these, and compared the evidence there afforded with what is furnished by Husband's Collection, he would have discovered that—except in so far as the votes of the Commons and Father Philipps' letter are wanting in Husband, and the whole evidence not given by Rushworth—they precisely correspond. He would have also found in Rushworth an extract from the Journals of the Commons, of resolutions relative to the impeachment of Percy and others for designs in March and April. In the same volume he would have discovered another extract from the Journal, of a resolution that it was proved there had been,

in June and July, a second attempt to engage the army against the parliament. Quoting at second-hand, M. Guizot seems as utterly ignorant of these several passages as he is of the nature of Husband's collection. In regard to his last authority, Whitelock, he fails no less deplorably. That writer mentions the first cause of the plot, and though he does not give precisely the date, the Journals supply the deficiency, making it in March. So far as his meaning can be ascertained, it indicates that the plot continued till the discovery of it by parliament, through whose exertions it was crushed. We are satisfied, therefore, that M. Guizot never consulted that production more than he did the others. We may conclude with repeating, that the dates are unequivocally ascertained by the evidence which fixes the first design in March and April, and the second in June and July. The fact of the petition, signed C. R., having been delivered to Legg, after his examination on the 18th of May, is indisputable. The other fact of O'Neill's having left the army in November, and having only returned to it in June,—when he commenced direct operations,—is beyond all question.

From his alleging that Pym and his friends had notice of the plot about the beginning of March, and that the meetings of the officers had taken place at the commencement of winter, it is evident that he means to convey that the plot had been hatched so early as November or December. He has himself, however, assigned as the motive for the discontent in which the conspiracy originated, the vote of money to the Scots. But if the journals of both houses of parliament can be received as evidence—and even M. Guizot will scarcely venture, we imagine, to dispute their accuracy—that vote did not occur till the 6th of March. According to our author, then, as well as to Clarendon, a conspiracy which, but for a certain circumstance never had existed, preceded, by several months, the cause whence as an effect it emanated.

Did our limits permit our following M. Guizot through other statements, we could expose his want of research on every point involving material consequences. Having already dilated so much, we shall confine ourselves to a short notice of the author's statement of two important events—the Irish rebellion and the transactions of Glamorgan. The attention of historians has been engaged, their pens employed on the question of Charles's concernment in these transactions. It was reserved for Mr. Brodie, by a laborious collation of evidence, to place them in a new and striking light. No event in history has been more the subject of prejudice than the part imputed to Charles in originally exciting the rebellion. Confounding the massacre with the plan of an insurrection,

insurrection, one party has most unjustly endeavoured to load Charles with all the guilt of the subsequent proceedings; the other, in repelling that charge, has been led into the opposite extreme of a total denial. The massacre, however, was a mere consequence of the discovery of the conspiracy, never contemplated by the leading men, and was evidently the last measure to which the king could incline. The utmost that can be imputed to him is the having listened to projects for wresting by force the government out of the hands of the puritan party, then in the confidence of the English parliament, and placing it in his own. Mr. Brodie has shown that, admitting Charles's participation in the project, the design of all the attempts of that monarch to obtain arbitrary power involved the least degree of criminal intention. Sir Phelim O'Neill having produced a commission, to which was affixed the royal seal, the advocates and defenders of the monarch were called on to explain by what process it came into O'Neill's possession. The allegation of his 'having found a royal patent in Lord Caufield's house, whom he had murdered, *torn* off the seal and affixed it to a commission which he had forged for himself,'* has been generally adopted. Unfortunately for its correctness, however, the seal being Scottish, could not have been appended to any patent in which Ireland was concerned, that country being subject to the English, not the Scottish law; and the explanation of the supposed manner in which the seal was procured being no longer tenable, the difficulty is still to be explained, while the charge against Charles acquires strong confirmation from the circumstance of his having been in Scotland at the period of the date of the commission. Mr. Brodie has entered on a long inquiry; and, surely, his labours merited some consideration. Without deigning to notice them, M. Guizot thus dogmatically treats a question which other writers have deemed of such importance:—'*Charles était étranger à l'insurrection, et la prétendue commission que produisait Sir Phelim O'Neill n'était qu'une grossière imposture.*'† Without assigning the slightest reason for an opposite inference regarding the transactions of Glamorgan, which import a criminality of purpose far beyond the other, he, in the same dogmatical style, admits them to the full extent. Now, as Hume had alike denied both, it might have been expected that an author, who aimed at the glory of superseding other historians, would have, at least, thought it due to himself to state on what principle he had arrived at such opposite conclusions on two points, somewhat similar in their nature and equally contested. Our conclusion is that, in these, as in other

* Hume.

† Tom. i. p. 213.

instances, he had never glanced at the documents on which he professes to have constructed his work.

The charge of quoting, at second hand, is of a nature to startle our readers, and such as, but for the long investigation we have entered on, we had not presumed to express. Use, however, either rendering us callous, or reconciling us to most things, M. Guizot will be less affected by it than his readers. Relying on his declaration of being an original inquirer; trusting to what he says in his notes, of having collated authorities, they may with difficulty believe that he has merely transcribed the references, as he has translated the matter from the very notes he affects to censure, and may be inclined to blush at the exposure. But, as for himself, exposed as he has been, for his plagiarism and inaccuracy on other points, he is not likely to wince very greatly on any occasion. He has published, our readers are perhaps aware, a work, entitled '*Essais sur l'Histoire de France*,' of which the celebrated civilian, M. Jourdan, in a letter to the learned Dr. Irving, thus expresses himself:—

' L'auteur, dans le premier de ces essais, traite du régime municipal dans l'empire romain, au cinquième siècle de l'ère chrétienne, lors de la grande invasion des Germains en Occident; et à cette occasion, il parle du régime municipal depuis l'établissement de la république.

' Il est facile, en parcourant cet opuscule, de s'apercevoir que M. Guizot n'a point connu les monumens de la législation et de la jurisprudence romaines, qui sont parvenus jusqu'à nous; il ne cite ni la Table d'Héraclée, ni la Table de la Gaule Cisalpine, que M. de Savigny considère comme les principales sources à consulter; et lorsqu'il invoque l'autorité du Digeste, il adopte, pour en citer les lois ou les fragmens, trois manières différentes, qui toutes prouvent que l'auteur de l'Essai sur le régime municipal des Romains n'a jamais consulté ni le titre premier *ad municipalem et de incolis*, ni les autres titres du livre i. des Pandectes de Justinien.

' Je transcris les Citations.

page 15. (lib. iii. § fin. Dig. ad leg. Jul. pecul.)

— 16. (lib. xi. Dig. de Pœnis.)

— 28. (Dig. lib. i. tit. i. § 23.) (Dig. lib. i. tit. i. § 22.)

— 32. (Dig. lib. i. tit. i. § 17.)

— 44. (Dig. lib. xviii. tit. 19. § 9.)

' Vous voyez que M. Guizot s'appuie sur des textes que d'autres auteurs lui ont fournis, et qu'il n'a lui-même ni lus ni vérifiés. Il prend les lois ou les fragmens du Digeste, tantôt pour des livres, tantôt pour des paragraphes.*

Our limits do not permit us to transcribe further from this exposure of false pretension and utter ignorance not only of his subject, but of the most common of the books he quotes at second hand. It is equally triumphant throughout, and we need

* Themis, vii. p. 19. et suiv.

scarcely say, that, though it was not incumbent on him to be acquainted with the civil law, yet, that since he did undertake to treat of the subject, his mode of proceeding renders him unworthy of all future credit.

If, without the laborious research, the examination and careful weighing of evidence by which alone the truth is to be arrived at, facts, taken at second hand, are assumed almost as caprice seems to dictate, history may be converted into an agreeable substitute for romance;—but never can be rendered useful as a source of reflection, or as containing materials, which may afford the lesson of experience to other times and nations. Living at a period distant from the acts recorded, and unconnected with the political parties in the nation, of which he treats, M. Guizot might have been expected to avail himself of the new sources of information, so as to give an entirely original aspect to events, and the motives of the individuals who performed a conspicuous part in the actions recorded. Far, however, from sifting old authorities, and taking advantage of recently discovered materials, he has servilely, almost without comment, adopted the statements of authors whose accuracy had been impugned, or whose want of candour and veracity are no longer a subject of doubt. His work accordingly, as it presents nothing new in the form of detail, contains no original reflections, to which a different representation of facts that documents would have fully supported, might have been expected to have given birth—is embellished with no speculations which, blending philosophy with the narrative of human affairs, impart to history the advantages of a moral and political treatise; and thus combines, with the interest excited by the events, genuine utility. Not penetrating beyond the surface, and aiming merely at a light narrative, he has been so far successful; the composition being not entirely destitute of grace, his sketches occasionally attractive, and a dramatic effect sometimes produced. Entertaining most erroneous notions relative to the constitution of English society, his descriptions of the feelings and passions of the different classes, as affected by events, cannot possibly have the recommendation of correctness and consistency. Masterly delineations of character, powerful pictures of events, where facts are so represented as seemingly to require no skill in the narrator, who is himself forgotten in the interest he has, and who to appearance, unconsciously, contrived to communicate—are, on the other hand, no where discernible in the work before us; and, indeed, judging by the specimen here afforded, had required a vigour of intellect and vividness of conception, of which we are by no means disposed to think M. Guizot possessed.

SHORT

SHORT REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Alcaei Mytilenaei Reliquiae. Collegit et annotatione instruxit Aug. Matthiae. Lips., 1827.

THE chief editions of the fragments of Alcaeus were, before the publication of the present collections, those of Neander, Henry Stephens, Ursinus, and Blomfield in the *Museum Criticum*. This last is by far the best and most complete; but Mr. Matthiae, thinking that he could render it still better and more complete, has published the small volume before us. This collection, indeed, had been made before the appearance of the Bishop of London's edition, and had been destined for the third volume of Wolf's *Analecta*; among whose papers it remained at the time of his death. The number of fragments in the *Museum Criticum* is 85, which Mr. Matthiae has raised to 130, although there is no additional fragment of importance. In fragment 4, *ὦν χερὶ μεθύσαντι καὶ τῶα πρὸς βίαν | σίμων, ἰαυτὴν πᾶσιν Μυροίλος*, we cannot agree with Mr. Matthiae in rejecting the ingenious emendation *καὶ χέρτα πρὸς βίαν παίων*; for, although it is just possible that Horace might have taken his *nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus* from what followed, we cannot think that Alcaeus would have exhorted his companions first to get drunk and then to drink. In the next fragment it is quite unnecessary to write *ἰασιπῶντι* for *ἰασιπῶντις*, which is in all the editions and MSS. of Aristotle, and is likewise so quoted by Plutarch. The 8th fragment has, since the publication of Mr. Matthiae's edition, been the subject of one of the most certain and ingenious emendations in the annals of criticism. Mytilene (says Strabo, xiii. p. 617) formerly contained men of great renown, such as Pittacus, and the poet Alcaeus and his brother, Antimenidas, *ὃ φησὶ Ἀλκαῖος Βαβυλωνίους συμμαχοῦντα τιλῆται μίγαν δῖλοι, καὶ ἐκ σίμων αὐτοῖς εὐνοῦσθαι, κτείναντα ἄνδρα μαχαίται, ὃς φησὶ, βασιλῆην παλαστὰν (παλαστὰν cod. Mosc.), ἀπολείποντα μίαν ἄνιαν τ' ἔχλιν (παχλῖον cod. Par.) ἀποσπῆσαν*. This Otfried Müller (*Rheinisches Museum*, vol. i. p. 289,) corrects in the following admirable manner, *ὃ φησὶ Ἀλκαῖος Βαβυλωνίους συμμαχοῦντα τιλῆται μίγαν δῖλοι, καὶ ἐκ σίμων αὐτοῖς εὐνοῦσθαι, κτείναντα ἄνδρα μαχαίται, ὃς φησὶ, βασιλῆην, παλαστὰν ἀπολείποντα μίαν μόνι παχλῖον ἀπὸ σίμων*, i. e. *who when an ally of the Babylonians, is said by Alcaeus to have gained a great trophy, and to have rescued them from danger, by killing the King's champion, who wanted only one hand's breadth of five cubits*." The inflexion of *σίμων* is satisfactorily defended by Mr. Müller; and he arranges the words into verse as follows. *Κτείναν ἄνδρα μαχαίται βασιλῆην | παλαστὰν ἀπολείποντα μίαν μόνι | παχλῖον ἀπὸ σίμων*; which are in the same metre, and probably from the same ode as the lines cited from Alcaeus by Hephaestion as an instance of the Asclepiadean metre (p. 58, Gaisford.) Frag. 12. Schol. Soph. Oed. t. 56, *ἄνδρες πόλιος πύργου ἄρῃαι*. Elmsley, partly after Blomfield, reads *ἄνδρες πόλιος πύργος ἄρῃαι*. This seems to us very much preferable to Mr. Matthiae's *ἄνδρες γὰρ πόλιος πύργος ἄρῃαι*, in an Aeolic writer. Fragm. 36. *ὄνις γὰρ ἀνθρώποις δύστηνον*. Dr. Burney corrects *ἀνδρῶν*, because Alcaeus always makes the middle syllable of this verse short. But, says Dr. Blomfield, this is rather a bold assertion; for out of the seven instances of the third line which are extant, two make the syllable in question long; viz. in fragm. 2 of his edition. Matthiae quotes two additional instances, of which, however, one, *αἰδώς εἰ τις οὐκ ὕχιν ἔσπασε** is (to say the least) rather doubtful; for the best reading seems to be that received

* We cannot help taking this opportunity of noticing a singular oversight committed by Dr. Blomfield in some additional observations on Sappho and Alcaeus, published in the second volume of the *Museum Criticum*. In p. 601 he says, "*Fateor autem causam mihi non liquere quare Hermannus in me, hujusmodi Aeolismos restituenti, tam acerbè invehat.*" If the learned Prelate had read over this sentence before he sent it to the press, he would probably have corrected *restitucentem* and *invehatur*.

by Mr. Gaisford from a Dresden MS. quoted by Naeke, Choerilus, p. 266 αἰὲς αἰς εἰς ἂν ὄχῳ ἔμμεται, Aristot. Rhet. 1. 9, 20. Another instance of the middle syllable being short may now be added from a grammarian published since the edition in the Museum Criticum, Fragg. 946, οὐδὲ ποτὶ Ποσειδῶν | ἄλ-
μορὸν ἐσσύφειλε πόνοτον. On fragm. 37 there is a long unsatisfactory discussion whether a short poem attributed to Theocritus (Carm. xxix.) is or is not the production of Alcaeus. Thiersch and Boeckh think that it is not; Matthiae decides that it is the genuine offspring of the Syracusan poet. We have, nevertheless, no doubt that it is (as Müller says, Dorier, vol. ii. p. 297) a fragment of Aeolian lyric poetry: but whether it is the work of Alcaeus is a point which, unless some fresh information is discovered, cannot be determined, the words of the scholiast to Plato being too much mutilated to admit of any certain inference from them. Fragg. 49, ap. Eustath. ad Dionys. Perieg. 306. Ἀχιλλεὺς δὲ τᾶς Σουθιῶς μῦθους. "Blomfield, nr. XLII. comparat Scolion ap. Athen. xv. p. 694 D. ἰὸ πᾶν δὲ Ἀλκαίᾳς μῦθους π. τ. λ." Matthiae. Compare also fragm. 22, (Matth.) χαῖρε Κυλλάνης δὲ μῦθους, &c. In fragm. 53, for πανίλοισις read πανίλοισις, i. e. ἀπρίλοισις. Fragg. 54, Strabo ix. p. 411. Ἀλκαῖος δὲ καλεῖ Κεράλιον, λίγων δὲσ' Ἀθήνα ἀπὸς . . . ἀπὸ Κερωνίας ἐπὶ δὴ . . . πάρεστιν ἀμφὶ Κεράλιον ποταμῷ παρ' ἔχθρας. Some MSS. collated by Casaubon have Κεράλιον ποταμῷ ἰδρύσαντο παρ' ἔχθρας. Hence Otfried Müller restores the stanza thus. Ἀνασ' Ἀθαναία πολίων, ἀπὸ | τᾶς τᾶς Κερωνίας ἐπὶ δὴ ἰδὲ, | πάρεστιν δὲ Ἰερουμασθὺ | Κεράλιον ποταμῷ παρ' ἔχθρας. Fragg. 88. Etym. Mag. p. 521. Ἀλκαῖος, μὲ μέγαν ποτὶ ἀνάφον σπερματικῶν ἵνα πύλον. "Mihi color orationis et metri genus," says Mr. Matthiae, "Alcaeus potius comicum prodere videtur; metrum enim videtur iambicum: — μὲ μέγαν ποτὶ | ἀνάφον σπερματικῶν ἵνα πύλον —. Upon the whole, this is the best edition of the fragments of Alcaeus, inasmuch as it is the most complete, and (with one remarkable exception noticed by us) contains the latest emendations of verbal critics. Mr. Matthiae has, however, done little more than collect the fragments of his poet, and the observations of others upon them; and has added little of original matter, either in the way of illustration or correction.]

Glossarium Sanscritum a Francisco Bopp. Fasciculus prior. Berolini, 1828. 4to. min.

THE numerous works on Indian literature which have lately appeared in Germany, give the best evidence of the interest which the study of the Sanscrit language begins to excite among the learned of that country. Professor Bopp, whose name is already known most advantageously to all Oriental scholars, has powerfully contributed to the advancement of this study by several of his excellent works, which are particularly calculated to assist the progress of beginners. We allude to his *Nalus*, which is now out of print, and to his Sanscrit grammar, which was at first published in German, but of which a new edition in Latin is now in the press. After these publications, nothing indeed remained, which the Sanscrit students could more eagerly wish for, than a glossary or short dictionary, adapted to the Sanscrit works which have already been printed in Europe; and the first part of such a glossary it is, which forms the object of the present notice.

In using it, we have admired everywhere the same accuracy and precision, which are the distinguishing characters of all works of Mr. Bopp. We shall make here only one slight observation on a point upon which we are inclined to take a different view. Page 45, the following significations are attributed to the pronoun *kas kà kim*. "1) quis. 2) quispiam; praecipue cum sequente *api*. 3) cum praecedente relativo et sequente *api*, quivis, quisque, quicumque." We think that the true power of the pronoun, standing by itself, is always interrogative: *quis?* and we doubt whether any instance can be produced, where

where, standing alone, and without *api*, *clans* or *clit* affixed to it, it signifies *quispiam*. The passage of the Gita I. 21, to which Professor Bopp refers,

Katham sa parushah Pārtha kam ghātayati hanti kam

in our opinion, contains a question, which is at first generally introduced by the particle *katham*, *how?* and then turned more individually through the two interrogative pronouns *kam*. We should literally translate it thus: "How can such a man, whom can he destroy, whom can he cause to destroy?" It appears that *kapi kapi kimapi* is perfectly the same as *kinchit* or *kinchana*, and must be considered as a derivative pronoun, just as the Latin *quispiam*, to which it corresponds also in its meaning; *yat kimapi* is then equal to *yat kinchit*, and signifies *whatsoever*.

Professor Bopp assigns a separate article to the adverb *kim*, (*cur?*) though this is only the neuter of the pronoun used adverbially, after the same principle, according to which *yat* is used to signify *quia*;

Berichtigungen und Zusätze zum ersten Bande der zweiten Auflage von
B. G. Niebuhr's *Römischer Geschichte*.

We sincerely wish that there was some person who stood to Mr. Niebuhr in the same relation as Dumont stands to Mr. Bentham. Every fresh composition of Mr. Niebuhr's that we peruse, more strongly convinces us that, however valuable what he has to say may be, he is quite incapable of saying it. "Whoever," says Thucydides, "cannot clearly explain what he thinks, may as well not have thought at all." Accordingly, all nations have agreed, for the dispatch of business and the extortion of the truth, that instead of suitors pleading their own causes, hired advocates should be employed, who are to lay before the court the facts of each case, and the law applying it. No assignable number of courts would in any country be sufficient, if the litigants were to manage their own pleadings, state their own facts, and argue their own case. *Sedet aeternumque sedebit infelix iudex*. But the irritable race of authors have a very different opinion of their own explanatory and rhetorical powers. To suppose that a person could not digest his own materials, would be considered almost an insult. Yet we think that the King of Prussia would do a great benefit to the reading world if he instituted a board of *writers* for the numerous authors in his dominions, a sort of lawyers to plead their causes before the public; and enacted that no considerable book should be published without going through the ordeal of this college of rhetorical censors. These gentlemen should be armed with full powers to reduce all sentences to a certain legal length, to expel Greek words, and to arrange, recompose, and weed all massive heaps of future print, while yet in a manuscript state. At any rate, we think, that it would be a profitable speculation to set up a joint-stock-company, for supplying *rédacteurs* for the German market: with a convenient set of penal laws against parentheses, and other Germanic flowers of rhetoric. There is no person, we feel convinced, who has read Mr. Niebuhr's Roman History, either in the original or in its English garb*, who will not sympathize with us in this wish.

* We wish that any arguments of the Foreign Reviewers could persuade Messrs. Hare and Thirlwall to consider themselves as *rédacteurs* rather than translators. We are perfectly convinced that a *literal* version of a very clear, not to say a very obscure, German work, would be nearly unintelligible. Such, however, is the process adopted by them with regard to the book in question. Indeed, it appears to us, that an attempt to introduce to the English public a genuine German writer in his natural state, is about as reasonable as if the official personages appointed to receive the King of the Sandwich Islands, had presented him at St. James's without the customary appendage of cloth about the nether parts, or the previous application of combs and razors.

The

The pamphlet before us contains some corrections and additions to the second edition of the first volume of Mr. Niebuhr's Roman History. It exhibits many proofs of his diligence and accuracy in historical subjects; but no changes have been introduced for the sake of clearness. Indeed, we find that these after-thoughts are delivered in as obscure and oracular a manner as the work to which they are supplementary. See, for instance, a discussion on the Alban towns in p. 38, seq. Our readers would not be interested by a detailed account of these minute alterations and additions; and we will give one remark only, as being very ingenious, if not quite convincing.

It is stated by Cicero in his treatise *de Republica*, that the earliest observed eclipse of the sun, recorded in the *Annales maximi*, was that which took place about the year 350 U.C. when, as Ennius says, "*Nonis Junis soli luna obstitit et nox.*" (l. 16.) "Now, (says Mr. Niebuhr,) it appears from the diligent investigations of a learned astronomer at Cologne, that this solar eclipse can be no other than that which fell on the 21st of June, in the (astronomical) year 999 B.C., but which did not take place at Rome till after sunset. At Cadiz, where the shadow was more than 11 digits, the greatest darkness was three minutes before sunset; and this gives an unexpected meaning, and removes the tautology of the words, *soli luna obstitit et nox.* The intercalation will account satisfactorily for the nones falling on the 21st of the month; nor is there anything surprising in the Gaditane observation being known at Rome. The astronomical science of the inhabitants of Cadiz, agrees with the known fact that they worshipped the year and month as deities"—(compare note 792).

Swioutymia Sybilis, &c. Zjawienie sie Emilik, &c.—(The Temple of the Sybil;—the Apparition of Emily, 1828.)

THE author of these two works is Paul Woronicz, Archbishop of Warsaw, Primate of Poland. The Temple of the Sybil has nothing to do with mythology—it is a national poem, the subject of which is as follows:—"After the last partition of Poland, an illustrious lady, Princess Isabel Czartoryska, mother of Adam Czartoryski, palatine of the Polish kingdom, conceived the idea of collecting and depositing in one spot, the monuments of the ancient glory of her country: for which purpose she caused a temple to be built, on the model of that of the Sybil at Tivoli. It stands on the banks of the Vistula, at the family residence of the Princess at Pulawy. There are collected the arms of the bravest, and the memorials of the most celebrated among the citizens of Poland, the autographs of many of her kings, and the banners of defeated foes. To those Poles who, in the trophies of the past, find hopes for the future, this temple of the Sybil is the asylum of national glory, an object of profound veneration, and of patriotic pride, which is religiously visited by pilgrims from all the provinces of the Ancient Republic. On the occasion of its being opened to the public, Woronicz devoted his talents to the poetic enumeration and recital of the most memorable events in the history of his country. Written in the closing year of the last century, the poem could not be then printed, by reason of the political state of things; but a great number of manuscript copies were circulated, till, in 1818, a patriotic Pole furnished a first edition of it, without, however, giving the name of the printer, or the place of publication. The edition which we now announce has appeared for some months. Rarely have we met with compositions of greater energy than this of the venerable Archbishop. The recollection of the past, and indignation for the present, awaken in him the most sublime emotion, which glow in every line, of a style majestic, vigorous, and grave. The pictures of the reigns of Casimir the Great, and Sigismund Jagellon I., an apostrophe

trophe to the Vistula, the representation of his dying country, and, above all, the malediction invoked on the traitors *Stanislas-Felix Potocki*, *Branecki*, *Kzewaski*, the bishops *Skarszewski*, *Massalski*, &c., are remarkable for their beauty.

The second poem in this volume was addressed to *Luszezewski*, minister of the interior to the grand Duchy of Warsaw, on the occasion of the death of his daughter Emily. The author represents this child under the form of an angel, appearing in a dream to her sister Josephine, and revealing the future destiny of Poland. The poem was written after the Congress of Vienna, and *Woronicz* makes sundry astrological predictions, which he endeavours to strengthen by citations from the Apocalypse. But we must confess, that in this work we cannot always clearly see our way through the mazes of abstruse allusion, sacred and profane. We should, however, remark, that the author wrote it at the call of friendship, and never intended it for publication.

Many other of the Archbishop's writings are looked for, among them his great national poem, the *Lechiad*; the hero of which is the famous, but fabulous Prince Lech, from whom the inhabitants of Great Poland took their name of *Lechites*, a Slavonian word, signifying young warrior.

Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe in den Jahren, 1794, bis 1805; Erster Theil vom Jahre, 1794, bis 1795; Zweyter Theil vom Jahre, 1796. Cotta. Stuttgart und Tübingen.

If it be true that the personal character of an author is to be looked for rather in unrestrained and confidential correspondence, than in those studied productions, which have been carefully moulded and modified to meet the public view, this of itself is sufficient to account for the sensation which the epistolary intercourse between Schiller and Goethe has excited. Every one who has read and weighed the splendid productions of these two poets must, we should imagine, rejoice in an opportunity of being, as it were, admitted to their private interchange of thought, and allowed to approach when their dazzling halo is laid aside, and they discourse of the manifold relations, views, and vicissitudes of our common life. But these letters have a still greater interest for the reflecting mind, by the evidence which they afford of the clear consciousness and self-knowledge possessed by both poets, of the influence which they mutually exercised on each other, and of the beautiful intercourse in which they lived. In the year 1794-95 Schiller was zealously endeavouring to establish a periodical, which might serve as a medium for the communication of his philosophical views: Goethe was, at the same time, engaged with the publication of '*Wilhelm Meister Lehrjahre*;' and these two subjects chiefly occupy the correspondence from 1794 to 1795. It opens with a letter from Schiller (at that time Professor of History at Jena), in which he in friendly, though somewhat formal terms, solicits the co-operation of Goethe in the projected periodical. The latter most cheerfully agrees to the proposal, and anticipates much from their joint exertions. The fourth letter may be termed the most important of the first volume. In it, Schiller, with an enthusiasm founded on carefully formed conviction, declares his judgment respecting Goethe. 'On many points,' he writes, 'concerning which I was yet undecided with myself, the manifestation of your spirit (for so I must call the entire impression of your ideas upon me) has kindled an unexpected light within me. Your observing gaze, which so purely and calmly rests on all things, secures you from the danger of falling among those mazes wherein speculation, as also capricious and self-willed imagination, so often are

are entangled. In your unerring intuition lies all—and far more perfectly—which analysis seeks with such laborious care. . . . Long have I, though at becoming distance, observed the progress of your spirit, and with still renewing wonder marked the path which she had prescribed herself. . . . I have critically considered your mental career; and how far I may have been right, you yourself can best decide. But what you will hardly be able to decide (for genius ever remains the greatest mystery to itself) is the beautiful harmony of your philosophic instinct, with the clearest results of speculative reasoning. Schiller, however much he loved Philosophy generally, and especially the school to which he belonged, yet at times appears wearied of her speculations, and wishful to bid her adieu for ever. When, in January, 1795, Goethe sent him the first part of 'Wilhelm Meister,' in his reply the following sentence occurs:—'Thus much, however, is certain, that the poet is the only true man, and that the best philosopher is but a caricature compared with him.' But to the poets who may applaud, and the philosopher who may censure this position of the bard, we would remark that Schiller, to the day of his death, remained true to philosophy, and that his poetry owes its genuine and intrinsic worth to his sound and philosophic thinking. To the same source may be referred the clear and perfect self-knowledge which he possessed. Never has any one written so truly of Schiller, as Schiller himself has done. In his thirty-fifth year he, in one of his letters, gives a faithful portrait of his conflicts between poetic enthusiasm and philosophic reflection. After describing his past struggles, he says, 'Still it frequently occurs to me, that my abstractions are disturbed by my imagination, and my poetry by cold intellect. Could I be so far master of these two powers, as to prescribe at will to each its limits, a lovely lot would yet await me; but alas! when I have begun to understand and use my moral forces rightly, sickness threatens to undermine my physical strength. For a great and general mental revolution. I shall hardly have sufficient time; I will, however, do what I can.' . . . It is worthy of remark, that Schiller was more spiritually and corporeally excited by his poetic than his philosophic pursuits. 'I fear,' he writes in August, 1795, 'that I must do penance for the lively excitation into which I am thrown by my poetical pursuits. For philosophy, half the man is sufficient, and the other half may rest the while; but the Muses exhaust one altogether.'

To Schiller's candour and openhearted confidence, Goethe appears to have made at first a measured and formal return; yet this is in no degree attributable to any disinclination or want of real regard towards his friend, but to a certain embarrassment, of which he himself is painfully sensible. In his answer to Schiller's letter, of the 23d of August, 1794, he declares, that 'from the day of his more intimate acquaintance with Schiller, he dates a new epoch in his life.' It should also be remembered, that Goethe regarded himself as the senior of Schiller, in whom he hoped to have an heir to the labours which he should be unable to complete, though the latter was but ten years younger. Accordingly, Goethe writes, 'As I feel most strongly that my undertakings far exceed the measure of human power, and of its earthly duration; so should I wish to place much in your hands.' Herein he also calculated on the beneficial influence which Schiller's neighbourhood and intercourse would have upon him. Certain it is, that Goethe has never written to any other in terms of such perfect trustfulness as the following:—'How great will be for me the advantage of your co-operation, you yourself will quickly perceive, when on a closer acquaintance you discover in me a gloom and a dilatoriness over which I cannot obtain control.'

There being a total and acknowledged anarchy in the poetic kingdom, and
no

no critical code by which justice could be satisfactorily administered, a new periodical was projected, under the care of Schiller, Goethe, Herder, Schlegel, Voss, Jacobi, and Fichte. In spite of this galaxy of glorious names, Schiller found occasion to complain as follows, in a letter of the 15th May, 1793:—'Many murmur at the abstract subjects treated of—many are confused by the mode of treating them—and cannot, as they express it, see what it all means. Thus you see our German guests do not belie themselves: they must always know *what* they eat, if you would have them rightly relish it.—I spoke lately with Humboldt upon this matter. It is utterly impossible to give general satisfaction in Germany with any publication, how good soever. The public has no longer the uniformity of childhood's taste, and still less that of perfect cultivation. It is in a middle state between both, and this makes a glorious time for wretched authors; but for such who do not barely work for gold, so much the worse.'

Of the friends who took the greatest interest in all that Schiller and Goethe then wrote, we may particularly mention M. von Humboldt in Jena, and Körner (the father of Theodore Körner) in Dresden. Schiller laid especial weight on the judgment of Körner, in whose house he had been hospitably entertained, and under whose eyes *Don Carlos* was completed. When Wilhelm Meister first appeared, Schiller remarks in a letter to Goethe: 'Körner, a few days since, wrote to me in terms of the greatest gratification of Wilhelm Meister, and all reliance may be placed upon his judgment.' Some letters on the subject of the political convulsions of Europe will afford much pleasure to the reader; but we pass them by, in order to come to the most interesting portion of the second volume, and that which falls most within our province as literary reviewers. We allude to Schiller's 'Letters on the Wilhelm Meister,' and the way in which his opinion and advice were received by Goethe. It would lead us too far, were we to quote all the striking remarks made by Schiller; in the full confidence of judgment, and unrestrained by his high veneration for his friend. We refer our readers to the letters, dated July 1796; but we cannot refrain from giving the following extract from Goethe's reply:—

'I beg of you not to desist from—I would that I might so say—driving me forth from my peculiar bounds. . . . I am indebted to you in the liveliest gratitude, for that, among so many other favours, you have, at the proper time, and so decisively, called this perversity of manner in question; and I shall assuredly, as far as possible, meet your generous wishes.'

These two great men continued united by the holiest and most intimate ties. Theirs was not the friendship, so much vaunted by sentimentalists, which must be fanned with sighs, and bedewed with tears—no: it was of a healthier growth and stronger texture, worthy of the mental and moral energy of their exalted manhood. 'Further,' writes Schiller to Goethe, on having received from him the last book of the *Wilhelm Meister*, 'it belongs to the brightest bliss of my existence, that I have lived to see the completion of this work, that it hath reached me in the period of my striving strength; and that I may drink from this unsullied source.'

We reluctantly take leave of this interesting correspondence, which will, we doubt not, be often perused by our readers: for the gratification it affords is of the purest kind, originating in admiration of the highest talent, joined to the highest worth.

Philosophie der Geschichte. In achtzehn Vorlesungen gehalten zu Wien im Jahre, 1828. Von Friedrich von Schlegel. 2 Bde. 8vo. Wien. 1829.

THE present work is most probably the last gift which German literature was to expect from one of its most ingenious writers, the news of whose death reached

reached us some weeks ago. To trace the life, and the mental development of Friedrich von Schlegel; to observe the entire change which took place in his whole manner of thinking, since his transition to the Catholic Church; and to point out the powerful influence which this change maintained in every line which he afterwards wrote, would, undoubtedly, be an interesting task for all those who perceive something greater in the history of literature, than a mere list of authors and books. We at present must content ourselves with giving only a short account of the work at the head of this notice. Even the form in which it is written wakes pleasing recollections. To similar lectures, delivered before a most distinguished audience at Vienna, are we indebted for those ingenious works, the history of dramatic art and poetry, by August Wilhelm von Schlegel, and the succinct history of general literature, by his brother Friedrich.

'At the commencement of my literary life,' says our author, in the first of the present lectures, 'a considerable portion of my time was devoted to a detailed study of Grecian antiquity; then the particular character, and the ancient language of India, since become more accessible, attracted my whole attention. Afterwards, in the strugglings and perils of life, a patriotic feeling for the history of my own country, and of recent times, remained no stranger to me; and there are, perhaps, some amongst my hearers, who recollect the historical lectures delivered by me in this capital eighteen years ago. At present it is my wish, and fixed purpose, without any antiquarian, or Asiatic, or European predilection for the details, to represent the whole of the development of universal history, according to its essential parts, limbs, and steps, and to unfold it with perfect clearness, so as to be generally understood.'

In order to give our readers as distinct an idea as possible of what our author means by the expression 'philosophy of history,' we cannot do better than quote the remarks with which he opens the present series of lectures.

'Philosophy of history must not be understood to be a series of observations and ideas on history, according to a self-conceived system of thoughts, or to an arbitrary hypothesis, after which the facts might be represented. History can never be separated from facts, and rests entirely on reality; and thus also philosophy of history, being the spirit or idea of it, must proceed as the pure result from the real historical events, and from the vivid and characterizing representation of the facts; namely of the whole, and of the essential connexion of this whole, in which a clear arrangement will be a necessary condition, and one of the principal means for the true understanding. It is then our object to understand, and to explain to ourselves as far as possible the whole (and the connexion of this whole) of what has hitherto happened, and really taken place with mankind; to judge accurately, or to discern, the single sections, parts or limbs of universal history, according to their inward value and true worth, by distinguishing the obnoxious, the favourable, and the indifferent, and thus to comprehend the whole itself, in as far as it is possible for the limited powers of human intellect. It is this understanding, this appreciating, this comprehending of historical events and developments as a whole, which might well be called a science of history, and I myself should have preferred that name here, were it not so easily misunderstood.'

Our author then proceeds to explain the difference of historical learning from what he calls philosophy of history. 'The political events,' says he 'form only one side of universal history, and do not show us the whole of man, and of his historical development. All knowledge of single facts, however many and various they may be, does not produce a science, in the philosophical

philosophical sense of the word, which can only lie in the true conception of the whole.'

Such, then, is the description of the field which our author has chosen for his cultivation. All who have made history an object of their study, will certainly peruse with delight the spirited pages of his work, even if they cannot always approve of the views which he has taken. We regret that the limits prescribed to this article will not allow us to enter into further details. But we must indulge the interest with which these lectures have inspired us, by quoting one passage more from them, in which we perceive the true central point of Schlegel's philosophy of history.

Relying upon the statement of the sacred traditions of almost every nation, and upon the authority of the first chapters of Moses in particular, the author establishes it as a fact, that man, through the Promethean spark granted to him, which manifests itself by the exclusive endowment of language, was distinguished above all creatures of the earth, and installed as its lord and ruler. This he calls the divine foundation of all history, or rather the beginning which precedes all history.

Man was created free, two paths were lying before him, the one leading upwards, the other to low degradation. Had he continued to adhere to the first will originally imparted to him by Providence, he then would have had always only one will; he would have been free; but his freedom had been like that of the blissful spirits. 'But since discord arose in man, there was a twofold will in him, the one divine, the other natural; and human freedom was no longer that happy freedom of heavenly peace, like that of one who has already conquered, but a freedom of a choice which is still to be made, and of a difficult and uncertain struggle. To find the return to that divine will, to re-establish the harmony of the natural will with the divine, to convert and to change the low and earthly will into the sublime and divine, is the great object for the life of every human individual, as well as for that of mankind. And this return, this restoration and change, the attempts towards it, the advancements and retrogressions in this path, form an essential part of the contents of universal history, in as far as this must also comprise the inward moral development, and the spiritual gradation of the mind.'

Die Kunst aus jedem Zweykampfe lebend und unverwundet zurückzu-kehren, selbst wenn man niemals Unterricht im Fechten gehabt, und es mit dem grössten Schützen oder Schläger der Welt zu thun hat. Von J. Fougère. Aus dem Französischen, Leipzig.

THIS little work has been diligently translated from the French of a veteran officer who accompanied Napoleon in all his campaigns through Egypt, Spain, Germany, and Russia, as first fencing-master to the army. He thus can have no lack of experience on the subject, which he treats with the due earnestness, though, according to him, it need no longer be a *grave* matter, as the purport of his instruction is to teach "the art of being, in a duel, neither killed nor wounded." For the want of such a preservative, our own immortal hero, Falstaff, indignantly denounced "honour, as a mere scutcheon." But, admitting the figurative term of that valiant gentleman, here we have a *safe* and sure powder for keeping the scutcheon always clean and polished.—"Success to the invention," will be exclaimed by the peaceably-disposed.

Storia della Letteratura Italiana nel Secolo XVIII. scritta da Antonio Lombardi. Modena, 1828. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS is but an index of writers, where their names, the names of their fathers and mothers, the day, month, and year of their birth, and of their death, and the

the titles of some of their works, are given. Good and bad authors are set down pêle-mêle together, and very often a friar, whose name was never heard of before Mr. Lombardi mentioned it, takes up more of the pages of the author than a first rate man. Thus the articles, *Lagrange* and *Piazzi* together—two names than which none stood higher among their contemporaries, and very few indeed, if any, among the whole range of mathematicians and astronomers of any age—are shorter than that of *Ruffini* alone, a third rate mathematician, whose name is scarcely known to the scientific world. But to understand the secret, the reader must know that Ruffini was one of the greatest bigots that ever lived—and then the reason of the difference will be soon perceived. The spirit in which this history is written is most abominable. To praise every tyrant in the world, of a *legitimate* race, is the business of this historian. But the facts are either perverted, or concealed, when a king of the *right* stock may be implicated. Cirillo and Pagano were murdered by order of his late Majesty Ferdinand IV. of Naples; the greatest perjurer that ever lived, and a gross violator of the usages of private life. Mr. Lombardi, instead of mentioning the facts, says that Cirillo “si lasciò purtroppo strascinare dal turbine della rivoluziune nel 1799 e ne fu miserabilmente la vittima,” vol. ii. p. 192; and that Pagano “s’impacciò nella miserabile rivoluziune del 1799, della quale restò ben presto vittima.” Conforti too was one of the victims sacrificed on that occasion: a man than whom none among the jurists of the last century was more deeply acquainted with the Canon Law. But as he attacked the Court of Rome in defence of the throne of the very monster who had him put to death, the worthy historian, to show his affection both to the Pope and to the King, does not mention poor *Conforti* at all. In speaking of the monument ordered to be erected to *Algarotti*, by Frederick II. of Prussia, Mr. Lombardi registers the fact, but does not add, what he has certainly read in Ugoni,* that the King *never paid* for the monument after having ordered it. We might add a thousand proofs of Mr. Lombardi’s unfairness and base servility, but it is not worth the trouble. A man who writes a history and who has the impudence to assert repeatedly that the Duke of Modena *has restored the University of Modena to its ancient glory*, when it is a fact that that Prince has actually done every thing in his power to destroy it,—that man is beneath contempt. We cannot let this occasion pass without duly praising the *Antologia di Firenze* for the honest courage with which it exposed this fact to the world. After the castigation that the Modenese individual, unworthy of the name of Professor, received from the *Antologia*, we thought that no man would have dared to flatter publicly the Duke of Modena for the protection granted by him to the University. It appears, however, either that Mr. Lombardi can stand any attack, or that he never read the *Antologia*.

It is scarcely necessary to say that no criticism is at all displayed by the author in this book. The work is composed merely of dates. Tiraboschi’s history, of which this is published as a continuation, was thought to be faulty in this respect. Tiraboschi’s only excuse was, that as he had to enter into many chronological questions which were often of the greatest importance, he could not conveniently devote more of his work to criticism. But his continuator has no excuse, since his chronology is as clear as uninteresting. We are, however, glad that he has not attempted any such thing, when we see him not ashamed of making such conceited and silly observations as the following—le donne ordinariamente, se conoscono di saper qualche cosa, trascurano gl’impieghi e gli uffizii di loro spettanza—vol. i. p. 292. We think there are men who do so: for instance, librarians, who *thinking* that they know something, write

* Della Letterat. Ital. vol. i. p. 100.

books instead of being satisfied with keeping clear from dust those already written. The language of our historian is the very worst that we may imagine. For instance—Babites Chaim corresse il testo della Bibbia, LIVELLANDOLO sulle migliori edizioni. *ib.* p. 243.

We have only one observation more to offer, which cannot be deprived of interest for an English reader. Mr. Lombardi is librarian to the Duke of Modena, at whose press this literary history was printed. The strictest censorship exists there, and nothing is published contrary to the Duke's own notions, in any matter whatever, but more particularly on politics. This Duke of Modena is married to the eldest daughter of the late King of Sardinia, and to her the rights (of the Stuarts) to the Kingdom of England devolved at her father's death. Now the worthy librarian, speaking of Gotti, an inquisitor, who died in 1742, tells us that he was dear "*to the Queen of England, Maria Caterina Sobieski.*" vol. i. p. 142. She was the wife of the then Pretender. Now if to the eye of Lombardi that one was *Queen of England*, the same he must think of the now Duchess of Modena, and with him must agree *the Duchess's husband, by whose permission the book was printed.* When people laugh at the Stuarts' right, they might as well recollect that these rights, by having descended to a lady, married to an Austrian Prince, (by whom she has children, to whom such right will be transmitted,) are not at all worse than they were when possessed by a man who drowned his royal cares in large potations: for such was the *royal daily pastime* of the late Pretender.

Saggio Storico sull'Amministrazione finanziaria dell'ex-Reame d'Italia dal 1802 al 1814, del Sr. GIUSEPPE PECCHIO 1 vol. 8vo. LONDRA, Siscoon (LUGANO, Ruggia e Co. 1826—2d. edit.)

"THE kingdom of Italy, as a political body, will be an imperceptible point in the general history of empires; but, in the History of Italy, it will be an event of the highest importance. A state formed out of eight different Italian provinces, or part of them, which in fourteen years is united in one single compact body, and becomes a kingdom more rich than that of Prussia under Frederic II., and equal to it in martial spirit and in number of inhabitants, is an example full of instruction and hopes for the Italians. . . . They will learn that a national government, howsoever bad it be, is always preferable to a foreign yoke. . . . Without independence there cannot be either comfort or happiness for a nation*." To prove his assertion, from which no Englishman can dissent, Mr. Pecchio presents us with the detailed account of the revenues and expenses of the late kingdom of Italy†. The author has chosen the year 1811 as the basis of his work; as only that year the part of Tyrol, which belonged to it afterwards, was united to the kingdom of Italy; and, because that year was more free from wars than any other. The book is divided into two parts. In the first, embracing the revenue and its different sources, many interesting and instructive details are given, as well as many economical and political reasons, explaining why such were the facts. The author appears to us to reason with great impartiality, and approve and

* Mr. Pecchio's preface.

† The Kingdom of Italy contained the territories of Milan, Mantua, and Venice, and part of the Tirol, together with the Valtellina, and some parts of the Kingdom of Piedmont; the City of Guastalla, the Dukedom of Modena, the Three Legations, Bologna, Ferrara, and Ravenna, the Marca of Ancona, and the various provinces forming what is called Romagna. The Pope had contributed a large share to this kingdom; we were senseless enough to join the Continental powers in raising the prostrate skeleton. Well may our Kings call themselves *Defenders of the Holy Chair*, bad as their faith is in the eyes of the Popish Church.

condemn with very good sense and great discrimination. His facts are many and authentic, being drawn from official documents, and they are well worth the attention of the economist. The total amount of the revenue was 141,130,673liv*. The expenses for collecting it amounted to 8 p. §; and the expense for collecting a revenue which was very much like our own excise, was only 4 p. §. We wish our government would learn something from this, since economy is now-a-days so much talked of. In the second part, the influence which the use of the revenue had upon the state of the country is considered. It is plainly proved that the nation prospered in spite of the madness of the continental system, of which Mr. Pecchio speaks with due disapprobation. He enters into many particulars of the highest interest concerning the state of agriculture, commerce, arts, and studies in the kingdom of Italy during its existence. That kingdom disappeared, when the man by whom it was founded fell victim to his insatiable ambition. A lesson has been taught by this great event to the future generations of Italy: that it is to themselves they must look for their own existence as a nation, not to any foreign aid whatsoever. Let them not forget that they paid very dearly to France for their transitory independence.

Conspiration pour l'Egalité dite de Babeuf, suivie du Procès auquel elle donna lieu, et des Pièces justificatives, par PHILIPPE BUONARROTI.
2 vols. 8vo. BRUXELLES, 1828.

Of all the books lately published on the events of the French Revolution, this is by far the most extraordinary. Mr. Buonarroti was, as it appears, one of the accomplices of Babeuf in the conspiracy. The end in view was, not only the re-establishment of the constitution of 1793, but a total destruction of the right of property. It is this right, according to our author, that renders nations unhappy. It is from this right, (and it is curious that the author calls it a *right*) that all inequality emanates. Accordingly "Les conjurés s'étaient déterminés à adopter pour but final de leur entreprise LA PROSCRIPTION DE LA PROPRIÉTÉ INDIVIDUELLE, et ils comptaient y parvenir par la communauté des biens et des travaux."—vol. i. p. 208.

The means which the conspirators intended to employ in attaining this end, would, in part, make the reader laugh, if the terrible events were not present to our minds which were produced by the proclamation of principles like those of Mr. Buonarroti. Moreover, the author takes himself good care to inform us, that no joke was meant. All the members of the two *Councils*, as they were called, as well as the members of the Directory, were traitors, according to Mr. Buonarroti: "Le crime était évident, la peine était la mort, un grand exemple était nécessaire."—vol. i., p. 196. The inhabitants of Paris, in a state of rebellion, were to pardon only those few whom they thought proper. And in this Mr. Buonarroti is consistent with the encomium which he passes upon Robespierre, Murat, and St. Just, and their government. These three men (?) according to their worthy panegyrist, "s'élevèrent dans le jugement du roi à LA PLUS HAUTE PHILOSOPHIE."—vol. i., p. 24. As for the blood with which they covered France, we are plainly told "c'est le but qu'il faut envisager."—*ib.* 50. And with this doctrine, long ago proclaimed by a celebrated order of monks, the terrorism is highly praised: if any thing, Mr. Buonarroti finds fault with that government's mildness: "Il ne tint peut-être qu'à UN ACTE DE SEVERITÉ de plus que la cause du *genre humain* (!!!) ne remportât en France un triomphe complet et éternel."—*ib.* p. 51.

* An Italian Livre, in the time of the kingdom, was equivalent to a franc, or about 10d.

The conspiracy appears to have been managed with great skill, and, had it not been for a certain Grisel who betrayed his accomplices, God knows what the consequences would have been. The conspirators were arrested on the very morning destined to the execution, when 17,000 soldiers and the populace were to begin to attack the party attached to the existing government. The most remarkable feature in the management of the business is, that the plan was brought to maturity without money, and that, as we are assured by Mr. Buonarroti, the secret committee by whose direction the conspiracy was conducted, had never a larger sum than 240 francs (about 9*l.* 10*s.* sterl.) in their treasury. The conspirators were tried, and nine of them were found guilty, viz. Babeuf, Darthé, Buonarroti, Germain, Casin, Moroy, Blondeau, Menessier, et Borier. Fifty-six others were acquitted. Of those found guilty, the two first were condemned to death, the other seven to transportation for life. Babeuf and Darthé tried to kill themselves in court as soon as the verdict was pronounced; but the weapons were not fit for the purpose, and they did not die by the wounds inflicted. They were both executed, and met their fate with remarkable firmness. The verdict was agreed on by thirteen jurors out of sixteen who were upon the jury. Had four jurors disagreed from the others instead of three only, the prisoners would have been acquitted. The conspirators were allowed to challenge thirty jurors. We remark these circumstances only, because Mr. Buonarroti complains bitterly that he and his associates were unfairly tried. It appears that their trial was more fairly conducted than those which his friend Robespierre approved of, and which the author would have authorized against the other party, if he had succeeded in his plans. He ought to remember, moreover, that "c'est le but qu'il faut envisager." He claims credit to himself for purity of motives in his actions, and in the end in view. Does he think that the end in view by those who did not relish "la proscription de la propriété individuelle" and Robespierre's philosophy was not as pure?

When we said that this is by far the most *extraordinary* book lately published on the French Revolution, we were particularly alluding to the daring doctrines which the author defends and proclaims without any disguise. We should deeply regret the circulation of this book, if we should conceive that it could in any degree check the establishment of true and solid liberty throughout the world. But we think that its publication on the continent is, by itself, a proof of the rapid and steady progress which liberty makes there. The indifference with which such a work has been viewed, both by the royal government of the country where it was printed, and by the continental nations, proves beyond doubt, that the principles proclaimed by Mr. Buonarroti are entirely harmless; thanks to the improved condition of those countries and the more correct notions of true liberty which now prevail there.

Odes et Ballades. Par Victor Hugo. Quatrième Edition. Paris, 1829. Deux Vol. 8vo.

Les Orientales. Par Victor Hugo. Paris, 1829. 1 vol. 8vo.

Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné. Paris, 1829. 1 vol. 12mo.

VICTOR HUGO, both as a poet and a prose writer, belongs to that new school, of which Byron may be regarded as the founder, even in France. No contemporaneous author has perhaps been the subject of so much, and such various, criticism as Hugo. The vocabulary of satire, and that of enthusiastic praise, have both been plentifully poured forth upon him; and his name, attacked by the classical and defended by the romantic school, still remains a bone of contention between them. The war of these literary parties was raging at its

its highest, when Victor Hugo first appeared in the field of poetry. Great beauties and numberless defects—the sublime joined with the extravagant, and the most touching simplicity with the most fantastic ornament—were the distinguishing characteristics of the young author's first poetic essays. Rejected by the old school, he was adopted by the new, and he soon obtained for his party a succession of triumphs, which will finish by securing to him an undisputed crown.

The great fault of this writer consists in the negligence, and frequently the obscurity of his style—his chief merit, is the original and sublime beauty of his ideas. His detractors are the superficial gentry, who are unwilling to earn their gratification, but prefer the pleasure which is felt without the trouble of thinking, and who reject the works of Goethe, because the meaning is not perfectly plain on the first perusal. His partisans, on the contrary, are the disciples of the German bard and of Byron, and their admiration of Victor Hugo is carried to a pitch of fanatical enthusiasm.

In this, as in most cases, truth will be found in the middle path—and while we must admit, with the classical party, that the poet's writings are not absolutely irreproachable, it cannot be denied that none among the productions of our century are more distinguished by true poetic fire. The public taste revolted against his pieces *Sur la Vendée*, *Sur Quiberon*, and *Sur les Vierges de Verdun*, wherein a violent hate against the revolution and a fanatic worship of the *ancien régime* burst forth at every page. The poet became sensible of his fault and corrected it. In the *Ode à la Colonne à la Place Vendôme*, which is inserted for the first time in the just published edition of his ballads, he shows that he no longer devotes his lyre to the terrible catastrophes of a period fertile in crimes of every kind. The co-existence of extravagance and grace, of the sublime and the ridiculous, of poetic harmony, and the most glaring incorrectness of diction, is in all his poems equally unaccountable. Would it be believed that the same author had written the two following passages which are extracted from the *Cromwell* of Victor Hugo?

"But the thing is sooner said than done,
In sooth!—for how the devil can any one
Bring Rochester to Cromwell? We must be
Expert. . . ."

"Think on your fond mother; she,
Alas! beholds your greatness: its uncertainty
Afflicts her age; a thousand anxious fears
Have swiftness led her to the tomb than years.
You strive with dangers, and she counts them all—
Her eye, in your ascent, was measuring your fall!"

The first extract is mere prose, and that of the commonest kind—the second is poetry, and poetry, which as our neighbours would say, *est digne de Racine*. The last thought is strikingly beautiful. *La Chauvesouris* and *Le Cochemar* present some unpardonable aberrations of the fancy, which are the more remarkable from their contrast with the graceful tenderness found in *Le Sylphe* and *La Grandmère*; the lyrical elevation of the ode entitled *Les Deux Iles* and the simple and melodious beauty of the stanzas *A une Jeune Fille*, whom the poet counsels to enjoy her childish happiness and not to envy the occupations of a more advanced and troubled period of life. This little piece we have extracted.

To a Female Child.

"Thou, who know'st not the charms that thy childhood surround,
O envy not, dear one! our sorrowful years,
When the heart is, by turns, or rebellious or bound,
And often the smile is more sad than thy tears!"

Thy

Thy heedless delight is so mild that, in flying,
 Forgotten it fleets, like a wandering breeze
 On the fields of air,—like a far sound dying,
 Like an halcyon on the seas!

"O seek not to hasten thy ripening thought,
 Rejoice in thy spring, in thy morning prime!
 Thy moments are flow'rets, in garlands enwrought,
 Then leave them to bloom, till scattered by Time!
 Let the dark years come on—like us is your doom,
 Unto grief and to friendship ill returned,
 To the sorrows, denied by despairing gloom,
 To pleasures by pity mourned!

Yet smile—nor the power of fate explore,
 O smile, and let not a cloud arise
 To sadden thy brow, or darken o'er
 The mirror pure of thine azure eyes,
 Which shows thy soul and reflects the skies!"

In *Les Orientales* there are not so many glaring defects as in the ballads and odes. The piece entitled *Lui*, the object of which is to sing the exile of Napoleon, possesses beauties of the highest order, but its numerous negligences and errors in taste render it inferior to the celebrated *Meditation of De la Martine* on the same subject.

Victor Hugo has written several prose romances. He is the author of *Han d'Islande*, and of *Bay Jurgall*, which in their day enjoyed a distinguished reputation, and, like the poems of the same author, are remarkable by an extravagant and affected style, by vigorous poetic thought, and a description of life, written with all the energetic fire of youth. In *Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné* the same beauties and defects are visible. This new romance, of which three editions were exhausted in fifteen days, will be found to contain many beautiful passages, and some scenes terrifically true, interspersed with others of irresistible tenderness. The following is a brief outline of the story.

A murder having been committed, a young man belonging to the middle class of society is apprehended, loaded with irons and brought before the tribunal. The prosecution having closed, the jury retire to their deliberative sitting, and the prisoner is reconducted to his dungeon. During three days his cause is under consideration, while his name and imputed crime draw crowds of spectators to the hall of Justice. The two first nights of inquietude and terror he passes in wakeful agitation; but on the third, after leaving the court at midnight, overcome with anxiety and exhaustion, he falls into a sleep.

He is thus reposing on his pallet, sunk in profound slumber, when they come to awaken him. It is the gaoler—who exclaims, "Arise!" The prisoner, trembling in every limb, obeys, though scarcely able to find his clothes or to dress himself. "You are waited for," resumed the gaoler—and in a few moments he finds himself once more in the presence of his judges, and sentence of death is pronounced upon him.

"Condemned to death!" said the crowd; and, as I was led along, the people rushed after me with the sound of a crashing edifice. I walked onward in a state of stupefaction. A revolution had taken place within me. Before the passing of the sentence I felt myself breathing, moving, and living in the same atmosphere with other men—but now I beheld distinctly the barrier betwixt the world and me. Nothing seemed the same as it before had seemed. The lofty painted windows, the beauteous sun, the cloudless heaven, and the lovely flowers—all, all were overspread with a paly, sheetlike whiteness.

whiteness; and the men, women, and children, thronging around my path, appeared but phantoms of unsubstantial air.

"At the foot of the staircase, a grated coach, dark and dirty, was ready to receive me. 'A condemned culprit!' exclaimed the passers-by as they hastened towards the coach. Through the mist that seemed to hang betwixt myself and all around, I perceived two young girls who followed me with eager looks, 'Good'—said the younger, clapping her hands, 'it will take place in six weeks!'"

The black coach conveys the convict to Bicêtre, where he records the mental tortures endured by the miserable expectants of destruction. Every possible precaution is taken to prevent his making any desperate effort to shorten the period of intermediate agony between condemnation and death. At first he experiences some kindness from the gaolers, but in a few days, their accustomed barbarity prevails, and he is confined in the common dungeon, among the most depraved criminals. Here he makes his will—a mother, a wife, and a child will live to lament his fate and blush for his shame. "Thus," he says, "after my death three women,—childless, husbandless, and fatherless—will survive me. Three orphans of different kinds—three widows made by law. I own myself to be with justice punished, but what have these guiltless ones committed? Nothing—yet they are disgraced and ruined—and this is justice." The walls of the dungeon are covered with mutilated inscriptions and broken sentences, "headless forms, like those who had written them." It seemed as though each convict had wished to leave a trace of his having dwelt in that horrible abode. Pencils, chalk, coal, had been used for this purpose—often deep notches had been cut in the stone, and here and there were seen incrustated characters, which appeared to be of blood. There had those murderous men "thought their latest thoughts." The prisoner fancies to behold them, crowded in the dungeon and carrying their hairless heads by the mouth. All clench their hands at him; except the parricide. The gaoler entering takes the prisoner from amidst these horrible spectres, and leads him to a small cell whence he may behold the departure of the slaves for the galleys. He views that odious spectacle—he hears the smacking of whips and the clanking of chains, and the applauding shouts of the populace, who rejoice at the sufferings of the miserable slaves. "And this," cries the prisoner, "is but the beginning! What said my advocate? did he not name the galleys? O rather a thousand times would I welcome death! better the scaffold than the chain—better annihilation than mortal hell! rather could I bow my neck to the axe of the guillotine, than to the collar of a galley's crew—the galleys—oh just heaven!" The condemned ship sets sail, and the prisoner hears a young child, daughter of the gaoler, singing a robber's song—and all the horrible expressions which she unconsciously repeats, appear to him *the stime of slugs upon a rose*. "Ah!" exclaims he, "what infamy is in a dungeon! defiling all around, and withering even the song of an artless girl!"

The Court of Appeal has not yet pronounced its decree, and the prisoner still has hope, when early in the morning an old man with white hair, and wrapped in a great coat, enters, and throwing open his coat displays a cassock. This clergyman announces that the appeal has been rejected and that sentence is to be executed forthwith—on that very day. The prisoner is removed to the gaoler's house whither the priest follows and addresses him, but his voice has no power to touch the culprit's soul. "And how," says he, "should it be otherwise? The priest is the pensioned pastor of the prison, whose livelihood depends upon the exhortations and consoling sentences which he has prepared for all occasions. The culprits are confessed and assisted by him because he has an office to fulfil, and he has grown old in lead-

ing

ing men to death. He has been long accustomed to what makes others tremble—the galleys and the scaffold being his daily scene of action.”

There is an affecting scene between the prisoner and his daughter, who is brought to see him, but, in his altered dress and appearance, cannot recognize her father. After this heart-rending interview, the prisoner is led forth to execution, when a respite is announced; but before his first shock of joy has subsided, the wretch receives intelligence that sentence of death is confirmed against him; and thus the work concludes.

Of the selection of such a subject for description, as that just sketched, we cannot say much in the way of approval; and with the treatment which it has experienced from M. Hugo, we think his admirers have no great cause to be gratified. Passages of considerable force and beauty there undoubtedly are, scattered, and that not thinly, through the work; but the tumid diction and false sentimentality of the narrative generally cause us to lament that the author should have employed his descriptive powers in painting “*les derniers jours d'un condamné*” in preference to other subjects more worthy of his poetic talent and previous fame.

Le Livre Noir de MM. Tranchet et Delaveau, ou Répertoire Alphabétique de la Police Politique. Paris, 1829. 4 vols. 8vo. Moutardier.

THE publication of the Black Book is intended to afford us an insight into the most hidden recesses of police mystery; to exhibit the turpitude of its internal resources; to show morality, honesty, and every virtue of public and private life sacrificed to its artifices; to picture its imagination ever fruitful in childish and gloomy apprehensions and fantastic fears, every where beholding the fatal plots of conspirators, and constantly forming visionary conspiracies, in order to have occasion for exclaiming—Regicide! Carbonarism!—in fine, to describe the clumsiness and want of foresight in its agents, and their stupid ignorance of the most notorious facts and persons. In this book are noted the inquisitorial researches into the life of every citizen in its most minute details. No receptacle, wherever chosen, is impervious to the eye of the police; and to them the thickest wall is more transparent than the crystal castle of a fairy tale. Beneath the valet's livery and the dress of the dandy or the rake; beneath the convenient veil of the most honourable professions and of the distinctions of society, this evil eye contrives to penetrate and gratify its eager gaze: being present in the familiarity of every circle, and at the most confidential effusions of friendship. Thus, whatever France could boast as honourable, praise-worthy, and independent, was unceasingly subject to the prying ken of the very vilest detractors, and exposed to the base calumnies of the friends of Messrs. Tranchet and Delaveau. But we will cite an extract which will afford more convincing proof than any thing which we could say of the monstrous system of *espionnage* carried on by the French Police.

“The Duke of Berwick—The Princess of San Cotaldo.—The Duke de San Lorenzo, Ambassador from Spain—his Secretary—Madame Hutchinson—Col. Fabvier.

‘Private Intelligence for the chief of the Central Police.’

1st of October 1822.—Informations have been received from divers quarters, which leave no doubt that the Spaniards now resident in Paris are secretly occupied in engaging the service of officers belonging to the old French army for the soi-disant constitutional army of Spain. In consequence hereof we directed one of our inspectors to wait upon the Duke of Berwick, who resides in the Rue Taitbout, No. 31, and to inquire of him by what means a French officer might join the Constitutional army in Spain; and to say that he was sent to him by the Princess Santo Cotaldo. The Duke answered the inspector with

with great politeness: "I understand you, sir: I can arrange your business: return here in a few days; I will see some one on the subject, and shall be enabled to instruct you how you are to proceed." We sent a second time, when the Duke said to the inspector: "I have spoken of you to the Spanish embassy. They expect you. Go, and ask in my name to see M. Vinigo, the third secretary, with whom you will agree." Yesterday the 30th, the inspector attended at the Spanish embassy and asked for M. Vinigo, who received him in the most affable manner and conducted him mysteriously to a private room on the third floor, where they were alone. M. Vinigo then said to the inspector: "Your devotedness to the cause of liberty is highly praiseworthy. The ambassador and the Duke of Berwick have made me acquainted with your good intentions. I will not conceal from you that we are enlisting officers for the constitutional army: the rendezvous for the recruits is at Perpignan, whither you will proceed. But you must endeavour secretly to procure for us some of your comrades, who will be furnished with the necessary funds and papers, and on their arrival at Perpignan they will receive further orders. I can tell you no more at present, but on the 2d of October, go to the private hotel of the ambassador, Rue de Provence. He will expect you." M. Vinigo then added, "The actual government of France is a cheat, and it recruits for the Army of the Faith; of this we are perfectly convinced, for a Spanish officer, now in Paris, was engaged by its agents to serve in the Army of the Faith. They gave him the necessary funds and papers, together with letters of recommendation to the authorities in the towns through which he would have had to pass; and they administered to him the oath of fidelity to the Army of the Faith. But this officer came immediately to inform our ambassador of what had passed, and renewed his oath of allegiance to the constitutional system." M. Vinigo concluded by saying to the inspector: "Before your departure I will give you letters of introduction to one of my relations who commands a division of the army under Mina."

3d Oct. 1822. Yesterday at eleven o'clock we sent the inspector mentioned in our report of the 1st of this month, to the Duke de San Lorenzo, the new ambassador from Spain, in the Rue de Provence, No. 36. The inspector was received by his excellency with a cordiality truly surprising. The duke detained him during two hours, when he took leave, saying that he was obliged at that hour to see the minister for foreign affairs. The following are in substance the sentiments which he made known to the inspector relative to the secret in question. He said that he had on the 1st of December despatched a courier to the cortes of Madrid to demand the necessary authority and funds to engage French officers; that this courier would return to Paris in twenty days, and would undoubtedly bring an answer favourable to the measure. The duke then offered to supply the inspector with letters of recommendation, funds, &c., if he would proceed to Spain; but concluded by saying that the better plan would be to await the return of the courier, as then their operations could be prosecuted on a larger scale. He at the same time begged the inspector to visit him frequently, in order to discuss their plan. After several other interviews with the Duke de San Lorenzo and his secretary Vinigo, and at which the Duke of Berwick often attended, taking an active part in the discussion, it was determined that the inspector should set out for Spain under the assumed name of Francisco Bravo; and that, instead of joining the constitutionalists, he should enter the Army of the Faith in order to communicate its plans and movements to General Mina and to the ambassador, for which purpose certain scriptural characters were agreed upon. The letters to the duke were to be addressed to Mad. Leroy, Rue de Provence, No. 20; "because" said the duke, "all letters, even the most in-
significant,

significant, which are addressed to the embassy are opened by the French post-office." In one of the conversations of this inspector with M. Vinigo, the latter told him that the British ambassador at Paris had confidentially acquainted the Duke de San Lorenzo that he had received secret orders from his government to quit France as soon as hostilities should commence, and that consequently England made common cause with Spain in the actual conjuncture; and, in fine, that Mr. Hutchinson, a member of Parliament, had since given him the same assurances, and that the English officers then in Paris had come in a body to offer their services to his excellency the Spanish ambassador. He stated, that before the end of the month Spain would have organized an army of one hundred and eighty thousand men to oppose the French invasion; which army would have for its vanguard a French legion, which would march under the tri-coloured banner; that this legion would nominate a French regency with Prince Eugène Beauharnois at its head; and that the French army would be the scorn of all Europe; that it could hope for no success when commanded by a . . . prince and a Duke of Belluno, who had no claim on the confidence of true Frenchmen, . . . that it was advisable to make every effort for seizing the Duke d'Angoulême, and to shoot him immediately: "for," added Vinigo, "we ought not to have to reproach ourselves with an absurdity similar to that committed by Buonaparte when he saved his life. This is the true way of meeting the enemies of the nations . . . War without quarter to the Bourbons. The first shot fired at the Pyrenees shall be the signal for the downfall of the Bourbons in France, Spain, and Naples. Such are the hopes and prayers of the liberals in all countries, &c."

One of the reports of the police agents terminates as follows. "We have just seen Mrs. Hutchinson again. She says that she has received a letter from her husband, who informs her that in a few days a majority of the English parliament will, by a solemn act, protest against the war which France is about to make on Spain. This lady says also, that Colonel Fabvier has set out, or will shortly do so, for London, charged with an important mission, which is expected to have the most wonderful results. We should remark that Colonel Fabvier is closely connected with Colonel Malchado, Mr. Hutchinson, and the Duke de San Lorenzo."

All ranks and classes indiscriminately figure in the Black Book, on a principle of perfect and unsurpassable equality. Beside the historic names of generals, deputies, and peers of France, we find those of the modest student and the private gentleman carefully noted on the suspected list. One of the partners in the London firm of Darthey is entered next to Beranger; Frederic de George, a law student, is inscribed together with the Deputy Dannon, two pages distant from General La Fayette. Many a spruce shopkeeper will be petrified on perceiving his desk-speculations transformed into sinister plots; his arithmetical rules into political machinations. All means are held as lawful by the police for watching the steps of every man whom an honourable independence or the practice of virtue has rendered suspected in their eyes. To them nothing is sacred: profiting by the indiscretion or cupidity of a menial, they extract all possible information from him, and turning it to what account they please, often make a man the victim of his servant's stupidity or treachery. The following extract will show how the police agents sought to pry into the secrets of General Foy.

"FOY, GENERAL.

"Private information to the Chief of the Central Police.

8th May, 1833.

"We observe that for several days past, and particularly in the evening, continuing till a late hour, there have been meetings held at the house of General

General Foy, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, No. 62, and that among those who assemble are, Messrs. Meunier, Trésorier, Manuel, Voyer, D'Argenson, General Piré, M. Linguay, the Editor of the *Journal de Paris*, a certain colonel named Courbaki, General Thiard, M. Gerardin, and, lastly, an old general named Delauloy.

"We have almost certain information that General Foy, accompanied by a servant named Pietron, will set out on Saturday or Sunday next from Paris, and will proceed to the Department de l'Aisne, whence he will privately travel by a different route to Saint Severs, in the department of Londe, near the General Lamarque: that in this journey he will be accompanied by a mysterious individual, who is now awaiting him at Laon, and who is said to be some great personage, an Englishman recently arrived from London: finally, that this meeting and journey to Saint Severs are relative to political intrigues of the highest consequence. It may be, probably, deemed advisable to keep an eye upon General Foy, *and even to buy over, if possible*, the servant Pietron, as it is likely that by means of the latter, written and conclusive proofs might be obtained.

May 13th, 1823.

"In conformity with private information of the 11th of this month, I direct M. Henaux to charge the peace officer N—— that he prosecute this business with all care, and acquaint me with the day of General Foy's departure, and with the direction which he shall have taken."

(The Prefect of Police.)

Profiting by every weakness of human nature, these agents of police are found encouraging the seduction of a young girl, in the hope that the unbounded confidence of such an intimacy may afford the seducer in their pay the means of eliciting from his miserable victim some confessions favourable to their inquiries. These worthy props of religion and morality coldly organize a plan of politic corruption, every way worthy of that infamous police whose principal revenue was drawn from the proceeds of patent prostitution: for by their exquisite contrivance their information is derived from the unhappy creature who afterwards, thanks to the seductive charms of the official Lovelace, contributes to swell the coffers of their abominable gain. Let us not be suspected of exaggeration—nothing can be more clear and explicit than the passage which we are about to transcribe; and after having perused it, we think the reader will be undecided whether to admire more the consummate impudence of the underling who proposes the expedient, or the infamy of the superior who did not instantly dismiss the author of so odious a machination. The affair of General Berton had been for some time known, and an eager search was made after his pretended accomplices. The ferrets of the Parisian police were pursuing the steps of all who had had any intercourse with the General, when an especial watch was set on the movements of a young Spanish lady, named Novaro, whose brother had been aid-de-camp to Berton; but she was on her guard, and no information could be gained. Under these circumstances, it was that the honest delegate of the devout Monsieur Delaveau concluded his report in the following terms: "In order to obtain more ample intelligence, it is expedient that the maid of Mademoiselle Novaro should be tried—and for this purpose we require that there be immediately added to our corps a *young man, adroit, and of a good carriage*, to whom we will give the necessary instructions for establishing an immediate and *intimate* connection between himself and the girl." We can proceed no further, but throw down the pen in utter abomination of such unblushing and diabolical baseness.

Poësies

Poésies de Mademoiselle Elise Mercœur. Paris, 1822. 1 vol. 8vo."

Who can deny the march of intellect in this unrivalled age? Literature, as well as politics, begins to walk in the paths of improvement; and the fair, so long excluded in France from all participation in the toils or glory of works of genius, have now full permission to appear as moralists, philosophers, and poets, without being exposed to the raillery of a second Molière. Now a reputation, carefully nurtured in the provinces, may be transplanted to the capital, and thus the idea is dispelled that a literary existence in France must spring from the Parisian soil alone.

'Fair Eliza, thanks—for we
Owe the wondrous change to thee.'

This young lady, hardly having completed her sixteenth year, became famous at Nantes, her native place, by some graceful preludes to those melodies, with which she has since surprised the literary world. The critics, learned and unlearned, blue and otherwise, of her own sex, unequivocally condemned the innovation, while the men, naturally more merciful towards the youthful aspirant, (whether from gallantry, or a sense of superiority, has not been ascertained,) encouraged her to proceed in her vocation. Thus cheered and flattered, the youthful muse made most rapid progress: to the simple and tender beauty of the elegy succeeded the masculine and heroic accents of the ode—and these various poems, having accumulated considerably, a provincial bookseller ventured to put forth a collection, which went through its first edition in a very few months. Meanwhile, the supreme chief of literature, "the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme," the author of *Atala*, accepted with paternal kindness the dedication offered to him by his youthful countrywoman; and the poet of the "*Meditations*," Lamartine, prognosticated for her a long and fruitful future. It would have been well had she, who at this early age was the object of so much praise and attention, continued in her retreat and compelled fame to seek her there; but such a triumph was hardly to be achieved by mortal resolution,—the very limited circle of halftaught connoisseurs, the notice of journals possessed of little or no influence, the visits of a few travellers, was all that the country could afford; and this was by no means sufficient for the lively and ardent spirit of our authoress. Miss Mercœur was a woman—Paris presented itself to her imagination with all its brilliant prospects, its noble patrons, its fifty thousand readers, its thirty journals—sovereign judges, who spread renown through eighty-four departments—and dazzled by "this excess of light," the lady preferred the pursuit of fame to its tranquil expectation. Nor has fortune frowned on her adventurous resolve. The poetic genius which had first appeared in the country has not been neglected in the capital. The supreme arbiters of glory have placed the provincial muse upon the summit of the Parisian Parnassus—the journals have hailed her by the title of the *Female Bard*—an illustrious patron has liberally provided for the wants of *la vie positive*,—wants that have so often withered up the noblest hearts, and checked the proud, impulsive tide, which else had streamed in song—and the young muse has been left to the unrestrained exertion of her powers.

The collection of poems, the second edition of which Miss Mercœur has just put forth, furnishes abundant proof of true poetic spirit. Six of the pieces are deserving of particular notice—*La Gloire*; *La France Littéraire*; *Demain*; *Rêverie*; *Le Dôme des Invalides*; and *Une Imitation du Poème de Childe Harold*: a few stanzas from this last will probably interest our readers:

Bondis, o mon vaisseau, noble coursier des mers!
Le natal horizon dans le lointain s'efface:

Je

Je n'ai plus, voyageur des mobiles déserts,
 Que l'océan et toi, ma pensée et l'espace.
 Bondis, o mon vaisseau, noble coursier des mers !
 Seul écho de ma voix, que le vent me réponde ;
 Harold avoit besoin de ton immensité,
 Ocean ! mon regard, dans l'orgueil de ton onde
 Trouve un reflet de liberté.
 Honte à cet insensé qui dans l'exil succombe,
 Honte à que n'a jamais respiré d'air nouveau ;
 Je m'éloigne joyeux, qu'importe que ma tombe
 Soit près ou loin de mon berceau !
 N'attend pas, sol natal, qu'un regret me dévore ;
 Sans pleurs je pars, lassé de tout ce que j'aimais.
 De mon hymne d'adieu, je te salue encore,
 Soit pour un temps—soit pour jamais !

These stanzas are unquestionably those of no ordinary writer ; and as Miss Mercœur has in this instance looked to Britain for her inspiration, we have the less scruple in offering her some critical advice from the same country : it may not be so perfectly *poli* as that of Paris, but we vouch for its sincerity, as we doubt not the fair authoress will do for its soundness, should she be so unpoetically tractable as to follow it. We advise her, then, to bestow more care on her performances, and to reject the senseless notion that occasional beauties are a full compensation for that heedless inequality of style which, in the greatest poets, is but tolerated, and in those of lesser grade cannot meet with a too decided reprehension. Miss Mercœur is now dwelling in a lively and luxurious capital—a region at all times unfavourable to the correction of defects such as we have just mentioned. She will indeed find there the most experienced and best intentioned guides, but also the most senseless and perfidious. Every coterie will strive to allure her within its slavish circle, and to guide her by its sectarian spirit. Let her listen alone to the impulse in her own heart, and to the guiding voice of reason : and, undazzled by early—we will not say premature—success, let her

Like those, who unripe veins in mines explore,
 On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
 Till time digest the yet imperfect ore—
 And *know* it will be gold another day.

La Conspiration de 1821 ; ou, les Jumeaux de Chevreuse. Paris, 1829.]
 2 vols. 8vo.

HERE we have an entirely new romance of history, and sentiment, politics and melancholy, from the pen of no less a personage than the Duc de Levis, a peer of France, a member of the academy, and, according to his eulogists, a direct descendant from the famous Jewish tribe of Levi. What hidden motive has prompted this publication ? Is the author a citizen of the world, whose heart and head, overflowing with feelings and observations, required disburthenment by painting manners and sketching portraits ? or is he a disappointed statesman, who, by means of a few amorous intrigues, seeks to allure the public to the perusal of his groundless fears and political prepossessions ? The grave character of the noble peer would discountenance the former of these conjectures, while the latter is greatly strengthened by a careful consideration of his work. Notwithstanding the plentiful protestations of impartiality which are to be found in the preface, the reader will discover in the characters of the work itself abundant proof of the spirit in which this political romance has been written. Let us enumerate these characters :

A young

A young officer of gendarmerie.

A justice of the peace, a declared partisan of the ancient régime.

A young foreign count, of a fiery character, who, from a desire to recover his confiscated property, and to please "the lady of his love," is prepared to renounce his liberalism and to attach himself to the wily policy of Austria, which he had bravely combated while in the ranks of Napoleon.

A young Polish princess, who, to many rare and pleasing qualities, adds that of a philosophic turn of mind. Her aristocratic notions, and the serfs who swarm on her domain, are advocates of sufficient influence with the noble author to induce his pardon of her highness's heinous hatred of kings and crowns.

To darken the picture we meet with a young advocate, a conspirator from ambition, who regards all monarchical government with implacable detestation, and who, in order to disguise himself before the king, adopts the expedient, happy enough, though not remarkably novel, of stooping to fumble about his shoestrings.

Next we have a young magistrate, who, possessing the plainest proofs of a conspiracy, betrays his duty, and instead of delivering the delinquents up to justice, seeks to secure the support of the famous directoral committee of Paris. The Duc de Levis, with his usual impartiality, composes this committee exclusively of deputies belonging to the opposition, without deigning to show the slightest ground for such malevolent insinuation. Herein the duke fully agrees with the *Lierre Noir*—but surely he must fear something like degradation in thus becoming the docile echo of the Tranchets and Delaveaus. However, here we have the bench and the bar subject to suspicion in the persons of a judge and a Parisian advocate. The ancient army of France is next attacked by the duke in the person of three officers, one of whom has served at Waterloo; the second, under the disguise of a commission traveller, is the most active agent of the conspirators; and the third, a retired colonel, and a decided Buonapartist, unceasingly invokes the reign of the king of the Romans. Vainly would you urge that the chamber of the veteran soldier has all the outward marks of loyalty: he still must be suspected. The inscription *Vive le roi* cannot secure him from suspicion, for the duke tells you that the wainscot conceals an eagle and the word *de Rome* behind the inscription, and that these detestable additions can be produced at will.

In the magic lantern of the noble peer we find also a physician, well skilled in his profession, but at the same time a restless intriguer, a revolutionist, and a materialist. And here we may remark that the duke seems to believe that impartiality consists in vouchsafing the acknowledgment of some talent and courage in the members of the several professions, on condition that he shall have full liberty to represent them as disaffected towards the reigning dynasty. In order to disguise in some measure this singular partiality, the author brings before us a few dark intrigues of the foreign police; but the public will not be thankful for any such discoveries at present, when it has been sated by the disgusting details drawn from the memoirs of a galley-slave, and from those of Vidocq, who even defends himself from the accusation of having belonged to the political police, as from a stain more withering than any that could be left by chains and galleys.

Under the title of "The Conspiracy of 1821," the author, confounding time and place, does out his drivelling descants relative to the troubles of Spain, Naples, Piedmont, Germany, Poland, Russia, France, and England, —so that he might very fairly have called his Conspiracy an universal one.

As a recommendation of his romance of real life, we are informed by the author, in the preface, that Walter Scott's novels are *truer than history*.
Thus

This wonderful assertion may have some plausibility, as regards the delineation of manners, customs, and *costumes*; but when an historical fact, such as the conspiracies of our author, is to be related, then the slightest exercise of the imagination varying the narrative renders it a lying fiction, which nothing but the most wilful blindness or perverted judgment would seek to palliate. To us this mention of the name of the first of the romancists seems but an ill-advised mode of provoking comparisons, which we suspect would be found as "odorous" in the case of the noble peer, as in every other. However, setting aside his political prejudices, this work is not without interest and literary merit; the style is often elegant,—the shades of character skilfully distinguished,—and the action at times rapid and romantic. These two volumes form only the first part of the work; when the whole is before us, we shall attempt an analysis of the events which the duke has undertaken to relate.

Nouveaux Fragmens Philosophiques. Par Victor Cousin, Professeur Paris, 1829. Pichou and Co. 1 vol. in 8vo.

Nothing which proceeds from the pen of M. Cousin can be uninteresting to the public; and if the New Philosophic Fragments which he has just put forth be not destined as a pleasing pastime for the superficial scholar, they will yet be found to form a suitable subject for the meditative studies of the truly scientific man.

M. Cousin opens his work by introducing Xenophon to us. It is yet the first stage of Greek philosophy, and the human mind, incapable of retrogression, and too feeble to take itself as the object of its contemplations, seeks in physical science for a revealing of the principle of existence, endeavouring to explain nature by natural causes. M. Cousin is, however, careful to distinguish two elements of the Xenophontic philosophy,—the simply empiric and material, and the Pythagorean. Then comes Zeno, the soldier, the hero, the martyr of his school, and the father of the dialectic art, who first substituted prose as the instrument of reflection and reasoning in place of poetry—the native and inspired language of philosophy. An old prejudice represents this philosopher as the inventor of sophistry and scholastic cavilling. M. Cousin, by the weightiest authorities, has undertaken to restore him to his true place in history. It is true that, often in his works, the philosopher has supported both sides of the question; and this has hitherto subjected him to misconception. If he seem to adopt, if he develop his adversary's opinions, it is in order the better to refute them by the conclusions to which he drives them. Historians and posterity have considered that gravely which he meant merely as a fiction, a dialectic "*ruse de guerre*."

The author next enters on a learned and highly interesting dissertation concerning the causes which led to the death of Socrates:—"Three chief reasons induced his condemnation; 1st. The resentment of the wits of his time, whose ignorance he had exposed;—2d. The hatred of the democracy, who were exasperated by the infallible equity of Socrates;—3d. The wrath of the clergy on hearing him proclaim, in the face of the sacred divinities, a Providence manifesting itself in nature to the eye of faith by the first causes to which all external phenomena were to be referred, and in man by conscience, the immediate and incorruptible organ of the divinity."

After a fragment concerning the origin of the Platonic philosophy, and some delightful dialogues on the same subject, M. Cousin brings us to the third epoch of the Grecian philosophy, in the Alexandrian school, which neutralized its useful labours by its visionary rhapsodies. The inquiries of the

the author, in regard to the philosophers of this school, are deeply scientific, and, in order to throw light upon their works, he employs all the resources of biography and various erudition.

Du Courage Civil et de l'Education propre à inspirer les Vertus Publiques.
Par H. Corne. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1828—9.

THE very title of this work is a recommendation sufficient to secure an attentive perusal. For what inquiries can be of greater interest than those relative to the most efficacious means of training generations with a deep sense of their civil duties, and a firm resolve to fulfil them, under all circumstances and at all costs? Public institutions can never be maintained unless by the zeal which enforces and the courage which defends them; and if that zeal and that courage be not graven on the heart of infancy; if they grow not with the growth, and strengthen not with the strength of the ripening youth and perfect man, then it will require but the breath of a bold corruptionist to puff away the unfed flame of merely seeming freedom; and to guard against the possibility of such a political extinction of public right is the object of M. Corne in the task which he has undertaken, and fulfilled with honour and talent, in the pages now before us. His work is divided into three parts, which are,—1st. *On the nature of civil courage and on its rarity*; 2nd. *On the causes of the rarity of civil courage*; 3rd. *On the remedies for the causes of the rarity of civil courage*;—all three bearing the stamp of sound reflection and careful study. After having pointed out the various causes of the rarity of civil courage, M. Corne enters on a discussion of the means best calculated for reviving that sacred fire of patriotism which inflamed the hero to miraculous exertions. He admits the fact, that the patriotism of the modern nations cannot be precisely that of the ancients; partly by reason of the dispersion of the various peoples over a vast territory, partly on account of the progress of civilization, which, by rendering conquest less distinctive and tyrannous, has diminished among men that horror of a foreign yoke which fired the freeman's breast of old. But if this great incitement of exclusive glory and perpetuity be wanting among the moderns, on the other hand it may be truly affirmed that there is no longer a necessity for such incitement, now that general civilization brings the nations as it were nearer to each other, extinguishing rivalry and hate. It is to public spirit, that opening germ so rich in prosperous promise, that we now look for the preservation of social life. The author seems to point, with sincere pleasure, to the eminent public spirit which inspires the breast of, as he terms her, "Old England." "England," he says, "presents to us the most striking example of the height of greatness and power to which public spirit may attain. There, indeed, it need not shun a comparison with the patriotism of the ancients. The Englishman looks to the moral existence of his constitution as the Roman regarded the seven hills of the city, built by Romulus. He is, full of the noblest sentiments which can animate and aggrandize a nation; he is proud of his well-being, of his opulence, of his freedom, and of his unrivalled power, in either hemisphere, for he knows the steadfast base whereon his high prosperity is founded. The abstractions of the representative government assume, in his eyes, not less substance, excite not less interest and passionate enthusiasm, than do positive objects, whose results are immediate. In England public spirit watches at every breach whereby danger possibly might enter, and stands prepared for every effort, and for every sacrifice. In vain are her gigantic enterprises, the risks of her unbounded commerce, her colonies, vast as empires, her entire force confided to the waves, and, above all, her enormous and incalculable debt; in vain

are these pointed at by the peoples of the earth as sufficient to swallow all, even the towering pride of England. The Englishman feels no fear, for public spirit is the anchor of his power."

The conclusion of the work is devoted to the exposition of a plan of studies, corresponding to the wants of constitutional freedom, and appears to us full of profound and lucid views. We only regret, and herein M. Corne would seem to agree with us, that the form of an academic work has not permitted him to develop this important part of his subject at greater length.

Discurso sobre el influjo que ha tenido la Critica Moderna en la decadencia del Teatro Antiguo Español, i sobre el modo con que debe ser considerado para juzgar convenientemente de su mérito particular. Por D. A. D. 12mo. Madrid. 1828.

THE principles employed by the Spanish critics of the past century for estimating the merit of the dramatic poets of that nation, have given rise to many warm and fruitless disputes. The works of Lope de Vega and Calderon have been judged by the rules of the Greek theatre, and it has been decided that all the old Spanish comedies are written in violation of the unities, and consequently merit condemnation as monstrous and absurd. It would be well if the promulgators of such principles would employ their philosophical researches in ascertaining *why* the great writers in question disregarded rules of which they could not possibly have been ignorant, and how it came to pass that they produced so many indisputable beauties, not only by the power of their genius, but by the very violation of the boasted rules by which it is attempted now to judge them. No one can suppose that the difficulty of creating according to the classical rules, could have deterred the authors of such pieces as *El Desden con el Desden*—*La Verdad Sospechosa*—*No Siempre lo Peor es cierto*, and others, which, despite of criticism, will last as long as the language in which they are written. The classic dogmatists should rather conclude that the system pursued by the dramatic writers of Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries constitutes, in fact, a new species of dramatic poetry, differing very naturally from that of ancient Greece, which was produced under peculiar influences, which have no application whatever to modern Spain. Such an inquiry might have led them to the truth, and would probably have induced them to establish new rules for a new style of composition, instead of absurdly endeavouring to apply the laws of the ancients to the works of the moderns. Inquiries, embraced and prosecuted in this spirit, and which some among the Spanish critics were every way qualified to carry on successfully, would have produced effects more immediate and far more beneficial, than any which have resulted from the censures so plentifully and inconsiderately poured forth. The characteristics of the national comedy, which are more strongly marked in the Spanish theatre than that of any other country, would have been defined; and the youth, and distinguished minds, which are now little more than skilful imitators of the classic models, would have been original creators and authors of novelties interesting by their conception and expression, and by the elegance and vivacity of the dialogue, in which the language of Cervantes and Granadas, now so neglected and corrupted, would have become more and more prevalent. The author of the *Discurso*, which has afforded us an opportunity for these few remarks, has proposed to himself an object similar to that which we have just mentioned as so desirable, but we think he may be said to have failed on account of his having availed himself of metaphysical disquisitions, instead of facts and results. He thus represents the difference between the two kinds of dramatic poetry. "The classical generally paints the

vices, follies, and passions of the human race; and the *romancero*, as regards the ancient Spanish theatre, describes chiefly individual or historical characters." We differ in some degree from this definition. The Spanish theatre does not always describe historical or individual characters,—on the contrary, many of them are entirely abstract and ideal. But the ancient Spanish theatre proposes to paint, and not to reform manners, to please and surprise, as well as to moralise and instruct. Notwithstanding the obscurity of the author of the present *Discurso*, and his evident wish to be thought rather a skilful metaphysician than a lucid critic, his work deserves a favourable reception from the Spanish reader, on account of its truly Spanish character, and its being the first attempt to cast off the servile yoke of French imitation.

1. *Diccionario Geografico-Estadístico de España y Portugal*, por Don Sebastian de Miñano, individuo de la Real Academia de la Historia y de la Sociedad de Geografía de Paris. 1 vol. 4to. Madrid, 1826-28.
2. *Observaciones necesarias a todos los que lean un Diccionario Geografico y Estadístico de España, que se está publicando*, por D. J. Alvarez. 12mo. Madrid, 1826-28.
3. *Contestacion del Autor del Diccionario a las observaciones de D. J. Alvarez*.
4. *Correcciones fraternas al Presbítero Don Sebastian Miñano, Autor de un Diccionario Geografico-Estadístico de España y Portugal, por el suscriptor arrepentido D. J. Caballero*. 12mo. Madrid, 1827-8.
5. *Correcciones y ediciones al artículo Madrid del Diccionario Geografico-Estadístico de Don Sebastian Miñano*, por Pablo Zamatón. 12mo. Madrid, 1827-28.
6. *Geografía Universal Política e Histórica dedicada al Excmo. Señor Duque de San Carlos*, por D. Mariano Torrente. 1.^a 12.^a Parte. 2 vol. fol. con un Atlas. Madrid, 1827-8.

THE undertaking of a Geographical Dictionary of the Transpyrenean Peninsula has, from time to time, engaged the attention of many learned Spaniards, since the first formation of the Castilian language. The vast quantity of materials existing for such a purpose, is scattered through various manuscript and printed works, many of which are deposited in the public libraries and archives; and there is hardly an important branch of physical geography, topography, statistics, history, &c., which has not been treated with the most profound and minute research both in general works, the object of which embraces the whole kingdom, as also the particular descriptions, relative to each province, city, diocese, or lordship. This being the case, we were not a little surprised at the grave assertion of Señor Miñano, that he, by his dictionary, has opened the way by which others may proceed without encountering so many and such discouraging obstacles. The critics, whose treatises we notice at the head of this article, have been indefatigable in pointing out the numberless and abominable errors which disgrace the work of Señor Miñano. The author promises to furnish his reader with a supplement, in which he proposes to rectify his mistakes, but so many of these and of such a nature have been discovered since the publication of the first volume, and the author has put forth so poor and feeble a defence in his reply to Alvarez,—add to which the obstinacy displayed by him in continuing the publication of the succeeding volumes, to the very last, without profiting by the many warnings which he has received,—that, without waiting for his supplement, we feel justified in forming one of two conclusions—either that the author of the *Diccionario* is not a man of sufficient information to appreciate the learned

learned and judicious criticisms which have been passed upon his work—or that he has so little delicacy—and, if we may use the term, so little literary conscience, and so much of quackish impudence, as to limit his care to the collection of subscriptions, the amount whereof, if we may judge from the list at the close of the concluding volume, must have fully corresponded to the views of mere pecuniary speculation, which alone could have been consulted in publishing a work like that before us. We, for our part, should be inclined to come to the former of these conclusions, notwithstanding our acknowledgment of Miñano's merits as a writer on other subjects more within the sphere of his capabilities, and requiring rather skilful diction and satirical power, than profound and extensive knowledge, or a clear and well formed critical judgment. In 1823, on the restoration of the Cortez of Cadiz, he published a collection of *Cartas del Pobrecito holgazán*, in which, with highly successful sarcasm, he attacked the principal abuses of the despotic government. Shortly after the appearance of this work Miñano, in the resentments and divisions of party consequent on the disastrous invasion of 1808, became an avowed enemy of the constitutionalists; and in 1825, he wrote a history of the Spanish revolution, from 1820-23, in which, without evincing any literary ability, he displays a very palpable partiality against the vanquished and a grovelling adulation of the victorious party. His latest work is the Geographical and Statistical Dictionary, by the publication of which he has utterly destroyed whatever reputation he previously possessed in the field of literature. Had he confined himself within the limits of his capacity as described in the *Cartas*, Miñano might probably have merited and enjoyed an undisputed praise; but some fatality has induced him to seize the historic pen, and to cherish the monstrous presumption that he is capable of accomplishing, singly and unassisted, an enterprise so vast and complicated as that of the Geographical and Statistical Dictionary. The result is precisely what might have been anticipated. He finds himself covered with shame, and an object of unrelenting ridicule; whilst among the well-founded denunciations of his literary performance, the rancour of party has taken occasion to mingle personalities provoked by the tergiversation and ignominy of his political career. This latter circumstance is much to be lamented, for, with the exception of this single blemish, the castigatory pamphlets, published on the subject of Miñano's dictionary, undoubtedly form a body of criticism every way honourable to the literature of Spain; on account of the many acute notices on history, statistics, and antiquities, which they contain, and equally so by the witty and agreeable vein, lively style, and elegant language in which they are written. The authors—if, indeed, Alvarez and Caballero be not pseudo-nymics for one and the same person; by their attacks on the dictionary, which have regularly followed the appearance of each volume, have done an essential service to literature, though it is evident that they have been led to the task more by a wish to throw discredit on Miñano personally, than by any higher motive. Their pamphlets form, in fact, a supplement to the work in question, which incomplete though it be, is still the only one of its general kind in Spain, since no author has yet taken advantage of the great and ample stores at hand, for the completion of such an undertaking in the most perfect style conceivable. The Academy of History commenced by publishing, under very favourable auspices, two volumes, containing the Geographical Dictionary of Navarre, and of the three Basque provinces—yet, by a fatal abandonment, but too common in the labours of bodies corporate, the task has been discontinued.

Señ. Miñano takes especial care to make us acquainted with the fact that he opened a correspondence with all the parochial authorities, priests and others, as also with many well-informed individuals, in nearly all the towns of the

the Peninsula, for the purpose of procuring authentic information; but the matter and arrangement of the articles prove that, if by these means he could have collected such intelligence, he has been wanting in the critical talent necessary for the due selection and disposal of the accumulated stores, by rejecting the useless, supplying the defective, and amending the incorrect; so much so as to make it appear that in requesting the contributions of the just-mentioned parties, his principal object was not so much to condense materials as to fill the number of pages which he stood pledged to supply to the subscribers within a given period. This negligence, or excessive confidence, whichever it may be, is the more reprehensible, since not only could he have had at hand the most copious materials, ancient and modern, as we have already hinted, but even in the *plan* little or nothing was left for him to desire in that sketched by Jovellanos for the Geographical Dictionary of the Principality of Asturias, which he might and ought to have adopted as his model. It may be asked how the work of Señ. Miñano has been carried to its conclusion, as it were *invita Minerva*, notwithstanding the scanty requisites possessed by the author for this style of writing, he having given frequent and flagrant proofs of his utter ignorance in geography; and also, notwithstanding the vigorous and learned criticisms with which it has been visited, as each volume successively appeared. This dictionary cannot occupy any honourable place among the works of its kind already known in Spain; but at all events it has given rise to much learned and ingenious disquisition on the part of its critics, who have thus, for a space of nearly two years, supplied the literary dearth which had so long prevailed in the Peninsula.

The work of Torrente, not merely on account of its title and subject, but still more by its execrable performance, deserves the distinction of being coupled with that of Miñano, and of receiving a castigation still more severe. It is really lamentable that in Madrid, where the class of persons from among whom the censorial junta is selected, possesses some education, and, we may thence infer, some pretensions to literary taste, permission should have been granted for the printing of a work which, at whatever part it may be opened, presents proofs so palpable of the author's downright ignorance, as to amount to an absolute insulting of the enlightened portion of the public. Under the shield of a distinguished dedication, and with false and boastful accounts of long vigils, long journeyings, and ceaseless lucubrations, which he pretends to have patiently endured for the completion of this work, the author gives his readers nothing more than an unconnected train of occasional facts, plentifully interspersed with innumerable faults and falsities; in short, a heap of misshapen matter, the confusion and absurdity of which would excite ridicule, were not the subject one calculated to arouse our indignation at such monstrous abuse of its capabilities. These are unpleasant facts, and it is no pleasing part of our duty to be obliged thus pointedly to designate them, but still more unpleasant, nay, revolting is the fact, that ignorant men, like this Torrente, may take advantage of the gloom and disorder prevalent in an oppressed country, and lend their fen-born glimmering only to betray,—as tyranny's exhalations to mislead the public mind. And all this under the sanction of that censorship of the press which, we are told, is the sure safeguard of the best interests of the people. Which of the "best interests" is consulted by permitting the publication of works like this of Señ. Torrente, and prohibiting that of others, who both could and would contribute to the progress of enlightenment and national cultivation, we leave the bigots to declare, and, pitying their dilemma at such a question, we proceed to furnish an excuse for their patronage of Señ. Torrente, by mentioning some of his movements previously to his return to Spain from this country, where he had been enjoying the bounty of government, on the plea

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of being a victim to the cause of patriotism, Torrente, who boasts so much of his travels in foreign countries, styled himself a consul of Spain during the constitutional government, in which character he was living at Florence when the constitution was abolished. He then became intimately connected with the emperor Iturbide, whom he accompanied to London, and whom he proposed to accompany to Mexico. He, however, prudently reconsidered the matter, and resolved to await the issue of the emperor's expedition before he should finally abandon all European prospects. He accordingly remained in London, living as a refugee, and ever boasting of his unalterable attachment to the political views and interests of his fellow emigrants. The result of Iturbide's enterprise became known, and the mind of Torrente became changed. He no longer thought of self-banishment beyond the seas, but, like a true patriot, turned his look to Spain, and longed to breathe his native air. His longing was soon gratified; for whether, as is not improbable, he found himself restored to the favour of the Madrid government, by the services he had rendered while in the bosom confidence of the unfortunate Iturbide, or whether, seeing the door of Mexico closed against him, he thought well to open for himself that of Spain, by means of those potent spells,—abjuration, breach of faith, and sacrifice of every high and honourable feeling; certain it is that Torrente, the Torrente who had eaten the bread dealt out by British bounty to proscribed and suffering patriotism, made his reappearance at Madrid, in the character of Ferdinand's most faithful slave. There he still continues, patronised by the authorities and by the censorship of the press, to the unsurpassable extent of permitting the publication of his *Geografía Universal*.

Did we not know, from individuals of learning and credibility, that Torrente is a man ignorant and illiterate in all the extent of the term, without more cultivation than is requisite for speaking, reading, and writing as the most ordinary person,—were we not fully informed of his want of scientific knowledge, and of the ridicule which he excited in London and elsewhere by showing his *Geografía Universal* as a specimen of his wonderful talents,—did we not further know that he, in some moment of sincere conviction and just self-estimation, himself applied to various enlightened Spaniards for corrections and embellishments, which, of course, they could not give to an affair so intrinsically and irremediably bad,—did we not, we repeat, know all this, as we do, still a single glance at this nondescript heap of unserviceable trash would suffice to justify our denunciation of it as one of those privileged productions which could only proceed from a peculiarly constituted mind. We might easily corroborate what we have said by a selection at random from the pages of the work, but this would really be a waste of our space and the reader's time: we shall, therefore, content ourselves by citing a few strokes of the author's wonderful talent for book-making.

The *Proemio*, as he is pleased to call it, is but a ridiculous muster of ill-disposed phrases, which, by their age and infirmity, might well have been excused from service on the present occasion, they having been in constant requisition from time immemorial, for the purpose of proving the utility of geography in the preface to any essay on that science. The only original features in this part of the author's performance are,—1st, the contempt with which he is pleased to speak of Antillon, and other distinguished Spanish geographers; and 2d, the great respect with which he speaks of himself when parading his researches during a fifteen years' residence in foreign countries. By way of introduction, he favours us with an elementary treatise on the use of globes and maps, in which we are told that "the sphere is called artificial, because it is the effect of art," &c. &c.

We pass from the introduction to the work itself. The author undertakes to

to furnish a compendium of ancient history ; in illiterate language, and in obscurities worse than the language used, he omits the mention of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, or the ancient Jews. Of Spain he evidently knows nothing ; he makes no mention either of the monarchy of Arragon, nor of the empire of the Moors. He undertakes to give an account of the literature of Spain, and what does he do ? he copies from the *Biblioteca Selecta* of Mendibil and Silvela ; he copies the titles of the chapters into which those authors have divided their work, and also the names of those writers whom they place at the foot of each extract ;—and here we have his *Resumen Historico* on the literature of Spain. He then proposes to give a list of Moliere's comedies, and among them places one which he calls *El Noble Ciudadano*, a blundering translation of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, which is conclusive as to his comprehending the immortal French dramatist. Finally, as the completion and crown of all his previous absurdities, he enters on a pompous and elaborate eulogium of the dictionary of Miñano, and in imitation of that eminent and unimpeachable author, he maintains that the errors in his work are merely errors of the press ; but this gratuitous libel on the printer's devils will go for nothing, and the two authors must set up some better sort of defence, or stay as they are,—we knew of no worse punishment. But having thus resolutely loaded the fettered and groaning press of Spain with this enormous burden, he, as in duty bound, begins the work of correction, and in the second volume we find a list of errata to the first, introduced as follows:—"List of errata to the first volume of the Universal Geography, with a few notes relative to the pamphlet entitled *Dique Critico*." Here we have a reply to the critic comprehended in the list of errata ! A novel method this of arranging the contents of a work, though perhaps the author has the candour hereby to convey that his defence is the greatest blunder in the list. The *Dique Critico* here alluded to is the criticism published against the *Geografía*, of which we shall only say, that it is marked throughout by the acuteness and learning which it displays, as also by the witty and humorous strain in which it is written, and to which the Spanish language is so peculiarly adapted. Don Mariano Torrente is styled by his critic *El Torrente* Don Mariano, on account of the furious zeal displayed by him throughout his work ; and, if we mistake not, Torrente will be more indebted to this version of his name than to the literary labours of which he boasts so much, should he for a few years be remembered as the author of the *Geografía Universal*.

NECROLOGY.

MELCHIORRE GIOJA.

WITHIN the last three or four years Italy has lost some of her most distinguished sons ; and scarcely any hope exists that, as long as the detestable governments which desolate that country last, any of the rising generation, may, spite of obstacles of all kind, compensate the world for such losses. Volta, Piazzi, Monti, Vacca-Berlinghieri, and lastly, Melchiorre Gioja have departed this life within the above-mentioned period. The name of Gioja deserves to be known in this country, and we hope at some future period to be able to give an elaborate account of his works. We must now be satisfied with presenting a sketch of his life, and a catalogue, as accurate as we can, of his literary labours. Melchiorre Gioja was born at Piacenza, on the 20th of September, 1767, of very respectable parents, although neither rich nor of any note. His father was a silversmith. He lost his parents while
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very young, and he, together with four more brothers, was brought up by an uncle, who had been appointed their guardian. Thanks to the noble institutions in which Italy abounds, education may be easily procured by persons of all classes. Gioja received his in the College Alberoni of Piacenza, founded by the famous cardinal of that name. He entered the college when he was seventeen, and left it after a residence of nine years. He studied theology and was ordained priest. But theology not suiting his taste, he applied himself to mathematical and philosophical studies. On leaving the college he resided with his brother Lodovico, and for about four years he applied himself with the greatest perseverance to his favourite pursuits. He has been all his life a most indefatigable man. He used to study generally sixteen hours every day; and at the period we are speaking of, in order not to fall asleep, he read standing, with the light of a lamp suspended from the ceiling dazzling before his eyes.

When the French armies entered Italy, Gioja was one of the warmest partisans of democracy, and having abandoned his native place, which by the influence of Spain was under the precarious possession of the Duke of Parma of the family of the Bourbons, he went to Milan. He there wrote some pamphlets, remarkable for the boldness of opinions both religious and political. Among others, the one 'Sulle Opinioni Religiose, e sul culto del Clero Cattolico,' and that 'Quale dei Governi liberi sia più conveniente, all'Italia' stand prominent.

Gioja was very fond of the French, as he thought them really disposed them to render Italy independent and free; but as soon as he began to see them betray the expectations of the country, he attacked them very severely. The French ambassador *Trouvé* wished to reform what was called the constitution of the Cisalpine Republic by substituting one of his own making. Gioja was vexed at this, and wrote a pamphlet under the name of *Marco ferrè*, in which he addressed that ambassador in the strongest language; not such, however, as could be said to exceed the limits of the circumstances. *Trouvé* went formally to ask the imprisonment of the author from the Government; but he could not obtain it.

When the Russo-Austrian army occupied Italy in 1799, Gioja retired to Piacenza, and he was imprisoned by the bishop; nor was he released till the French re-conquered Italy. He then returned to Milan, abused his enemies, and published a pamphlet entitled "I Russi, i Tedeschi, e i Francesi in Italia," to persuade the people that the French were excellent persons, which was true when compared with the other two nations. But he forgot, as many do now who compare the actual masters of Italy with the French, that a thief is not one bit less a rascal because a murderer is worse. He wrote also, not long after, a pamphlet 'Sul Divorzio,' where he defended its justice, for which he was rather ill-used by Government, in spite of the liberty of the press which was nominally existing. To revenge himself, he imitated a little pamphlet of Voltaire, of which he copied even the title, called 'Il Povero Diavolo,' which was a bitter satire against Government, for which on the plea that he was a *foreigner*, (Piacenza did not form part of that *free* republic where such government existed) he was banished; but was soon recalled. We have thought proper to notice these pamphlets as they are likely to be forgotten, partly on account of their tendency, which causes them to be strictly forbidden in Italy, where they never will be re-printed, partly on account of the absolute silence which Italian writers are obliged to observe on their contents by their execrable governments.

The French invasion had had an amazing effect on the political economy of Italy. Convents had been suppressed, and their large properties, as well as those hitherto entailed, were thrown into the market; internal commerce

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had received a new impulse by the disappearance of some of the smaller states of Italy, which were fused together for the formation of larger ones; and the lower ranks being raised to a more independent situation, had acquired a taste for comforts and indulgences which had been formerly reserved for higher classes. Gioja turned his attention to these facts. He wrote some very clever dissertations, 'Sul commercio de' commestibili e sul caro prezzo del vitto.' He then was charged with the formation of the Statistic Tables of the Italian Kingdom or Republic, and published his 'Discussioni Economiche sui dipartimenti d' Olona e del Lario;' and, after many smaller works, he printed, in 1808, his 'Tavole Statistiche,' which were followed by his 'Logica della Statistica.*' In these two works he gave proofs of a vast and comprehensive mind, from which nothing had escaped that might be turned to account, in forming a correct idea of the state of a country in every respect. His plan was too minute, and descended to excessive details; but this was a very good fault, and in applying his principles it may easily be avoided.

Gioja was never a favourite with the government of Napoleon. He was in office for some years, but then was dismissed, and he was known to be too free and too Italian to be ever a favourite. He therefore gave himself to write his great work—'Nuovo Prospetto delle scienze Economiche,' which was to be divided into two parts—theory and practice. He published the first part in 1815, in 6 vol. 4to., and in 1818, he published the two first vol. 4to. of the practical part, with the title, 'Trattato del merito e delle ricompense.' These two immense works are those which give him a claim to the gratitude of posterity. He published moreover, during the last ten years, various minor works, such as 'Sulle tariffe Daziaree,' 1 vol. 8vo.; 'Elementi di Filosofia,' 2 vol. 8vo., which is but an enlarged edition of the 'Logica Statistica;' 'Principi d' Ideologia,' 2 vol. 8vo.; 'Trattato dell' Ingiuria e del soddisfacimento dei Danni,' 2 vol. 8vo.; 'Nuovo Galateo,' 2 vol. 12mo. Lastly, he published his 'Filosofia della Statistica,' 2 vol. 4to.; not to mention various articles in the 'Biblioteca Italiana,' and in the 'Annali Universali di Statistica.'

The Austrians detested Gioja as much as did the French, and even more. By one of those acts by which this government stands singular in the annals of the civilized world, Gioja was imprisoned in 1820. The reason was, as it turned out, that Galdi, an ancient friend of his, when President of the Parliament of Naples, had written to him, asking his advice with respect to some points of political economy. He was imprisoned for about nine months, and then he published his work, 'Dell' Ingiuria,' which was all the better received for it.

No one can deny to all the works of Gioja the merit of being written with great spirit, and *con amore*. He is, perhaps, too mathematical in his arrangements,—too diffuse in some of his details,—too incorrect in his language,—too abrupt in his maxims,—too bold in some of his opinions. But after all, and in spite of his enormous mass of quotations, his books are read with great pleasure, and there have been few writers in Italy more popular than himself. He has not, perhaps, proclaimed any new maxim; but he has with great force of logic either strengthened some, or proved the futility of others. No writer on political economy argued with more conciseness and vigour, and no one supported his arguments with so many facts as Gioja. His *erudition* was astonishing (we use the word in its true sense), and still it is neither heavy nor pedantic.

His popularity was partly owing to his well-known patriotism, his inde-

* In 1826, Gioja published in 2 vol. 4to. his 'Filosofia della Statistica,' which we have not seen, but which we believe to be but an amplification of this.

pendence of character, and his happy allusion to many events of the day, which did not escape unnoticed. He was, moreover, the champion of the Italian school of economy against foreigners, who certainly seem not to have dealt fairly with the old Italian economists. It is evident, that many foreigners have quoted works which they never read, whilst modern economists have mercilessly copied the old Italians without acknowledging it. Gioja chastised severely Messrs. Say and Sismondi amongst others; and two articles of his, in the '*Biblioteca Italiana*,' against the latter, amply prove, that the Genevese knew some of the works of the Italian economist by heart when he wrote his '*Nouveaux Principes*,' without looking into any book. It is only to be regretted, that Gioja was sometimes carried away by his warm temper, and permitted himself, in his polemical writings, very violent and unjustifiable expressions.

He was a very active and lively man, full of spirits, and witty in his conversation. Open and talkative when among friends, he was rather silent with strangers. He did all he could to inspire noble and patriotic sentiments in the rising generation, and was particularly kind and affectionate towards young people, whom he regarded as the hope of his country, which he adored. He died on the 2d of January last, and was sincerely and deeply regretted by all Italy. He suffered a long and terrible malady with the greatest resignation, and his mental faculties were unimpaired to the last moments of his life. He lived always independent and free, and as he never courted it, he never obtained the favour of the great, and had the glorious pleasure of being indebted to none but to his own exertions for his livelihood. The late Emperor of Russia, unsolicited and only moved by his merits, sent him a diamond ring, and bought one hundred copies of his large work.

HASSEL.

On the 18th of January died suddenly of apoplexy, at Weimar, Professor George Hassel, aged 57. By the death of this justly distinguished scholar, the geographical and statistic literature of Germany sustains an almost irreparable loss; for few, very few, can be compared with him in extent of geographical and statistic knowledge, or in the happy talent of moulding the immense mass of materials into a systematic, compendious, and attractive form. We have not space to enumerate all the various writings through which, either alone or in conjunction with others, he contributed to the advancement of knowledge. Some of his works are, however, too important to be silently passed over. Among these his '*Statistischer Umriss der sämmtlichen Europäischen Staaten*,' and the enlarged edition of this work, which appeared at Weimar in 1823-24, under the title of '*Statistischer Umriss der sämmtlichen Europäischen, und der vornehmsten ausser Europäischen Staaten*.' He opened an entirely new path in the systematic treatment of statistics, by his sketches of the state of the Austrian empire, of the Russian empire, and of the kingdom of Westphalia, which appeared in the year 1807. His '*Lehrbuch der Statistik der Europäischen Staaten*, Weimar, 1822-28,' was in the highest degree successful and complete. He took a most zealous and active part in the '*Weimar'sche vollständige Handbuch der neuesten Erdbeschreibung*,' in which the following articles are by him:—Austria; Prussia; the German Confederacy; Helvetia; Italy; the Ionian Islands; Great Britain; Spain; Portugal; Denmark; Sweden, with Norway; Russia; Poland; the Asiatic kingdoms; the two East Indian peninsulas; Japan; British and Russian North America; the United States of North America (an admirable article); Mexico; Guatemala; and Australia. We hope that the collection and edition of his unfinished

finished works may be undertaken by some one competent to so important a task.

SCHLEGEL.

FREDERICK SCHLEGEL, who had gone to Dresden to deliver a course of lectures on practical philosophy, and had begun it with great success, died there, from a stroke of apoplexy, on the 12th of January, at the age of 56 years. He was descended from a family long remarkable for their great literary talents; his father was at the head of the clergy of Hanover, and distinguished himself by his poetical works, as well as his Sermons. His uncle, who died in Denmark, was one of the greatest tragic poets that German literature can boast of; and his brother, Augustus William, is well known in Europe by his 'Course of Dramatic Literature,' and other works. F. Schlegel had been destined to follow commerce by his parents; but finding little inclination for that profession, he abandoned the counting-house for the college, and went to study at Göttingen.

After distinguishing himself by criticisms and other papers published in various periodicals, he made his entrance into the literary world by a work of great learning, entitled, 'Geschichte der Griechen und Römer;' which was shortly afterwards followed by another, entitled, 'Geschichte der Griechischen und Römischen Poesie,' a work which sufficiently characterised him, and showed how much he had made ancient poetry his study. In this work is a very excellent discussion upon the difference between the classical and romantic genius of the ancients; but, unhappily, Schlegel had not the necessary perseverance for labouring long at any one work, and on this account, the most part of his works are incomplete, and that upon the Greeks and Romans little more than a fragment. He also published a romance, called 'Lucinde,' in which Platonic love is painted with much force; but this also is incomplete, no more than a first volume having appeared.

In the 'Athenée,' a public journal published by his brother, and in the 'Almanach der Musen,' published by Tieck, he brought forward various poetical productions: some *morceaux* there inserted made a very great sensation; and in imitation of the Tragedies of the ancients, he published 'Alacros,' which was played at Berlin and Weimar, but did not give general satisfaction. Having married a daughter of the celebrated Jewish Philosopher, Mendelssohn, he made with her, at Cologne, confession of the Catholic faith, and came to Paris, where he formed a little circle, to which he delivered a course of philosophy; he then gave himself to the study of Oriental languages, and especially to the Sanscrit; made extracts and imitations of various ancient French poems upon chivalry, and began a periodical work, under the title of 'Europe;' but, as usual, could not continue it, and four numbers only appeared. On his return to Germany he published a poetical almanac. Wishing to consult at Vienna some unpublished memoirs of Charles V., the hero of a drama which he had in contemplation, he proceeded to that capital, where, it would appear, that he was won over by ministers, who thought that a writer so distinguished and esteemed among the German people, would be an useful auxiliary for bringing over public opinion to the side of Austria. The Poet received the pompous title of Imperial Aulic Secretary, and was sent to the head-quarters of the army; his employment was that of proclamation writer—a somewhat singular occupation for a man who had hitherto inhabited the regions of literature and romance. After the war, he gave at Vienna courses on literary and historical subjects; but his spirit, then free, felt the irksome influence of the imperial and clerical censorship.

censorship. On the recommencement of hostilities, Prince Metternich again called the Poet forth from his study, and imposed on him the charge of writing political pamphlets in favour of Austria. Schlegel did his best, and, in return, the Austrian Court ennobled him. In his new career of courtier and politician, Schlegel was well nigh lost to literature; but when the Cabinet of Vienna had secured its object by the wars of 1813 and 1814, his mission was at an end, and he returned into comparative seclusion; from which time, till his death, he was occupied with literary labours.

TERIAEV.

ANDREI MIKHAILOVICH TERIAEV, Professor at the University of St. Petersburg, and Member of the Medico-Chirurgical Academy, and many other Societies, both Russian and foreign, was born in 1767. At a very early age he manifested a decided inclination for the study of natural history, to which he may be said to have devoted, without intermission, the whole of his life, with the exception of those portions of it when his ill state of health compelled him to relax for awhile in his favourite pursuits. The exemplary manner in which he, for thirty years, discharged the duties of his Professorship at the University, would alone have entitled him to the gratitude of his countrymen, even had he not interested himself so warmly as he did in behalf of science—labouring to inspire others with that zeal for it which he felt himself, and inciting them to contribute to its advancement. It was in consequence of a Memorial by him, representing how important it was that colleges and other seminaries should be furnished with collections in natural history, that the government appointed a special committee for this purpose. Teriev himself was chosen a member of it, and continued to be so till his death, which occurred on the 24th of October, 1827. Besides a translation of Blumenbach's Natural History, he was author of the following works:—‘A Critical Account of the Modern Changes in Mineralogy, with a short System of the Science, 1796;’—‘Reflections on Nature, or an Account of Physical Bodies in general, 1802;’—‘Elements of Botanical Philosophy, 1810;’—‘A Systematic Arrangement of Mineral and Animal Substances, 1810;’—‘History of Mineralogy, with an Account of the principal Modern Systems, 1819;’—‘Fundamental Elements of a System of the Animal Kingdom, 1824.’

FREDERICK GEORGE WEITSCH.

So multifarious were the departments of painting in which this artist employed his pencil,—from history to still life,—from such subjects as his ‘Adoration of the Shepherds,’ and the ‘Ossianic Bards lamenting the death of Cennala,’ to pictures of gold-fish and poultry, including all the intermediate classes of historical, mythological, landscape, portrait-painting, and the rest, that so far it is not easy to assign him any particular rank, according to the table of pictorial precedence. His celerity of execution enabled him to produce a great number of subjects in the various classes we have enumerated,—while a great facility of style, and an intimate knowledge of the technical branch of his art, particularly of colouring, imparted to his works a merit far beyond that of his earlier contemporaries. For it should be observed, that when Weitsch commenced his career, the fine arts were but little encouraged in Germany; and but few who at all merited the name of artists: if, therefore, on the one hand it required no extraordinary talent to surpass the mediocrity around him, it demanded, on the other, no small share of inherent energy of mind to exert himself in spite of all the apathizing influence of indifference. There may, however, be minds which may be stimulated by the visible inferiority of competitors, to accomplish what they would

would have been deterred even from attempting, had they witnessed decided excellence in others. We do not hereby mean to insinuate that Weitsch is indebted for the character he obtained as an artist, rather to the paucity or the incapacity of rivals than to any positive merits of his own; because we have no means of judging for ourselves, and, consequently, rely upon the report of his biographer.

We cannot here follow all the details of Professor Foelken's memoir, but must content ourselves with condensing still further what is in itself but a sketch.

Weitsch, who was born at Brunswick, on the 8th of August, 1758, was the son of John Frederick, or, to adopt the cognomen by which he is best known, of Pacha Weitsch, a self-taught landscape-painter. Having determined on pursuing painting as a profession, young Weitsch went in 1776 to Cassel, where he diligently studied the works of Paul Potter, and Rosa di Tivoli. On his return to Brunswick, he was employed for some time in painting various subjects for a japan manufactory; in making copies from many of the pictures in the gallery at Salzdahlum; and likewise in portrait-painting. In 1783 he visited the academy at Dusseldorf; and, in the following year Amsterdam, from which city he proceeded to Munich, and thence to Rome. He remained in Italy nearly three years, some portion of which time he spent at Naples, Pæstum, and Florence. He did not, however, find, on his return to his native city, that increased employment and patronage, which the proficiency he had made led him to expect. Portrait painting continued to be his chief occupation till 1795, when a portrait of his father, which he had sent the preceding year to the exhibition at Berlin, procured him an invitation to go and settle in that capital. Notwithstanding, however, the flattering reception he experienced, and the extended career that here seemed to open itself to his talents, he again returned to Brunswick. On his second visit to Berlin, in 1797, he was appointed court-painter to his Prussian Majesty, and Rector of the Academy, to whose triennial exhibitions he, from this period, generally contributed some historical composition or landscape. Subsequently, the events of the wars in 1812 and 1813, furnished more than one subject for his pencil; such as the battle of Katzbach, that of Bar sur Aube, &c.: after which he again employed himself chiefly upon pastoral landscapes, to which he was particularly attached, with the exception of some scripture pieces, that he painted for the garrison church at Potsdam, and for that of St. Andrew, at Brunswick. His physical powers now began to decline visibly; in July, 1837, he was attacked with a severe illness, after which he became gradually weaker and weaker, till he expired on the 30th of May, 1838.

As a man, Weitsch possessed many amiable qualities; as an artist, he may be said to have been distinguished by that universality of talent which enabled him to treat with equal success such very opposite branches of his profession. Even in the single department of landscape, he exhibited this diversity of power in no common degree, confining himself to no particular branch of it,—but ranging alternately from individual landscape to ideal composition,—and from the heroic and pastoral style to the simple rusticity of every-day scenery. The principle which he avowedly adopted was, that the subject itself was not of so much importance as the manner in which it was treated, and as the execution of the piece. Whatever he thought of such a theory, his own practice seems to have, in a great measure, confirmed it—for subjects the most trivial and common-place in themselves, acquired, from his pencil, an interest for which they are indebted almost exclusively to the fascinating manner—in other words—to the ability with which they are represented.

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